

The Academy Perspective

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Vada Lee Barkley, Editor

LOOKING AHEAD

From all indications, we have an exciting year ahead of us.

Chairman Lloyd Neighbors of the membership committee tells me that most members paid their annual dues in April or May. See Lloyd if you aren't sure. Dues are \$10 per person. Dues are waived for those joining after January 1 this year.

Jack Arnold will be with us for the October 14 meeting. He wants to meet that morning at 10 o'clock with those interested in research. He has some intriguing plans. Look for further details in the next *Perspective*.

The Plans and Programs committee will be meeting within a few days to make plans for the year. Shirley Pelley will chair that committee. Again committee members will represent various interests and arrange programs to reflect those desires.

ORGANIZATIONAL PERSONNEL

By-Laws and Organization Committee:

Anna Belle Laughbaum, Chairman

Lyle Flinner - Bob Troutman

Vada Lee Barkley, Ex-officio

Elbert Overholt, Ex-officio

Telephone Brigade:

Winnie Brown - Geneva DeLozier

June Phillips - Gerri McClafflin - Mary

Smith - Juanita Knippers - Rita Foster

Rachel McMahon (Substitute)

Get Well & Sympathy Cards:

Kathleen Sodowsky

MEETING SCHEDULE -- 1996-97

September 9	January 20
October 14	February 10
November 11	March 10
December 9	April 14
	May 12

SEPTEMBER 9 MEETING

For our September 9 program, Milton Sonnevik will tell about his trip to visit China. You will cringe as he tells of smuggling Bibles past guards. You will thrill to his description of the underground church he visited there. And you will be inspired to pray for fellow Christians in China.

Since the beginning of the Academy, Milton has served as member-at-large on the Ad Council. He teaches a Sunday school class at BFC and is actively involved in missions.

The food line in the Heritage room forms at 11:45 a.m. Our telephone brigade will contact each of you before 10 a.m. on Friday, Sept. 6 for your reservation. Feel free to bring guests, but be sure to include them with your reservation. We'll be looking for you there.

ACADEMY LEADERSHIP -- 1996-97

Administrative Council:

Vada Lee Barkley, President

Elbert Overholt, Director

Don Beaver, Vice-President

Evelyn Downs, Secretary

George Cargill, Treasurer

Milton Sonnevik, Member-at-large

Plans and Programs Committee:

Shirley Pelley, Chairman

Sam/Edna Davis, Travel

Bob/Naomi Emmel, Forums and Lectures

Roy Dorris, Continuing Education

Rebecca Dorris, Fine Arts

Jack/Josie Harris, Community Service

Gladys Snell, Member-at-large

Membership Committee:

Lloyd/Bobbie Neighbors, Chairmen

R.T./Pat Bolerjack - Ken DeLozier - Bea

Flinner - Dale McClafflin - Marvin Peterson

Vada Lee Barkley, Ex-officio

Elbert Overholt, Ex-officio

MY GRANDPARENTS' DAY

TRIBUTE

by Vada Lee Barkley

At age three I lost my father. I have few memories of him. Among those few looms my earliest recollection of Grandpa Matheson. From the security of his loving arms, I watched men lower Daddy's casket into the grave. Little did I know that Grandpa's faith for Daddy's healing was sorely tested that day. But, thank God, he kept the faith.

Grandpa was a dreamer. Mother often said I was like him: I never came down to earth. Art would quote from "The Cry of a Dreamer," by John Boyle O'Reilly:

...a dreamer lives forever,

And a toiler dies in a day.

Before my day, Grandpa dreamed of a holiness college on his farm in north Arkansas. He sold Dr. A. S. London on the idea. The London family spent months at Grandpa's, laying plans. Nothing materialized.

But Grandpa's vision never vanished. An elderly Indian convinced him that signs pointed to a buried treasure on his farm. Aware that Indian tribes passed through the area on their Trail of Tears trek, an attorney invested in the hunt. Grandpa hoped the treasure would support the college.

Someone said there was manganese on his farm. Grandpa gathered rocks and sent them to be analyzed. Sure enough, he had manganese, but not in marketable quantities.

The longer he lived, however, the farther Grandpa's dream expanded. When he died at age 95, it extended from Springfield to Little Rock. But we never doubted it kept him going.

After a stroke in his 90's, he came to Bethany. It took four men to help him off the bus. We thought he came for Mother and me to take care of him. We soon discovered he came to ask Rev. E. G. Theus to be president of the college. Brother Theus said, "O.K., I'm president." When he learned that Brother Theus wasn't serious, Grandpa was ready to go home.

(Continued Page 2-- "Tribute")

"Tribute" (Continued)

An article in the August issue of Reader's Digest expresses his philosophy: "Never give up. If you run into a wall, don't stop. Throw over a rope or dig a hole and go under. Improvise. But don't take 'no' for an answer." (p114).

I inherited not only Grandpa's tendency to dream, but his persistence as well. I keep the Prayer of Serenity posted near my desk: "God grant me the serenity to accept the things I cannot change, the courage to change those things I can, and the wisdom to know the difference." Above that prayer, I should post the words: "I need thee every hour."

This saintly role model --the only father I ever really knew-- taught me a lot about holiness, faith, generosity, and love. And I agree with Brother Theus, that God gave Grandpa credit for building that college.

DO YOU HAVE AN UPPER WINDOW

by Wini Howard

Two of our friends from Massachusetts visited with us this past Spring. They had been through a very traumatic winter with the loss of a loved-one who had been ill for several years.

Sunday morning as we sat together in our Sunday School class, a talented brother came in and sang the old gospel song, "The Upper Window." Our friends were really ministered to by the message of this song, and they even asked for a copy of it.

I don't think we can relate to Noah's life experiences as such, but we can understand the uncertainty he must have felt as he floated out across the rising waters with no destination in sight.

Although the song writer has used poetic license in imagining Noah looking through an upper window and seeing God "standing by", the idea of God being there for Noah and His family is certainly "right on line".

Life can close in on us. We may not know where we are actually headed. Is there no hope at such a time? Yes, I believe there is. But we have to look up to find it. God is there if we call out to Him. He has promised to hold us up to the end.

A happy marriage is when a couple is as deeply in love as it is in debt.

SOUTHERN SENIOR SERVICES REPORT

by Elbert Overholt

Southern Senior Services, Inc. (SSS), a non-profit corporation formed exclusively for charitable, scientific and educational purposes, has taken as its first major project the building of a Senior Housing Center for the benefit of SNU and the Bethany community.

Under the able leadership of Robert Parker, the Board of SSS has selected The Architectural Partnership (TAP) for services to the project. At present several possible sites are being considered for the building. The area south of Bethany Main Street and north of 36th street seems to provide the most promising possibilities, although none of the previously considered sites have been eliminated. Any appropriate sites will be considered by the Board.

Three of the members of the SSS Board are members of the Academy. If you have any suggestions relative to this project speak to John Bumpus, Eva May Harper, or Elbert Overholt. These three are joined by Don Billings, Terry Liebman and Chairman Parker. Four additional members were selected from members of the Board of Trustees of SNU.

Mr. Parker has an aggressive planning schedule that culminates in the completion of the building by June of 1998.

ART'S CHUCKLES

by Art Barkley

Some say that even in the Stone Age when a woman wrote down her age, she chisled a little.

If you think politics isn't a difficult game, just try straddling a fence and keeping both ears to the ground.

People go on vacations to forget things. When they open their bags, they find out they did.

Wearing your halo too tightly gives others a headache too.

Never put off until tomorrow what you feel like doing today. Tomorrow it may be against the doctor's orders.

A PERSONAL LETTER TO THE ACADEMY

Dear Friends:

Over the past seventeen months I have updated you periodically on my wife Martha's condition. One year ago when she was released from the hospital her doctors told us that she would likely survive three weeks to as much as three months. By her determination and our constant and devoted care, she exceeded their prognosis to persist two weeks short of a year, but left us rather suddenly on Friday-Saturday midnight, June 14. She gave heroic effort, never consciously giving up apparently until her very last breaths. She had enjoyed life tremendously, and made it enjoyable for many others, and now she has entered into greater enjoyment.

Enclosed is a copy of the folder denoting the events and participants in the service held for her in Bethany First Church of the Nazarene, her church she loved and near the SNU campus where her last volunteer employment occurred only a few weeks before she was stricken. The service was entirely beautiful throughout, involving representatives of all the places where she had lived and been involved in Christian higher education except for the earliest years from which no representatives are living or were available.

You our friends and loved ones have been faithful to call, write and remember us in other loving ways, so that I wish I could sit here and write you individually about these last months when I with many others shared the struggle with Martha. My slowness and lethargy seem to make that impossible. Yet, I want to thank you in this way on behalf of Martha, Loren, Linda and myself for the wonderful support and encouragement you have given over this long period of our vigil, toil and anxiety. Without your constancy in friendship and prayer I do not see how we could have faced this time. Now, we resolve to live every day we have worthily of the trust she so long placed in our efforts to help her, by trying to persist in doing and being good as she did.

I covet your prayers and continued friendship, and trust you will let me know of your own doings and ways in the months ahead. Martha was more a "people person" than I ever was, so I depended upon her to cultivate friendships that I, a bookish "paper shuffler," never found it easy to form. I hope to still hear from you betimes.

Sincerely,

L. Paul Gresham