

THIS IS YOUR LIFE

DR. H. H. NESS

NORTHWEST COLLEGE

Nov. 6, 1964

DR. HENRY H. NESS - THIS IS YOUR LIFE!

Annual Alumni Homecoming
November 6, 1964

Dr. Henry H. Ness, successful businessman, executive, parole board chairman, pastor, evangelist, teacher, author, college president, and world traveler Tonight is your night . . . Dr. Ness, THIS IS YOUR LIFE!!!

The first-born of Dora and Hans Ness, a Norwegian custom shoemaker, and landlord...Henry Ness was born on the 6th day of August in the year 1894 in the city of Oslo, Norway, where he lived in this typical Scandinavian setting for the first 16 years of his life. At the tender age of 16, Henry left the warmth and security of parents and home and made his way to the land of adventure and opportunity, the United States of America.

He chose to settle in the big windy city of Chicago where he lived with his uncle, Jens Wilsberg, for approximately seven years. During these years he received further education and became a druggist.

From Chicago he moved to Minneapolis, which proved to be very profitable in many ways. He purchased, with his partner, the Economy Drug Company located at the corner of Market and Washington where he was quite successful as a druggist, but being dissatisfied with the lack of challenge in this business, after three years, he sold out and took a position with the Standard Oil Company as a salesman. In a comparatively short time, he became a District Manager. Needless to say, he was also successful in other areas for during this time he courted the girl of his dreams, Miss Anna Molgaard, who became his faithful and devoted wife and co-worker in the Gospel ministry. It was also here in Minneapolis that he was led to the Lord and accepted Jesus Christ as personal Saviour within the quietness and seclusion of his own home.

This was the beginning of a great work of God in the life of Henry Ness.

MAURICE NESS

When Henry was converted, he wrote me a letter telling about his experience. I naturally thought he had gone crazy, so I took the train and went down to Minneapolis to look him over. Well, he looked all right to me, but when he told me not to smoke in the house I began to wonder. I went back to Duluth hoping he would get straightened out and get back to normal.

Not long afterward he came to Duluth with an evangelist to hold meetings in the Christian Missionary Alliance Church. He stayed with me and in the evening he started to talk to me about getting saved. I did not know what he was talking about so he bored me. Well, he talked until 2 o'clock in the morning. By that time I was so sleepy I could not see straight. So, in order to get rid of him, I said, "Can I go to bed if I get down on my knees?" He said, "Sure." So I got down on my knees to get

rid of him. The next day he asked me to go to the meetings with him, and as I was a fairly good singer, he asked me to sing in the choir. I said I couldn't do that because someone that knew me might be present. He said you can sit in the last row, and I did. Everything went fine until testimony time. Henry testified about his salvation and in closing he said, "My brother got saved last night, and now I will ask him to testify." Well, I was not going to be afraid, so I got up and didn't quite know what to say. So I said something I had read about Abraham Lincoln. . . . and right then God met me. I was struck down on the platform and the tears flowed as I poured out my heart to God in front of everybody.

NARRATOR

It is easy to see that from the time of his salvation, Brother Ness became a man with a passion for souls. . . . From this beginning step by step God led him into the full time ministry. Reverend Frank Lindquist, pastor of Minneapolis Gospel Tabernacle and President of North Central Bible Institute, writes these informative words about his close friend and colleague of many years:

REVEREND FRANK LINDQUIST

My first contact with Henry H. Ness was in Minneapolis about 1926, when he had newly been saved. He was then a salesman in the St. Paul Twin City territory for the Standard Oil Company. Many times a week I would see his car drive up to the church and he would talk to me about the burden on his heart for souls.

Brother Ness became the C. A. leader in our church. He pushed the street meetings diligently. He also sought to bring his whole family and relatives into the work.

The baptism in the Holy Spirit was a great thing for him to observe, and he would watch people being filled with the Spirit, but he did not receive his baptism until he had gone to Brainerd for his first pastorate. Then one day we received a telegram from Brother Ness stating, "I have been baptized with the Holy Spirit."

Going to Brainerd without the baptism was quite a problem for Brother Ness, and to give up his fine position and future with the Standard Oil Company, and launch out in faith was a great step, but he did it, and God was with him.

Needless to say, Brother Ness did a fine work in Brainerd. Then once as we were driving to a District Council meeting in Minot, North Dakota, where he was to be ordained, we stopped for a few minutes in Fargo, North Dakota. Here we sat in our car and took off our hats, and prayed the Lord to give us a church in this city of Fargo.

It was not very long till Brother Ness moved to Fargo with his family, and engaged in meetings in the chapel of a college which was no longer functioning. Here many wonderful things took place, and from this beginning came the Fargo Gospel Tabernacle, which was a strong church and continues to be so even now. Out of this church came a number of our ministers such as Paul and Christian Hild, and many others.

Brother Ness was instrumental in helping to get Lake Geneva Camp started in Alexandria, Minnesota. At that time North Dakota was part of the North Central District Council, and other states, too.

He was with us when the North Central Bible Institute was begun in 1930. He served on the Board of Directors of that school. As a Presbyterian from North Dakota he worked with us in our District, and our love and fellowship were very warm.

NARRATOR

Another informative letter comes from an old friend, the Reverend Ivan O. Miller of Prior Lake, Minnesota:

REV. IVAN O. MILLER

My first meeting with Brother Ness was in my mother's home where he stopped on his way to Minot, North Dakota, and while there, honored us with an evening service. He made a great impression upon me and I felt at the time he was a man that we should have to help us in Fargo.

While he was in Minot, our little group consulted together in prayer and agreed to ask him to come and serve us as pastor. If I remember correctly, our telegram to him included this phrase, "Not much money but lots of Faith."

He agreed to come and look the situation over. In the meantime we had rented a chapel on the third floor of the Fargo College which had been vacant for years. I met him at the depot and took him to the College Chapel. The College was on a considerable hill and after the three flights of stairs I think Brother Ness made up his mind that we either had lots of faith or were a little off center. However, we stood together at the pulpit in the Chapel and he very gravely looked the situation over. He finally said, "I will come, and we will chase the Devil out of Fargo."

I believe the Devil still has some control of Fargo but Brother Ness was God's man for that time. He was a dynamic man of faith, willing to sacrifice to work there. He was an optimist of the first water and he never appeared to be discouraged. He could hold the attention of his congregation like no other man I have ever known. We held meetings in homes. I believe we rented three different halls, one of them on the third floor, the college Chapel, and were finally able to move into a Methodist Church building which later burned to the ground. There was no question of this being a movement. It seemed we were on the move all the time with real success. Scores of people were saved and filled with the Holy Spirit.

Brother and Sister Ness were great friends and a great blessing to us and our family and to my ministry. We send our love and greetings to the whole Ness family and pray God will give you a great time when you gather together to honor Brother Ness in this manner.

RUTH COX

I was twelve years old when I first heard about you, Brother Ness. My mother didn't allow me to attend the meetings at the Old Fargo College because she was very skeptical of an enthusiastic "Tongues Preacher," as she called you.

It was not until she was completely convinced in her own heart, that this was God's way, would she let me attend your church.

By this time you had moved to worship in the Broadway Methodist Church, and it was there that I sang for the first time..a duet with my mother. Remember the "Ladies' Quartet...Gladys and Myrtis Holm, Clarice Backke and Ruth Remley. We really enjoyed singing as unto the Lord and He did bless our ministry.

In 1929 I received the Baptism as I knelt by the front bench in the old Broadway Church. The richness of this experience coupled with your wonderful ministry and teaching has been a great blessing down through the years.

Along with the spiritual side of life...it was my privilege to be a Baby Sitter many times for Lloyd, Doris, Paul, and Myrtis.

Brother Ness, how about the story of my brother Paul when he was staying in the church...you could tell it better than I.

Brother Ness, do you remember the Sunday afternoon and evening radio broadcasts conducted from Hollywood Temple for so many years? Do you recall the War time restrictions when everything had to be censored in advance and you were told to write out your prayers, but after one attempt, you said, "Nothing doing, I'm not going to read prayers."

Remember the Easter service on the ski hill at Snoqualmie when you spoke on the subject, "For bodily exercise profiteth a little, but godliness is profitable unto all things."

DORIS HOFFELT

The following church notice appeared in the Fargo Forum in January, 1930.

Gospel Tabernacle -- Rev. Henry H. Ness, pastor. Residence, 515 - 7th Ave. No. Sunshine Hour over station WDAY from 9-10 a.m. Sunday School and Bible Class at 1:30 p.m. in the American Legion Hall above the Model Laundry. Divine worship at 3 and evangelistic service at 7:30, both services in the Legion Hall. Back Home Hour from 10 to 11 p.m. from station WDAY. Lots of good singing. Come and worship the Lord with us.

As a high school sophomore, I sat on the platform in that Legion Hall in a week night service, strumming a cheap guitar. Pastor Ness was ministering to us on the Baptism of the Holy Spirit. So profound was the effect upon my own heart that I felt if I did not receive the Holy Spirit soon, I could not go on and from that night on I tarried faithfully until the Lord came and filled me in the spacious prayer room of the new Gospel Tabernacle at 403 7th Avenue North.

Our pastor was a lover and leader of young people - there were lots of them in the Fargo Church -- and many, many of us owe our steadfast experience in God today to the sound Bible teaching and training of our beloved pastor. Week night services were often like Bible School with huge charts before us and lesson leaves in our hands.

The church notice said, "Lots of good singing," but there was also lots of good playing. What with a 30 piece orchestra good enough to present an annual concert. I graduated from the guitar to the piano and in years to come, Brother Ness was to practically own me as "his piano player" -- and in quite a real sense, I was, for when he came in occasionally upon my practice sessions, he so enthusiastically cheered me on with, "That's right, Doris, get those runs in there -- it sounds good!"

He even afforded me experience as an accompanist by bringing out the violin and tuning it up to one of his real favorites -- and one of my UN-favorites, "Flee As A Bird."

When Pastor Ness left us in December, 1933, it was farewell -- but not for long for Harry Pennington, Walter Wheeler, Helen Bession, Ruth Remley and myself -- we came to N.B.I.!

He was the best shepherd any sheep ever had!

NARATOR

Another letter comes from the Reverend Harry Pennington, missionary to Nigeria, West Africa:

REV. HARRY PENNINGTON

I remember meeting Brother Ness in 1929 in Fargo, North Dakota, where I was attending North Dakota Agricultural College. They were having a revival meeting at the church with Rev. Virgil Jackson and Brother Ness gave a special welcome to the students. He invited those who played instruments to join the orchestra. This was the beginning of our years of fellowship with Brother Ness.

When Brother Ness moved to Seattle in 1933 and prepared to open the Bible School, my interest was aroused in training for the ministry. It did not seem possible that I would be able to attend because of finances. Through Brother Ness and Brother Beatty assurance was given that it would be possible to supplement my finances by part time work in Seattle. As a result of this invitation I became a member of the first class of Northwest Bible Institute in Hollywood Temple in 1934.

I am sure that my ministry today is based considerably on the influence of Brother Ness. When I was reluctant to go forward, he was always there with "I know you can do it. God will be with you." I still remember my introduction at the first meeting at Zion Mission I attended when Brother Ness turned to me and said, "You take over, I'll be back." He didn't come back to carry on the meeting, and I had to finish, and the next time Brother Ness said, "You can take care of it yourself from now on."

The words of wisdom and encouragement have been more and more appreciated by both Miriam and myself as we have labored for the Lord at home and overseas. May the Lord continue to bless the labors of our first principal, Brother Ness.

NARRATOR

Brother Ness, during these wonderful years that we have covered in just a few minutes, it is very evident that God has blessed you in many ways. Some of the greater blessings were the fine children God has entrusted you with, some of whom we have the pleasure of having with us tonight.

LLOYD

Remember back in 1928 when at the age of 7 you took me with you to trade in your Model T Ford for a new 1928 Pontiac, and on the way from Grand Forks and Fargo, we stopped and placed our hands on the car and dedicated it to the Lord.

DORIS

Remember how one time when a student came to you for permission to take a girl out and you said, "No." Then you said, "By the way, who's the girl?" "Well, sir, it's your daughter." Then I had to do some fast talking.

MYRTIS

I'll never forget the time Delores and I had to come to you after church to confess we had been into your desk. What else could we do but come to you to unlock the handcuffs?

NARRATOR

We are sorry the remainder of your family cannot be with us tonight, but believe me, their thoughts and good wishes are with you..Your wonderful wife, Mrs. Ness, your son, the Rev. Eugene Ness, and your daughter Caroline.

Reverend Frank Lindquist concluded his letter concerning you, Brother Ness, with these words: "It was a tremendous loss to us when Henry Ness made up his mind to move to Seattle, Washington, and also a great loss to the Fargo Church which he had served as pastor for so many years. But our loss was their gain, and it was not long until we heard that Northwest Bible Institute was begun and had its location in Hollywood Temple where Brother Ness served as pastor.

REV. FRANK GRAY

Brother Ness, I believe your first visit to this area was when you and Pastor Frank Lindquist came to Tacoma to visit the Charles S. Price meetings in the very early 1930's. You stayed at the Winthrop Hotel and had some very memorable experiences. You were then invited by the Tacoma Church to come for a series of meetings which left very permanent results.

These contacts led to an invitation being extended to you to become the pastor of what is now Calvary Temple in Seattle. To this invitation you responded and came to Seattle very soon afterward with a vision not only for this church, but for the establishment of a Bible School in the Northwest. These visions and goals were realized and accomplished as the present development and attainments of both the Church and the Northwest College indicate.

Your complete dedication and consecration to this end were a dominant factor in their accomplishment. As an individual you are greatly appreciated by those who know you best. God has given you a ministry that has not been confined to any local area but has reached many other lands.

What is now the leading church in the Northwest District, and the Northwest College of the Assemblies of God on their beautiful campus, owe much to the unselfish and dedicated labors that you have given them.

We are not forgetful, Brother Ness, of the early years of the founding of Northwest Bible Institute, and how you served as its head, without any salary so unselfishly. Also, the church you pastored gave without charge, the use of their building to house the school when there were no funds to pay rental.

Personally, it has been a great privilege and pleasure to have known you and worked with you, and enjoy fellowship and friendship with you for so many years.

Now that your activities have been somewhat limited because of advancing years and limited strength, how very thankful we all are for the vision and faithful labors God led you to perform.

Your rewards will not be found in the satisfaction of a work well done, but rather in the fruitful lives of those whom you have inspired and directed into a life of useful ministry and service to the uttermost parts of the earth.

Your true reward will come when you stand before the judgment seat of Christ and may you then hear the words, "Well done, good and faithful servant, enter into the joy of the Lord."

We salute you on this memorable occasion and wish for you many added years of service for the Lord.

REV. P. S. JONES

A TRIBUTE TO AN OLD AND VALUED FRIEND, DR. HENRY H. NESS

Memories can be tasty, or they can be horribly sour. Thank God we can leave the sour to rot, but we like to recall the sweet.

It was in the now famous "DIRTY THIRTIES", when money was scarce, when fortunes were lost over night, when banks and finance houses shut their doors suddenly, that many friendships were made and fashioned into steel-like bonds under the heat and burden of such days. Men of like

precious faith were knit together in the stark naked necessities of life lived in such days of pressures. In those days Pentecost lived not in the lush affluence of present times, but struggled to be heard in the streets and preached the message in small housings and in store buildings. Bold and devoted men and women pushed their way with but little Bible training and with but little means. The need for Bible instruction was seen everywhere, and The Rev. Henry H. Ness, then pastor of Hollywood Temple in Seattle sensed the urgent need and launched what was then known as the Northwest Bible School. He gathered about him some devoted followers. Being a leader, he demanded loyal followers. He was not an arrogant dictator, but no one could presume to take his place in the front. If any tried, there would be no cursing, but a kindly "God bless you" as he was bowed out the door.

Some sweet and loyal men jumped on the bandwagon, and some women, too. They were a jovial crew of the Good Ship Grace. Not many were instructed in the teaching art, nor were they loaded down with degrees, but they had something which no amount of university training can supply. A few of them were witty beyond comparison. Brother Beatty, the first dean of the school, was unique in his witticisms. He could put his audiences into kinks with stories which could only be related by him and pass the censorship of the grim eyed monsters. There was Brother Bronson, of very sober mien, yet his humor was so subtle that he could make the student body roar and yet remain as sober as a judge. Another member of the faculty had a sense of humor which was quite natural, and helped many an intriguing situation. Whether humorous or not, all of the faculty did their best to train students in Bible truths and prepare them for the biggest job on earth. There is one memory that sticks--none of the Faculty, not even the principal, received remuneration that was not influenced by the poverty of the times.

The man who carried the heaviest load, and who beamed on us all with kindness and love, the man wielded the rod of authority without hurt, and who pushed the vision into reality, was the man we honor today, and I for one thank God for the memory of his glowing testimony, his loyal friendship, his efficient leadership and for the love he has borne towards his faithful staff down through these many years.

DELBERT COX

At the time, I was attending the University of Washington majoring in Music, when you asked me to teach in the Northwest Bible Institute. I considered and was there the first day of school. I don't recall that I missed a day during the eighteen years I attended. I was late a few times when my old Dodge refused to leave the U.W. campus.

During the summer of your first year as pastor of Hollywood Temple, I went to Lake Geneva Camp Meeting with my folks and you were there. It was at this time that I met the girl I married. You had been her pastor in Fargo and now my pastor in Seattle. This mutual tie seemed to create a bit more interest than usual and a few years later, "Wedding Bells" and you then became OUR pastor. We had many times of wonderful fellowship with you and Sister Ness.

May the Lord richly bless you.

MRS. A. B. CHRISTENSEN

Thirty years ago, Brother Ness, you approached me and asked me if I would take a certain position in what was to become the Northwest Bible Institute. After a few moments of thought I said that I would take it and do my best.

Another incident that I well remember was on a Friday at lunch time which consisted of sandwiches, soup and coffee. As I was about ready to ring the bell for lunch, you, Brother Ness, came through the kitchen on your way to your office. I asked if you would like a cup of coffee. With your hands raised upward, your answer was, "No, thank you, Sister, I have the Victory."

HELEN GILES

Brother Ness, do you remember a Sunday night in March, 1936, when Sister Christensen introduced me to you after the Sunday evening service? You were feeling pretty low because of your old appendix. I offered my services and you said the Doctor had also, so you might take us up on it. I was so sure you would that I even had my uniform ready when you called from the hospital the next afternoon.

I am so sorry I am unable to greet you in person, but I am sure that the days in the hospital made history in both our lives. Remember how you tried to get me to sing the Hallelujah Chorus as you woke up from the anesthetic and I couldn't convince you that I didn't even know it!

You were pretty sick but I am afraid nursing was only secondary after that second day as I really was living on Cloud Nine, when the Lord so graciously filled me with His Holy Spirit.

The fifth day you will remember we were a bit discouraged over you because nothing we did for you seemed to work but then during your bath the Lord came alongside your bed and touched you. From then on you recovered quickly because of His healing touch.

In that fall I started teaching at NBI, and later became Dean of Women. I was with NBI for fourteen years, and memories are many indeed.

Now, nearly thirty years later I am growing old, but memories linger on.

I praise the Lord for the memory of many happy hours with the faculty and students and the warm hours of blessing in the Lord's presence.

MRS. EITH GLEW

It was a bright sunny afternoon the first week of September when I walked into what was the Hollywood Temple Church office. It was, however, fast being occupied by the Northwest Bible Institute. I met Sister Morris, Brother Beatty and Brother Ness.

They all took a great interest in where I was to board and room but I felt very honored when the president of the school took me himself to see this home. (In the next few weeks that followed it was my privilege to accompany Brother Ness to train and bus depots many times to greet other arriving students.) After returning back to the office I was able to produce with great pride my real real hard earned sixty five dollars which was the tuition for my first year at N.B.I. Brother Ness was oh so thrilled to get this money he turned very suddenly to me and said he would promise me something if I would promise him something, the bargain being if I would graduate being the first registered student he would see to it I received the first diploma.

During the next three years that followed there were times of great discouragement as well as thrills and encouragement and at those times I would be so tempted to break my promise but with the help of the Lord I was able to hold steady and kept going to school. On graduation evening Brother Ness fulfilled his promise to me. He gave me the first diploma. This has seemed to mark me down through the years.

I can hardly believe this happened so many years ago, for the blessing and real fun we had that first year of school when the whole class traveled in one bus together on assignments still linger with me. One of those blessings I would like to mention was how Brother Ness led us in singing the "Hallelujah Chorus."

Thank you, Brother Ness, for your inspiration and leadership which I know has influenced so many lives along with my own.

MARY (CARNES) PHILLIPS

I recall one morning as classes were changing, I came bouncing through the door leading to the lower auditorium at Hollywood Temple. I missed the top step and bounced all the way down, landing on my knees in front of Brother Ness! All he said was, "Well, Mary, now what do you want?"

One morning Brother Ness was just concluding what he felt was a very helpful and satisfactory pre-class lecture on how to properly address each other. It was decided that we should omit the use of our first names and use the term Brother or Sister. In order to help each other break this bad habit we had formed, we were to refuse to answer anyone who did not address us properly! As he finished his discourse, Brother Ness pointed to a young lady in the front row and said, "Mary, would you go up to the office and get me pages 9 and 10 of our lesson today?" Of course I did not answer!!

In all seriousness, I want to say as a member of the Pioneer class at NBI, this man has done more to shape and mould my life than any other person. He lived for his students---our worries and problems were his also. There were several "Crisis" times in my own life during the three years at school, and the sound advice and the kind, understanding spirit of Brother Ness saw me safely through to graduation.

I will always remember him, as well as his quiet, precious wife. God bless them!

BESSIE GUY

A man by the name of William Haslitt once said: "They only deserve a monument who do not need one, that is, who have made a monument in the minds and lives of others." This, in truth, can be applied to the life of Brother Ness whose years have been spent in service for others as a Fisher of Souls. Many may know this fact from observation only, but I speak from personal experience.

I shall never forget the way he patiently dealt with me about my spiritual problems. In spite of an arrogant attitude which I had sometimes in expressing my doubts about the Bible, Brother Ness always displayed a calm, assuring confidence, which, in the end, had the intended effect of disarming me in my arguments and dissolving my doubts. He said one day: "God is your best friend. How can you expect to have a good friend if you don't believe what he says?" When I repeatedly said: "I can't believe the Bible," instead of losing patience with me in my honest dilemma of doubt, he would say: "What is it today you can't believe in the Bible?" Of course, later on down the road of my Christian walk I realized that ^{if} I could understand everything in the Bible with my little "P-nut brain" the Bible couldn't be much of a book. But Brother Ness encouraged me to believe whatever God said, even when I couldn't understand it or didn't think it was reasonable. Naturally, it was when I began to believe, that light burst upon my doubt benighted soul.

I was a new recruit at the Bible School but I soon learned that the students referred to Brother Ness as "Law" while little Brother Beatty was dubbed "Grace". Although the students certainly considered his word law, I felt somehow that no one should be frightened by the formidable and somewhat stern appearing head of the Bible School. Surely I was not, because I knew that head had a heart for others.

Perhaps that is why I was called on the carpet, or to put it more correctly--called in on the matter of the carpet. Our class, known as the Conquerors, wanted to meet in a room that had a carpet and one which was more comfortable than the west side situation we were occupying. I was elected to see Brother Ness so I was called in about the carpet. Brother Ness heard me out politely. He commended the Conquerors Class for its wise decision, and he was thoroughly understanding about our request for use of the carpeted prayer room for our class meeting place. The visit, you might say, in the common vernacular, was going "great guns". I rose to leave his majesty's presence feeling much like Queen Esther who had bravely represented her people before the king. One great difference was that Esther's petition was granted by the king while mine was denied.

One Sunday afternoon I was with a trio returning in Brother Ness' car from a radio broadcast, and he said to me: "Now the way you can be a really happy Christian is to win a soul for the Lord. I wish you'd let me know when that happens. Even if you're in another town, just drop me a card." Later--I sent that card--so you know I must have won a soul--. On that card I said that since he had a part in pointing me to Christ that the Lord no doubt had a mathematical system whereby He would give a percentage to him on any souls I might bring to the Lord.

When in Bible School I was baptized in water by Pastor Ness and continued to progress spiritually under the wise counsel and tutorage of the kind instructors of Northwest Bible Institute. So now you know why I shall always be glad for the day God directed my sight downward to the sidewalk where I spied a tract which gave me a silent invitation to attend Hollywood Temple. Because through that providential incident God allowed Brother Ness to cross my path, and encouraged by his ministry of helps my sights were lifted to see the Saviour who, in turn, will walk with me through endless day.

DOROTHY JORSTAD

Brother Ness is a man who during his lifetime has had many interesting and varied experiences. Life has never been drab to him, but adventure has always been just around the corner. It was his privilege to tour Europe shortly after World War II, and while there he attended a convention in France. While looking over the area where the convention was to be held, he noticed many kegs of beer, and asked what they were for. To his surprise, the reply was, "For the convention." "H-m-m, what a convention we are going to have." Later on, while travelling in Italy, he noticed that wine was served on the tables of most of the Christian homes. This also was a surprise to him. He learned it was their way of life.

During his stay in Italy, he persuaded two Italian girls to come to the States and attend school in the fall. One of these girls, Yvonne Altura, whom some of you will remember, had given her heart to the Lord while attending one of his services there. Yvonne was employed in the Bible school office. She deeply appreciated her experience with the Lord and all the blessing that were here, and also the fact that she could live in the United States where she could earn money and assist her family. This was in the days after World War II when food and clothing were meager.

However, Yvonne did miss many of the customs of her native land, and especially our food was difficult for her to adjust to with enthusiasm. Ice cream and milk were wonderful, but no pie and hamburgers. She missed the food habits of her native land.

The following summer it was Brother Ness' privilege to return to Europe and visit Italy and other countries. He was a very busy man, and we heard very little from him while he was gone. When he returned, we gathered together in his office to welcome him home. Of course, we were all ears to hear of the many interesting things he had seen and done. Yvonne listened for a while, and then in her own inimitable way, she piped up, "Brother Ness, did you drink wine in Italy, and if so, how much?" No answer was necessary as we all burst into laughter.

REV. BOB TANGEN

Brother Ness, do you remember the Tuesday night prayer meeting in February, 1945, when a phone call came that proved to be the answer to three years of prayer?

It was a message from the Red Cross, relayed by Barbara Strum, that after three years of internment in Japanese Prison Camps we were now safe and free!

You had a big part in helping us to become the first graduates of the school to receive official missionary appointment from Springfield, And, of course, you had done a lot to influence our lives for God so that going to the mission field seemed the natural step in Christian Service for us.

While on the mission field, your letters of encouragement meant much to us, and when for three years we had no outside contacts, it was wonderfully reassuring to know that you as our pastor would be leading the people of Hollywood Temple and the students of the school in bringing us daily before the throne of grace.

We feel confident that this support in prayer was the reason the phone call that February night brought the good news of our release. For this, and so many other reasons that we couldn't possibly have time to recount, you hold a place of high esteem in our hearts.

REV. ALLEN ELLIS

Brother Ness has always impressed me with his subtle psychology in handling people. Some psychology is learned from books and is usually easily detected. With Brother Ness it seemed to be a natural gift, developed during his experience in selling for the Standard Oil Company. One evening a preacher came to speak in the church. His clothing was shabby and untidy. Brother Ness started on me: "You have a on a new suit, haven't you?" "Why no, I have had this old suit for six or seven years." "Well, that's all right, but you had it pressed before you came to the meeting." After awhile it dawned on me that his remarks were for another's benefit.

Brother Ness was also a man of authority. When he spoke people listened and acted. One Sunday evening he was giving an altar call. He looked up and saw a young man in the balcony: "Come on down to the altar," he ordered. There was no move. A minute or two later he looked up again, "I thought I told you to come down here." This time he came and knelt at the place of prayer.

We have heard Brother Ness talk very plainly to the student body, pointing out their shortcomings and failures, as few preachers do. Yet they took it, and loved him for it.

Of course, when he added to his diverse duties the office of sheriff, his authority was increased. He would talk to a young man first as a pastor; if that did not produce obedience he would swing open his jacket and display a sheriff badge. That usually brought results.

Brother Ness travelled through Europe one summer, visiting some of the world leaders. One of the last of these was the Pope who concluded a thirty-minute audience by bestowing the papal blessing.

Arriving at the Seattle airport he began to relate how the pope had pronounced the blessing upon him. Sister Ness was horrified. Doubtless, she had read the old adage, that "What the pope blesses, God curses." "O, don't let that worry you," Brother Ness assured her, "It was like my vaccination; it didn't take on me."

During one of his plane flights the passengers were disturbed by a youngster who insisted on crying continually. After awhile the mother or nurse thrust the child into his arms, and said, "Doctor, would you mind taking him for a minute or two." This offered the desired opportunity. Looking the brat straight in the eyes, Dr. Ness commanded, "Now you just hush up and be quiet." It worked. A word of command from a man of authority.

The Bible says, "Seest thou a man diligetn in his business, he shall not stand before mean men; he shall stand before kings." Brother Ness worked hard. He was filling at least three positions at that time, and drew around him a high type of friends, the elite of society and preachers of renown.

One evening he had invited to his pulpit a prominent pastor, who had frequently express his dislike for Pentecost. But this was in the old building called Hollywood Temple. Presently the preacher turned to Brother Ness and remarked, "There is an exceptionally fine atmosphere in this church; of what denomination is it?" "It's Pentecost," replied Brother Ness. WOW!

REV. JOHN J. CLEMENT

WHATA CITY! We had heard much about the Northwest and its Queen City, Seattle, nestled snugly on the inland waters of the vast Pacific. It had lived up to its reputation; girded on one side by the rugged Olympics, and on the other side by the blue-hued Cascades, this new city of the west amidst such rare beauty bathed our eyes with delight and seemed to welcome us with warmth and open arms. Dangling like a pearl from the misty blue heaven was snow-capped Mt. Rainier its base skirted by the haze of a lazy late Autumn sunset. All this we had observed with candid interest. But what about the people of the city? Strangers all. But there was one we were to look for, and to meet.

THIS MEETING was not exactly as planned. But we knew that you were a busy man. We had heard of Hollywood Temple, and the Reverend Henry H. Ness, whose word was law, but whose way, especially with Scandinavians was likeable. But we had no Scandinavian blood in us so we quietly wondered how the races would mix.

TEN, TEN-THIRTY, and then at ALMOST ELEVEN O'CLOCK that night the phone rang in our hotel room. We were told by the desk clerk that there was a gentleman to see us in the lounge. At last the hour had come. Stepping out of the elevator, there you stood an elegant looking Norwegian clad in an ivy-green raincoat with hat in hand looking full of business even at almost midnight. Your warm smile and firm handshake, however, reassured us that we were welcome. The welcome to the city delighted our senses, but your welcome delighted our souls. And not only did you welcome us into your heart, but you welcomed us into your home.

DIVINE PROVIDENCE had arranged that we were to meet you, Brother Ness, not only to meet you but to work with you. You gave us our first speaking engagement, our first pastorate in the U.S.A. and invited us to teach in your school and thus established our goings, as it were, in the district. We owe you much for this and so today, after long years of not seeing one another, we want to thank you from the bottom of our hearts.

RECEIVING US INTO YOUR HOME we soon found that you were a family man, Brother Ness.

MRS. JOHN CLEMENT

'Twas the night before Christmas
At a Latona house,
There gathered the children
Around husband and spouse.

Yes, even we, too,
Included had been
A wrapped gift for her
And a wrapped gift for him.

The tree in the corner
With twinkling lights
Dipped apples and cookies
And almond delights.

Many Noels have passed
Since that winter night
But memory still serves
To refresh and delight.

The gifts were a sight
Both medium and small,
Yes, something for each
A gift for all.

John J. Clement

Included were we
From a far away place,
Who were now quite enjoined
To this fine Nordic race.

The custom we were next
To partake in and see
Was new to us both
My husband and me.

He opened the Bible
To passage well known
And read the sweet story
With reverent tone.

We listened with joy,
A true picture to see
A father with Bible
And a child on his knee.

He then led in prayer,
As he always had done,
Thanked God for Salvation
Through Jesus, His Son.

All seated again,
After prayer and devotion,
The gift were now opened
With anticipation.