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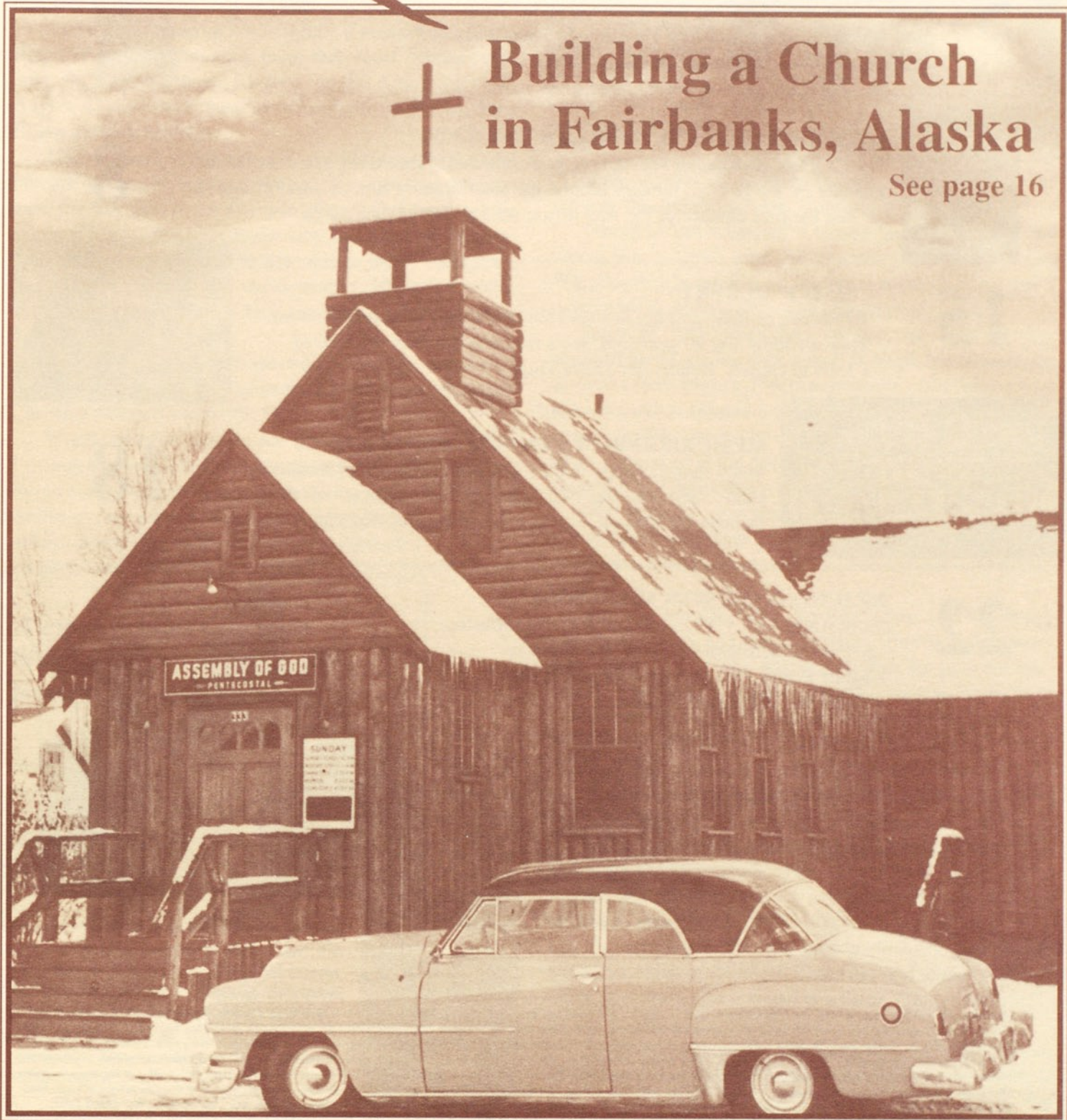
Assemblies of God

HERITAGE™

Reaching the
90th Milestone
How many
ministers are at
least 90? The
answer on page 22
might bring surprises.

✝ Building a Church in Fairbanks, Alaska

See page 16



Assemblies of God HERITAGE™

FALL 1997

VOL.17, NO. 3

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AGELESS POWER IS IN HER

Adele Carmichael is 95, but that doesn't keep her from ministering to a Bible study group in California every Tuesday. In January she'll observe the 80th anniversary of her ordination. By Tom Kisken



ARVID OHRNELL, THE PRISONER'S FRIEND

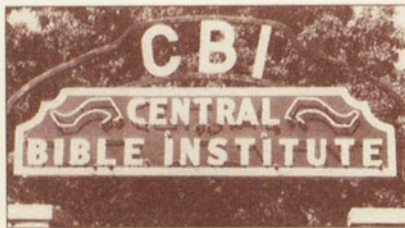
Arvid's great-grandfather felt an urge to preach but it was Arvid who became the preacher in the family. Inmates around the country knew him as a friend, and he became the first director of the A/G prison ministry. By Glenn Gohr

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"SISTER MURPHY"

Eva Maye Murphy and her husband Clyde ministered in the Midwest. Now a widow and 90 years old, she's reaching out with the love of Christ in Quincy, Illinois. By Laura Tigges



MEMORIES FROM A 1937 CBC GRADUATE

Many things change in 60 years, and many things remain the same. See how one 1937 CBC graduate reflected on those Great Depression days on this Springfield campus. By Ralph Harris

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REACHING THE 90TH MILESTONE

As of August 31, 1997, a total of 268 A/G ministers had passed their 90th birthday. The oldest is Daphne Brann, 107, and the youngest is Guy Wilson, 90. By Wayne Warner



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Right, founding pastor of the Fairbanks, Alaska, Assembly of God, Odell Hirschy with his sister Ora Lee, and his son Aaron, 1945. See photo feature on this church, pages 16, 17.

Oldest Minister Still Active

When General Superintendent Thomas Trask introduced Daphne Brann at a General Council session in August, he knew the audience was in for a treat. The two exchanged greetings and one-liners before Trask led the thoroughly entertained audience in "Happy Birthday" to the 107-year-old for Mrs. Brann—the oldest credentialed minister in the Assemblies of God.

And as Scott Harrup wrote in *The Council Today*, Mrs. Brann "has heard that song more than most people could hope to." If you were listening to the *Today Show* on August 4, you would have heard Willard Scott wish Mrs. Brann a happy birthday.

Many seniors, when asked about their secrets for long life, are quick with various answers. Sister Brann isn't sure how she has stayed out of nursing homes and orthopedic wards. Neither does she know why she was able to go to Israel at 104 nor how she is still able to travel and speak. But she has an idea that the legendary evangelist Smith Wigglesworth could have had something to do with her longevity.

It happened when Wigglesworth came to Cincinnati where Daphne and her husband Oliver were pastoring Christian Assembly in 1923.

Wigglesworth—known for his bombastic and blunt I'm-not-here-to-entertain-you preaching style—prayed for any who wanted prayer in the Cincinnati meeting. It would not have been Wigglesworth's style if he had dismissed a meeting without vigorously praying for sinners and the sick alike. He viewed the

"I often wonder if Brother Wigglesworth's prayer has brought this long life to me."

—107-year-old Daphne Brann

entire audience as being in the gospel net, and everyone needed something. Among those healed was the Brann's son, Kenneth, who was healed of a skin condition. Then Wigglesworth prayed for the 33-year-old pastor's wife.

The 107-year-old Daphne Brann keeps going. She attended the General Council in August. This photo was taken on her 105th birthday.



"I often wonder if Brother Wigglesworth's prayer has brought this long life to me," Brann told Scott Harrup.

Perhaps. But whatever it is, she gives God credit for taking her 7 years past the century mark. God gave Wigglesworth himself long life but a mere 88 years compared with Daphne's 107—and still counting.

Back in 1989 when Mrs. Brann was only 99, she attended the 42nd General Council at which the Assemblies of God celebrated its 75th Anniversary. She generously gave this editor time in a taped interview and smiled for a photo—which was on our cover for the fall 1995 issue. She again showed up at the Archives exhibit in Indianapolis last August, hand-delivering a revival handbill and a letter giving her husband permission to hold street meetings in Cumberland, Maryland, in 1914.

As you already know, she has lived through a lot of history.

She was born in 1890, the year Idaho and Wyoming joined the Union, and when Benjamin Harrison was president. Believe it or not, she's older than the game of basketball, the Model T Ford, and the modern Pentecostal movement. She was 13 when the Wright Brothers flew the Kitty Hawk and almost 24 when the Assemblies of God was founded in 1914. On a tragic list of her memories are all the wars since the Indian battle at Wounded Knee Creek, South Dakota.

If you want more perspective on her 107 years, think about this. Mrs. Brann has seen 38,974 days, 1,284 months, 5,564 weeks, and has made enough beds—if lined up end to end—to reach 40 miles or more (figuring one a day for 95 years). If you have a difficult time facing Mondays, think of this: Mrs. Brann has had to face 5,564 of them. But she's also enjoyed that many Fridays and weekends and Sundays.

Pentecostals came to her home area of Cumberland, Maryland, when Daphne was 23. A neighbor came to their house and asked if she wanted to take the last seat in a "Tin

Wayne Warner is director of the Assemblies of God Archives and editor of *Heritage*. He is author of *The Woman Evangelist* (Maria B. Woodworth-Etter); *Kathryn Kuhlman: The Woman Behind the Miracles*; and compiler of two books on Smith Wigglesworth's sermons: *The Anointing of His Spirit* and *Only Believe*.



Lizzy” (an early nickname for Model T Ford cars) that was going to a Pentecostal tent service. Because there were only about 8 cars in the city of Cumberland at the time, she jumped at the chance.

Scott Harrup wrote about the next few nights that changed her life.

“During the nights of revival that followed, Brann prayed ‘like a house on fire’ to be filled with God’s Spirit. Unsatisfied, she returned home each night.

“After the revival was completed, her mother had another prayer meeting at their home. This time, Brann was ready to receive whatever God would do for her. On September 1, 1913, Daphne Brann received a Pentecostal baptism. The experience was so intense she was completely unaware when all the guests went home.”

Sister Brann was widowed in 1951 when her husband Oliver died, a year after he had retired because of ill health. They had pioneered several churches in a 40-year-ministry. Oliver had also served as superintendent of the Maryland-West Virginia District, now part of the Potomac District.

You might have noticed last year that the Assemblies of God issued Mrs. Brann ordination papers. There is an explanation due on that.

Back in 1922, while Sister Brann pastored with her husband in Canton, Ohio, she felt that she should give up her credentials because she had children to raise and little time to preach. So when the Assemblies of God was only 8 years old, she wrote and explained her action to general

superintendent (called chairman then) E. N. Bell. The chairman understood and suggested that after the children were grown that she renew the credentials. She was kept on the inactive list for the next 10 years and finally let her credentials lapse in 1932.

Last year, 64 years later, Mrs. Brann’s credentials were reissued from the Ohio District. That’s not to say that she was inactive for that long period—she ministered, and still does, but just didn’t get around to renewing her credentials.

In recent years Sister Brann has lived with different relatives and continues to speak occasionally. Last year she was one of the invited speakers at First Christian Assembly’s 90th Anniversary. While in the Baltimore area during that trip, she spoke three times. When she attended a family reunion, she received two awards: the one coming the farthest, and (no surprise here) for being the oldest one in attendance.

Sister Brann is concerned about a changed attitude on the practice of prayer in certain places in the Assemblies of God. “The altars have been taken out of some of our churches,” she said. “The altars were a big part of the service in the early days of Pentecost,” she explained. “People prayed and brought down the power. They prayed that souls seeking the Baptism would get the Baptism.”

One thing is certain though, Daphne Brann lifts up in prayer ministers and lay people across the Assemblies of God and around the world. That is a practice she’ll continue for as long as God gives her health and breath.



PHOTOS FROM OUR READERS



In November 1933 the pastor and board of deacons of Full Gospel Assembly, Inglewood, California, posed for this photo outside the church. In the front, from the left, C. A. Ross, Sunday school superintendent, Pastor Louis E. Weston, and Carl Sondreal; in the back are Samuel Sanders, Harry Overman, and Frank Bowman, treasurer. Pastor Weston was the surviving member of this group, dying on October 22, 1996, at the age of 93. Frank Bowman was the father of Bob Bowman, formerly of the *Haven of Rest* radio program and a founder of the Far East Broadcasting Co. Virginia Ross Jenkins Jones, Sun City, Arizona, daughter of C. A. Ross, donated this photo to the Archives.



Adele Carmichael, a 95-year-old minister, seated at left, with the New Hope Church in Westlake Village, gathers with church members to pray after a Bible study meeting.

ADELE CARMICHAEL
**Ageless
Power
Is in Her**

Faithful Come Weekly to hear Minister, 95

By Tom Kiskan

Staff Writer
Ventura (California) *The Star*



Adele Carmichael is 95. Her chin is a maze of wrinkles. Her body is frail, her heart unreliable.

Each Tuesday, she is escorted to New Hope Church in Westlake Village. Holding the arm of a Bible student 17 years her junior, she climbs the three steps that lead to a stage.

About 40 people wait for her words, mostly women in their 50s and 60s. Some have attended this class for most of two decades and commute from as far as North Hollywood and Newhall.

Carmichael settles on a cushioned chair and rings a bell. Class begins.

She says it's a beautiful day, that birds are singing praises of God.

She turns to the Bible, chapters 7 and 8 in Romans, and begins to teach. Her hands fly in gestures: clasping her chest, wagging a finger. Her voice searches for and finds the melody of the lesson. She questions her students, then teases, then instructs. They murmur "amen" and "hallelujah."

"She gets off the podium and she's 95 years old," says Wes Baker, an engineer in Westlake Village who has been attending the class for a year. "On the podium, she raises her voice and she can blow the doors open. The Holy Spirit comes to her and she's empowered." They call it anointed.

Carmichael was converted in 1910 and ordained eight years later. She was 16.

Her 79 years as a minister make her the longest-serving cleric in an Assemblies of God congregation anywhere in the United States, according to a spokesman in the church's district office. He claims she's also the oldest active minister.*

* Is this statement accurate? *Heritage* requests that readers knowing of credentialed ministers who preach or teach weekly who are older than Mrs. Carmichael's 95 to write or call.

Published in the Ventura (California) *The Star*, March 1, 1987. Used by permission.

Staff photos by Richard Quinn

RESUME

Adele Carmichael

BORN: Jan. 25, 1902.

EDUCATION: Master's degree in education, San Jose State University.

VENTURA LINK: Carmichael and her husband, Richard, pastored at First Assembly of God in Ventura for eight years in the 1950s.

MUSIC: She was a solo singer during her years on the evangelical [probably meant "evangelistic"] circuit and still plays the organ every day.

QUOTE: Her son, Ralph, is a world-known composer and big band conductor. "Everywhere I go, people ask about my mother," he said. "Somewhere in every audience, there's somebody who has come across her."



AT THE PULPIT: Adele Carmichael Lectures during a Bible study meeting at New Hope Church.

Carmichael has preached everywhere—in revival meetings, on street corners, in jails and in 40 different states.

Now she's at New Hope, in a Westlake Village business plaza, teaching from a stage lined with plastic gladiolus and ferns. She leads classes on Tuesdays and Sundays. Before that, she had a class in a Thousand Oaks bank.

"I literally live for it," she says, then explaining the transformation that takes place on the podium. "The Holy Spirit comes and takes over. I don't know that I have a body when I'm speaking. That's why I can keep going."

Carmichael lives alone, in a double-wide mobile home. Inside is a display case holding china dolls she carved. In her bathroom are still-life flowers painted when she was younger—an orchid—a bird of paradise and an anthurium. She has a collection of stuffed animals in her bedroom.

"I made the mistake of telling someone I like teddy bears," she says with a smile.

Her friends and students check on her daily, accompanying her on walks and providing rides. On occasion, they bring groceries and encourage her to eat more, often unsuccessfully.

A blanket is unfurled on a sofa where she often rests. She has heart problems. But on the podium, in explaining a Biblical reference to the heart, she offers perspective on physical limits.

"When he's talking about your heart, he's not talking about that thing that goes dingdong," Carmichael says. "It is the center of man. It includes the will and the emotions and the personality."

On a table in Carmichael's living room is a tatted doily. Her parents were evangelists and were dirt poor. The doily and a pair of shoes were all her mother had to give her. Carmichael's father left her with a few religious books he wrote.

Her home is filled with pictures of husband Richard, who died in 1960, and their two children. Ruthadele Martin, who lives in Westlake Village, is a retired Bible teacher. She remembers as a young girl eating crayons behind the pulpit as her mother preached. These days, she attends her mother's class as often as she can.

Ruthadele's brother, Ralph, is a world-known composer and arranger, credited as being a trailblazer in contemporary religious music. He conducts big band concerts from Sydney, Australia, to Palm Springs. On occasion, he'll ask his mother to verify a Biblical reference in a lyric.

"Often, I get a much longer answer than I need," he says with a laugh. "Her life is the Bible. There's not an unknown scripture you can catch her on."

His mother reads the Bible daily and completes it cover-to-cover six times every year, memorizing most of it. She teaches a literal interpretation.

"We're getting the truth. She gives you and I the message from God's heart. It's always of love and blessing," says Bible class regular Louise Holaday of North Hollywood.

She clasps a visitor's arm to punctuate her point. "She preaches salvation and eternal life." Carmichael believes in the rapture, where the redeemed will be called from Earth into the air in a silver dart to meet the Lord. She lays her hands on the sick. Her friend and student, Laverne Kirkendall, recalls the Floridian who was awaiting a bone marrow transplant. He prayed with Carmichael and other preachers. The surgery was a success; his cancer disappeared.

Visitors to her mobile home are, as a rule, asked if they're Christians. "I've seen a man come to fix her gas leak and she has led them to the Lord right there," says her daughter. "She's Johnny on the spot."

The people who attend Carmichael's class protect and care for her. One student gives her a backrub before the class begins. Another delivers a cup of water.



Adele Carmichael in an evangelistic pose in 1928. *Assemblies of God Archives file photo.*

"She's been at it so long, you'd think she walked with the apostles," quips Kirkendall. "The power comes to that woman. You come into her meetings and you sense the presence of God."

Each year, the class holds a birthday party. During the gathering for her 95th anniversary, she turned to the class and said, "I live for all of you."

Carmichael's son, Ralph, comes to the parties.

"They are paying her homage and giving her gifts," he says. "It's amazing. I know she has to remind them that she's not the one on the pedestal. Her master is."

Carmichael talks freely of her physical mortality. Man, she says, is made of vapor. She'd like to live to see the rapture but will be satisfied if God's mission for her is completed. "When I finish," she says, "he will call."

ARVID OHRNELL

The Prisoner's Friend

by Glenn Gohr

At first glance, he might have seemed an unlikely choice for the position of prison chaplain for the Assemblies of God. This broad-shouldered, muscular, 6-foot Swede, was shy and soft-spoken. Being foreign born, he did not speak English well, and he was not striking in his looks (except for his athletic physique). However his unique personality and experiences, combined with a strong mixture of tender loving kindness and brute strength, made him an excellent prison chaplain. His ministry was far-reaching both physically and spiritually and carried him to numerous prisons first in Europe and then throughout the United States.

Arvid Ohnell's calling to the ministry was an answer to a long-standing prayer. His great-grandfather (who was born in 1802 and died in 1888) had a life-long yearning to become a preacher and spread the gospel. However, because he had to struggle and work hard to eke out a living and provide for his family, he never had the opportunity to fulfill this desire. In his old age he made it a matter of intense prayer that someone in his family might one day fulfill the calling he had felt so strongly within himself. When he was 84 years old, he said to Arvid's grandmother, "I now have been assured by God that my prayer will be answered. For the last two years I have been thanking God that my prayer in the future will come true."¹

The great-grandfather died 3 years

before Arvid's birth, and it was almost 30 years later that Arvid was saved and received the calling to give his life for people in need. From the beginning of his ministry to the end of his life, Arvid Ohnell was concerned about the spiritual and physical welfare of outcasts, especially "the boys in prison."

Carl Arvid Ohnell was born on August 22, 1891, in the town of Vadstena at the edge of Lake Vättern in the southern part of Sweden. A few months after his birth, his family moved to Forsa in Hälsingland in the northern part of the country, where he grew to manhood.²

During Ohnell's formative years, it seemed God was preparing him for his later work with prisoners. Some of the community bullies liked to beat up on "the little neighborhood boy," as they called him. To remedy this situation, Ohnell began lifting weights and exercising so that he could defend himself. His plan worked, and in the end, the bullies found someone else to pick on. After seeing how children and grownups can be mistreated, he decided to dedicate himself to helping outcasts and the downtrodden.

At the age of 14, he made a commitment to Christ. However, he had no one to guide him in his Christian walk, and he suffered much derision from the neighborhood boys. So for a time he backslid. In 1911 he entered H. S. Enköping, and studied theology, psychology, mathematics, penology,

journalism, and languages. In addition to excelling in his studies, Ohnell became an expert boxer and swimmer, receiving numerous awards and medals in competition. Recommitting his life to God in January 1914, he was baptized in 1915. A year later he received the baptism in the Holy Spirit.

During 1916-17, Ohnell lived in Gothenburg and began preaching the gospel. In the fall of 1917, he moved to Uppsala and opened a butcher's shop with his sister Gertrud as shop assistant. One day a man from Langholmen, the prison in Stockholm, came to the door. He had just been released from prison, and he was looking for a job. Ohnell gave the man food and provisions to help his family and also succeeded in helping him to find employment. This was his first contact with prisoners. He came to realize that it was very difficult for ex-prisoners to gain people's confidence and to be accepted back into society.

In the fall of 1919, he sold his butcher's shop and attended the Bible school of the Filadelfia Church at Stockholm. He was ordained there on December 2, 1919, by the Scandinavian Assemblies of God.³ Next he pioneered a church in Gustav, in the Province of Darlana, in 1920. He opened another church in Borlange in 1921 and still another in Palsboda in 1923.

Not fully satisfied with pastoring, in an effort to reach more people with



the gospel, he pursued opportunities he found in journalism. He served newspapers in Norway, Denmark, Germany, and Austria. And because of his work in penology, he completed five books, two of which were used as texts in European universities.⁴ He published a number of pamphlets and booklets, among them a little book called "In the Evening of Time." He also was instrumental in the creation of a prison division for the Swedish Pentecostal Assemblies.

His work carried him to Germany and eventually to Prague, where he was advised by a friend that he could have a much greater influence among outcasts and prisoners if he were to minister in a democratic society. So in 1925, Ohrnell left Germany for the United States.

Arriving in Chicago, Ohrnell associated himself with a group of Swedish people there who were interested in starting a church. That fall he began holding services for the group. Later he served as chairman of the Scandinavian Assemblies of God and assistant editor of their newspaper. While in Chicago he met Anna Astrid Larson, a Swedish immigrant whose family lived in Worcester, Massachusetts. She was a 1924 graduate of Rochester Bible Training School. They were married September 14, 1929.⁵

While still affiliated with the Scandinavian Assemblies, he went to Seattle, Washington, in 1933 to pastor the Philadelphia Church. In conjunction with pastoring, he made it a point to visit the local prisons. Word of his efforts eventually reached the governor. And by 1935 he had gained so much respect in the institutions that he visited, that the governor of Washington appointed Ohrnell as the State Prison Chaplain. This was the opportunity of a lifetime!

As State Prison Chaplain, he was not content just to preach to inmates. He wanted to educate them while in confinement and then help to rehabil-

"By 1935 he had gained so much respect in the institutions that he visited, that the governor of Washington appointed Ohrnell as the State Prison Chaplain. This was the opportunity of a lifetime!"

itate them after their release. By Ohrnell's estimation, men came to prison largely because of three factors: poor education, poor religious training, and lack of a trade which enabled them to make a living. He sought to remedy these problems through every means available.

Taking a personal interest in every inmate he met, he listened to each story with patience, yet he had an uncanny sense of discernment. "I could always tell if they were lying to me," he recounted years later. "They could not fool me by looking pious and saying, 'Honest Chaplain, I didn't do it.'"⁶

In a few cases, where he felt men had reformed, he would request their release and usually succeeded in getting them out. He also felt it his duty to constantly be on the watch for men who might be victims of a miscarriage of justice.

Probably no case intrigued him as much as Clarence Boggie. While serving the Walla Walla prison, Ohrnell met Boggie who was serving time for murder. Boggie had continually declared, "I'm innocent!" but to no avail. He had written to numerous high officials including the President of the United States.

With his keen insight into human nature, Ohrnell listened to Boggie and became convinced that indeed he was innocent. Ohrnell quietly investigated the case and began to collect evidence. Two years later he stirred up a lot of interest in the case, and it was reopened. The *Seattle Daily Times* publicized Boggie's plight. And with the assistance of Earle Stanley

Gardner, well-known mystery writer, and his Court of Last Resort, which was sponsored by *Argosy* magazine, Chaplain Ohrnell was able to obtain Boggie's release. The complete pardon came in 1948 after 15 years in prison. It was a happy day for the inmate and his family; however, Boggie died from physical exhaustion shortly after his release.⁷

Another time, after praying with a prisoner, Ohrnell felt the strange impression that the prisoner had not told him the truth. On his next visit to the prison, he looked the man in the eyes and said, "I'm not going to pray for you any more. You're not telling all the truth."

The prisoner became frightened. And even though he was facing execution, he protested, claiming he

"I'd rather die 30 days early than walk those last steps without my friend Chaplain Ohrnell."—A man who faced execution in Ohrnell's absence. His wishes were granted, and Ohrnell walked with him.

had "come clean." Ohrnell proceeded to leave the cell. "Wait," the prisoner cried out in desperation. "Would you still pray with me if I told you I had killed two girls and a farm hand in Nebraska?"

Disturbed by the implication that he might abandon someone in need, Ohrnell replied sharply, "Why, of course, I would."

"But would you still pray with me if I told you I had killed a seven-year-old boy in Iowa?"

"Certainly—What difference would that make?" the chaplain asked. The conversation continued, and after a period of time, the man had admitted to 14 murders and an estimated 3,000 robberies.

Transcription of the information took days, but through the efforts of Chaplain Ohrnell several unsolved murders were cleared up. Ohrnell

continued to work with the condemned man and weeks later, walked with him to his execution.

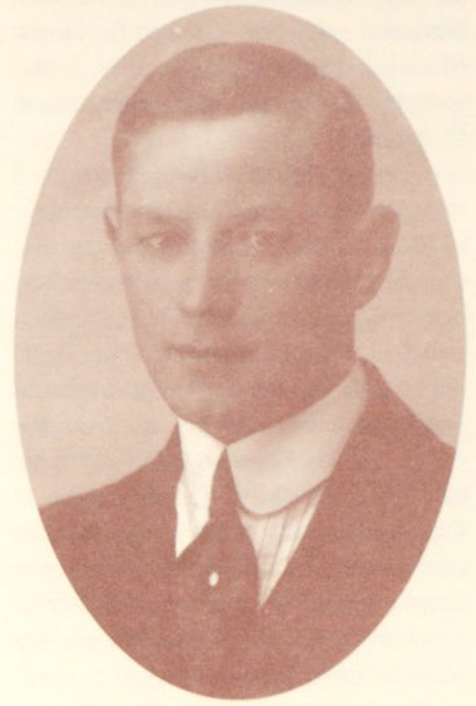
Though many times harsh with hardened criminals, Chaplain Ohrnell felt a deep compassion for any person who had failed and needed help. There was almost nothing he would not do to help a prisoner. At Christmas he would solicit the aid of local churches to provide baked goods and sweets for the prisoners. And when time permitted, Ohrnell was known to sometimes eat and sleep with prisoners in order to establish rapport with them and get to the root of their problems.

Ohrnell's only child, Margit Giles, has fond memories of her dad during this time of his life. She says, "My dad was a good marksman. I was 5 or 6 when I started practicing pistol shooting with him. We did a lot of things together. I was the best 'son' he could have asked for." Margit, who now lives in West Columbia, South Carolina, also recalls, "As I got older,

I enjoyed driving for him. On Saturdays we would go visit prosecuting attorneys and other officials." Enroute to these appointments father and daughter had time to share some intimate moments.⁸

After 16 years as chaplain in Washington, Ohrnell resigned his position, not sure of the Lord's direction. At the same time, Paul Markstrom, then a pastor and volunteer prison chaplain, on behalf of the Assemblies of God, contacted him about organizing a nationwide prison ministry for the Assemblies of God. Ohrnell's response was, "It must be God. I just resigned this morning." He saw this offer as an opportunity to extend his work to hundreds of prisons and thousands of inmates, and so in 1951 he accepted the challenge to join the Assemblies of God staff in Springfield, Missouri.

Ohrnell had transferred his credentials to the Northwest District of the Assemblies of God in January



Arvid Ohrnell in the 1920s

1937. And once he had remarked, "I wish every Assemblies of God church would catch the vision of jail work. Just think—in almost every town of any size, and especially where there is a county jail, there are 125 to 150 persons who don't have an opportunity to hear the gospel!"⁹

So it was that he spent the next 12 years in a concentrated day-and-night effort to help prisoners through the avenue of the Assemblies of God. By choice he regularly worked 14-15 hours a day. His activities included visiting prisons, establishing chaplains, and presenting the prison ministry in churches and conventions all across the nation. In many cities he also spoke at high schools telling about the type of people he worked with, their habits, criminal families, and life behind bars. He also established the second Sunday in November as National Prison Sunday in the Assemblies of God to promote jail and prison work on the local and national levels.

"I hope that each Assembly of God church will stand on biblical ground and present the gospel to the outcasts of society," Ohrnell declared in a promotional letter. If they cannot conduct jail services, they can do their



Arvid and Astrid Ohrnell, 1945

part by sending offerings to the Prison Division of the National Home Missions Department to print correspondence courses and other prison literature."¹⁰

Among other activities, Ohrnell realized there was a need for literature in the prisons. He undertook numerous campaigns to obtain books and personally started libraries for several penal institutions which had none. Almost single-handedly, he gathered appropriate books from all over the nation, packed them in the trunk of his car, and personally delivered them to these institutions. This helped to educate many of the inmates. And upon their release, he worked out special agreements to place them in various schools around the country.

He counseled men, walked with them to their execution, assisted many in obtaining paroles, found jobs for others, and to literally thousands was their only personal friend. But even with the best planning, he was only personally able to help a limited number of prisoners each year. To fill the gap, beginning in 1953, he developed a series of eight simplified Bible study courses which were appropriate to most prisoners, no matter their education level. On the side, he raised funds in churches to pay for

An "inmate" with Chaplain Ohrnell in 1955.



Chaplain Ohrnell in a 1955 exhibit promoting the ministry to men and women behind bars.

the printing and distribution. Between 1956 and 1963 he sent out more than 81,000 Bible study courses free of charge to any prisoner who would accept them.¹¹ During the same period he graded thousands of these courses, completing with his secretary's help, more than 23,000 by early 1963.

Each dollar he received was carefully spent buying Bibles and printing more study courses. He was frugal in his spending. In fact, leaders in his

“Restaurant prices irritated him. He would look over a menu and remark with disdain, ‘Too high, too high. You could buy a dozen Bibles for the price of one meal.’”

department often talked to him about his small expense accounts, fearing he was not using enough money to even eat properly. Restaurant prices irritated him. He would look over a menu and remark with disdain, “Too high, too high. You could buy a dozen Bibles for the price of one meal.” On his prison travels, when he needed lodging, rather than stay in a motel, he made it a practice to call the local pastor about staying in the church basement to avoid “wasting the Lord’s

money” which could better be used in his prison projects.

His work with inmates took on a personal involvement as he carried on extensive correspondence with inmates, their families, and with prison and government officials. Some of these letters have been preserved in scrapbooks or “jail books” which he maintained. In his letters, he always showed compassion and was optimistic in his viewpoint. Here follows an example of one such letter:

Dear Mr. Bearor:

Your letter dated December 1st has been received. I will make the necessary arrangements when the time of your release is near. In June there should be opportunities for a man like you who is capable of handling any job with success.

During the month of May I will be conducting services in Nebraska, Wyoming and Idaho. Even though I may not be at home, I will still do my best for you.

I would like to quote from your letter: “This assurance will be practically impossible unless I have a decent destination.” That outlook on the situation should not be allowed to continue. Who could make it if you can’t make it?

With best greetings for a brighter future,

Yours in Christ,

Arvid Ohnell

National Prison Chaplain¹²

And when an inmate was released from prison, he would do everything within his power to help him find employment and become adjusted into society again. He would contact local pastors in various areas to enlist their assistance, and sometimes he would direct prisoners to come to Springfield, Missouri to find gainful employment.

Ohrnell’s love for prisoners seemingly knew no bounds. Once he addressed a letter to Governor Faubus of Arkansas requesting that a certain inmate’s execution be delayed. This man was convicted of a moral crime and was scheduled for execution on

the first day of the new year. “Now he’s guilty, but that fellow must feel awful,” he confided in a friend. “All he’s got to look forward to in the new year is dying.” Ohnell reasoned, “It wouldn’t hurt the Governor to delay

“On his prison travels, when he needed lodging, rather than stay in a motel, he made it a practice to call the local pastor about staying in the church basement to avoid ‘wasting the Lord’s money’ which could better be used in his prison projects.”

his execution a few days past New Year’s.” Perhaps the man never knew why, but he received a 6-month extension on life because a prison chaplain whom he had never met had a deep feeling for his plight. This simple but humanitarian act was typical of Chaplain Ohnell’s entire life.¹³

In another case, a youthful prisoner in Walla Walla State prison shocked the penal world when he asked to be hanged 30 days ahead of schedule. The request was a strange one, but the prisoner related to the press: “I’d rather die 30 days early than walk those last steps without my friend Chaplain Ohnell.” It seems that Ohnell was scheduled to leave for Europe prior to the original execution date. In the end, the prisoner’s request was granted, and Chaplain Arvid Ohnell took the last walk with the prisoner.¹⁴

And when Arvid Ohnell made a promise, he kept it. In fact, once he sold his automobile to pay for a Christian funeral he had promised to a man who was executed. The undertaker tried to dissuade him, saying: “The man is dead; he won’t know the difference!” But Ohnell had made a promise to a man who had trusted him. Afterwards, quite unexpectedly, Ohnell was given a much nicer car.¹⁵

One area of constant embarrassment and concern to Ohnell was his accent and what he considered to be his poor English. He would write letters in longhand, ask his secretary to correct his errors, and then destroy the originals. Once, while visiting a college to explain his prison ministry, a young professor tried to make conversation by telling him a joke in a broken Swedish accent. Ohnell failed to see the humor in this, and in disgust said, “Young man, you can speak good English! Now do it.”¹⁶

While prison work was his chief effort, Ohnell also took an interest in others less fortunate. Late in the 1950s he began to visit the children at Hillcrest Children’s Home in Hot Springs, Arkansas. As often as time would permit, he scheduled his prison visits, so he could visit these children. And just prior to Christmas he would have his secretary buy clothing and other items for the girls and boys.

Carl Conner, formerly director of the Headquarters Office of Public Relations, was intimately acquainted with Arvid Ohnell. He recalls an incident in 1963 when a girl at Hillcrest wanted a watch, and Ohnell promised to get her one. “He tried to get her an Elgin watch. He ordered it from a jeweler, and after weeks and weeks went by without receiving it, he told his secretary to have the jeweler forget the deal.” He ended up buying an Elgin watch at another establishment and wrote the girl a letter of explanation. “All this time he felt sick because he did not want to break his promise to the child.”¹⁷

In the spring of 1963, he spent an extended time in the State Prison in Angola, Louisiana. He frequently wrote home and also wrote to his secretary about his activities there. He continued to hold services and Bible studies until March 31. The next day he was scheduled to drive to Kilby, Alabama.

continued on page 30



Eva Maye Murphy, 89, reads the Bible and visits with Hershel Markward, 96, at Sunset Home, Quincy, Illinois. He is the oldest member of Bethel Assembly of God Church where Murphy is visitation minister. H-W Photo/Karen Briggs

“Sister Murphy”

At Age 89, Eva Maye Murphy Stays Young Ministering to Others

By Laura Tigges

Herald-Whig Staff Writer

The elderly woman's eyes lit up as Eva Maye Murphy stops by for a visit at Brighton Pavilion.

“Here comes dear, sweet Sister Murphy,” calls Mae Seiz, clapping her hands.

Murphy, who turns 90 May 23, is the visitation minister for Bethel Assembly of God Church.

Her husband, the Rev. Clyde Murphy, had been a pastor at Assembly of God churches in Illinois, Iowa, and Missouri since 1933. When they were both 75, he retired and they took over the visitation ministry at the Quincy church. Her husband died about a year ago, but Murphy has continued the ministry on her own.

For many years Eva Maye Murphy, widow of Clyde Murphy, of Quincy, Illinois, has kept in touch with the Assemblies of God Archives. She has donated photographs and other materials to the Archives. This article appeared in the *Quincy Herald-Whig* last spring about a month before Sister Murphy turned 90. It is used by permission of the newspaper. Sister Murphy wrote recently: “I think the work of getting all of these ‘old’ things together about our Assemblies of God is great. Keep up the good work!” And to Sister Murphy we reply, “Thank you, and you keep up the good work too!”—The Editor

Age hasn't slowed her. Every day she reads the Bible, prays, sings and converses with shut-ins at home, in the hospital or in nursing homes. She also conducts monthly worship services at the Lincoln-Douglas Apartments, Brighton Pavilion and St. Vincent's Home.

Her activities don't stop there. She also reads the prayer list Sunday morning at church and organizes monthly social events for the Fifty-five and Alive church group. On April 10, the group will gather for dinner and to hear Martha Garvin from Chicago, host of “Musical Memories” on WTJR. The group will go to the Tulip Festival in Pella, Iowa, in May.

“She's the Energizer Bunny. She keeps going and going and we thank God for it,” said her pastor, the Rev. Barry Clair. “She's the hardest worker I know. I wish some people half her age worked that hard.”

Prayer encourages the healing process, Clair said. And Murphy's cheery, upbeat personality brings comfort and peace to those under stress.

Many times a family will ask her to take part in a funeral, reading the scripture or a poem, because of the compassion she showed the loved one in his or her final days.

“There's a great need for people to minister outside the church. She's an angel of mercy in those situations,” Clair said.

Irene Kampe, 81, said Murphy has been visiting her at home for many years.

“She's a day brightener,” Kampe said. “She always has a smile and encouraging words. She can hold a nice conversation with anybody and never overstays. Sometimes I wish she could stay longer.

“She's young at heart,” Kampe added. “I don't think she'll ever get old.”

When Murphy was 13, she felt she was called to the ministry. She enjoys visiting seniors because many of them see so few other people.

“It's very important they feel like someone cares and loves them, that they're not forsaken,” Murphy said. “I like hearing what they've been doing, how they're feeling and just having a good, ordinary conversation. When I enter their life, they become a part of mine.”

She has no time to stop her ministry any time soon.

“The church is my life, it has been for years,” Murphy said. “I hope God gives me enough strength to do this until the day I die.”



BUILDING A CHURCH IN FAIRBANKS, ALASKA

Ora Lee Hirschy Rea, a *Heritage* subscriber in North Little Rock, Arkansas, donated the photos on these pages. Most were taken during the time in 1944-45 that she spent in Fairbanks, Alaska with her missionary brother, Charles Odell Hirschy and his wife Emma. The Hirschy couple, now with the Lord, raised their son Aaron in Fairbanks and Petersburg. Aaron, now living in the Los Angeles area, said that his father began his Alaskan ministry in 1938 by hitchhiking to Seattle from Arkansas to catch a ship to Alaska.

Undaunted by a Seattle pastor who advised him to return to Arkansas—because he might backslide in Alaska—Hirschy slept on a park bench for three nights, caught a ship, and headed for his field of ministry. Emma Hirschy and 7-year-old Aaron shared car expenses with strangers to Seattle where they boarded a ship to catch up with their husband and father.

During their sacrificial ministry in primitive conditions, Charles Odell Hirschy built churches in Fairbanks, Petersburg, and Kodiak. Like so many others before and after him, Hirschy proved convincingly that listening to God's call is more important than the discouraging advice of well-meaning people.

—Wayne Warner



Odell and Emma Hirschy stopped along the Haines cut-off road on the way to a convention, July 2, 1952.

ARKANSAS MISSIONARY TO ALASKA



CHAS. O. HIRSCHY

"Here am I Send Me"

"I can do all things through Christ which strengtheneth Me".

Phil. 4:13

Home Address
Jacksonville, Arkansas

Foreign Address
P. O. Box 816
Wrangell, Alaska



Ora Lee Hirschy reminding drivers of the Fairbanks speed limit during World War II.

The Fairbanks parsonage in January 1943. No bike riding for Aaron on this day.



Emma Hirschy and Ethel Nelson Andrus in Fairbanks. Ethel and her late husband Kenneth founded the Far North Bible School.

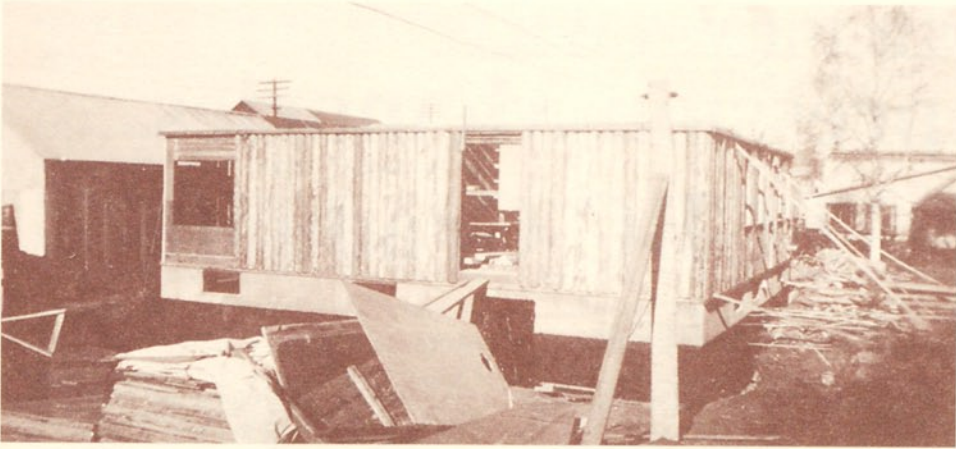




Odell Hirschy, right, and an unidentified volunteer working on the log church in Fairbanks, 1944.



Odell Hirschy and his son Aaron in the doorway of the Fairbanks log church, 1945.

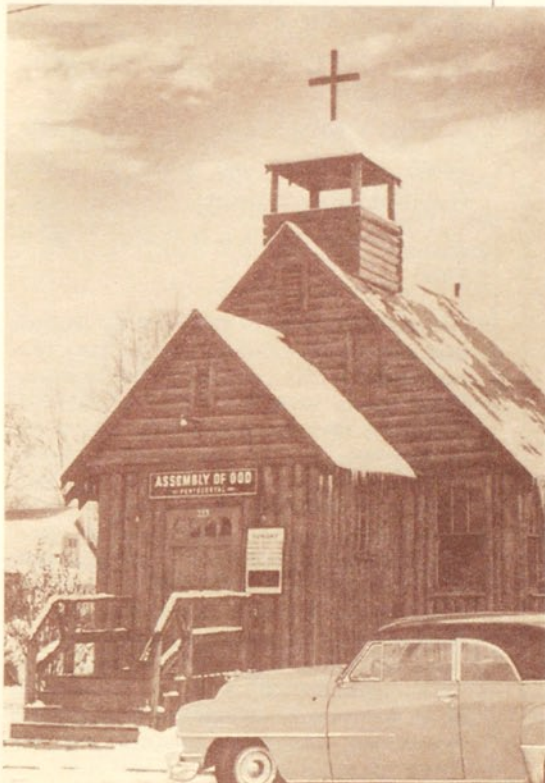
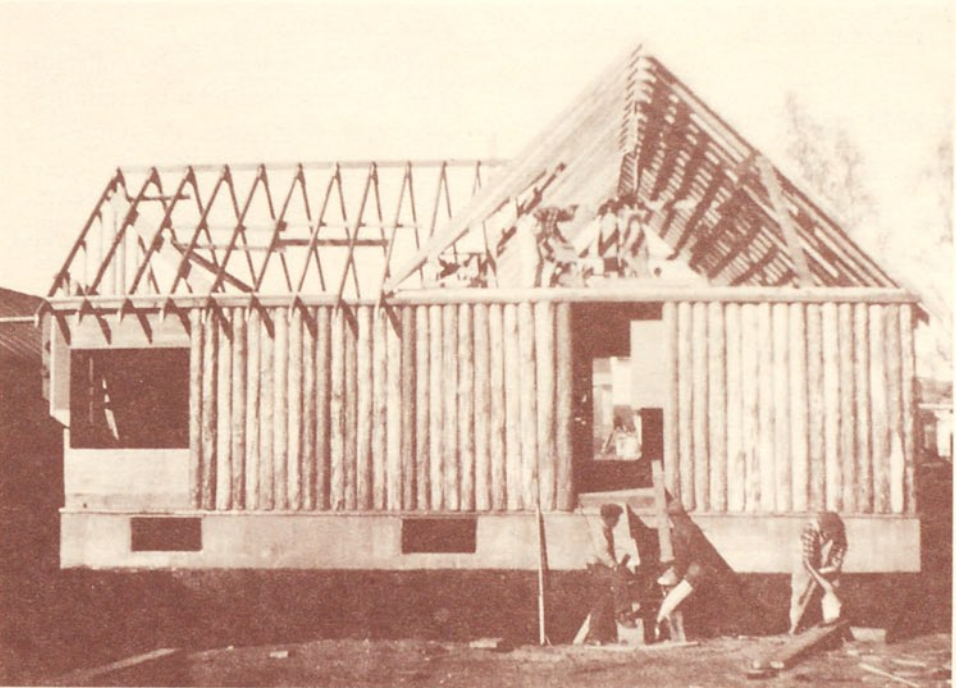


Above and below, the log church is taking shape.



Ora Lee Hirschy with Sunday school children in 1944.

The Fairbanks Assembly of God in the 1950s.





Central Bible Institute (now College) as it appeared from the air in the mid-1930s.

THIS IS THE WAY IT WAS Great Depression Memories From a 1937 CBC Graduate

By Ralph Harris

How would you like to pay only \$150 for 8 months at CBC, to include your tuition, housing, meals and laundry?

That's what it cost the 1937 graduates for their last year at CBC (Central Bible Institute) 50 years ago. The first two years it had cost \$160 a year.

When the 1937 class of Central Bible Institute (now Central Bible College) met for their 50th anniversary in May 1987, one of their members, Ralph Harris, wrote this article for the CBC *Centralite*. Then *Heritage* picked it up for the summer issue. Now, 10 years later, that class of 1937 has met again, this time for their 60th Anniversary. Photos of that reunion were published in the summer 1997 issue of *Heritage*. Ralph Harris has been a pastor, national youth director, editor of Church School Literature (Gospel Publishing House), and was creator of the Speed-the-Light missionary plan. When he wrote this article, he was the executive editor of the Complete Biblical Library. At 85, he is still active, writing a monthly column for *Springfield News-Leader*, Springfield, Missouri. His wife Estelle was also a member of the 1937 class.

But remember, the minimum wage at that time, just instituted, was 40 cents an hour. Also we had two hours of "duty" a day. I checked in my diary (I started it the day I left for school

Social life? Sure. Every 3 months there was a birthday party for those who celebrated during that period.

and have maintained it ever since) to see the kinds of work I did. It ranged from sweeping the halls ("Ralph Harris swept here") to digging ditches, helping to can sauerkraut, and washing pots and pans. It was a breeze my last year--I delivered the mail.

Many of the girls worked in the laundry. Some of them got their first

experience in ironing by practicing on my shirts. Wow! But it didn't do any good to complain. You might find your shorts starched as stiff as a board in retaliation.

The school tried to be self-sufficient. So there was a lot of canning—meat and vegetables in gallon-size cans. There were even some cows. The barn was down in the valley where the mobile homes are parked now.

Speaking of food, our first two years (it was only a 3-year diploma program), we ate in dining rooms, one on the east side of the original Bowie Hall basement, the other one on the west side. Each table seated seven, three on each side and a faculty member or senior at the head. Before the head of the table were seven plates or bowls. Waiters (boys and girls) brought large dishes of

food which was dispensed to the diners.

Do CBC students still gripe about the food? I guess students always have and always will. But the meals now are banquets compared to our menu then.

But we survived. The only time everyone went on a fast was when we were served calves brains. Calves brains? Only once. No one asked for seconds. One favorite meal was "hunter's stew." We hunted for the meat—not too successfully.

Well, you may think that at mealtime was a chance to sit with a favorite gal. Forget it! We were assigned to certain tables, for 6 weeks as I recall. At the very first table to which I was assigned, the gal who was placed next to me has now been eating at the same table as I for 49 years. Must have been fate.

Speaking of romance, we didn't have much opportunity to get acquainted. We were supposed to exercise daily, usually by taking a walk. BUT one day the girls had to walk west and the boys east, and the next day the directions were reversed. You would think Kipling was correct that "never the twain shall meet," but evidently we did. Our class name was Torchbearers, but so many got engaged that one wag suggested that the name should have been "Ringbearers." By the way, we also had boys' day and girls' days to go to town.

Because of the tight rules, students looked forward to "Campus Days," devoted to cleaning up the grounds and doing odd chores. It was an opportunity for boys and girls to mingle. Could we help it if our favorite gal "happened" to want to rake leaves too?

So you think the rules are strict now. How would you like this? In chapel the girls all sat on the west side and the fellows on the east. Classes were segregated too. We were supposed to address each other as "Mr." or "Miss" and use the last

name. Not a very popular rule—nor very much obeyed. "Three minutes and 18 inches" was the rule for conversations with the opposite sex.

We lived by the bells (guess you do too.) Wake-up at 6:30 a.m., breakfast at 7, chapel at 8:30, then classes till noon. Afternoons were usually free except for "duties." From 7 to 7:30 was "Quiet Hour" for personal devotions. Lights out at 10 p.m.

Usually had an unusual "reveille." A student or students would wake us by playing a trumpet or other instrument.

Because of the low cost, enrollment soared during those 3 years. In the fall of 1934, except for two faculty homes, the campus had only one

"In some ways, the outstation work was the most valuable training we received."

building, later named "Bowie Hall" and recently razed. That first year it had only two floors and two wings, ladies on the west, boys on the east, "across the Great Divide" (a popular song of those days). When we returned in September 1935 we found a third floor and a middle wing had been added. And in the fall of 1936 Welch Hall was occupied for the first time.

With the erection of Welch Hall and installation of a cafeteria system, it became impossible to assign seats. However, you could sit with your girlfriend only once a day, and you had to leave as soon as you had finished eating. Oh, well! My mother had always taught me not to eat too fast.

We fellows sort of liked the enforced rule of uniforms for the girls—though I doubt they shared our enthusiasm. The dresses were navy blue (of the appropriate length), with white starched collars and narrow red scarves tied in a bow. Rules were relaxed on Sundays—they

could wear *white* ties. Really, they looked quite nice, though you could hardly tell which was which when their backs were turned.

Social life? Sure. Every 3 months there was a "birthday party" for those who had had birthdays during that time. I don't remember what the programs were (maybe "Bible Baseball"—could only get singles by answering correctly), but I could have a "date" by sitting with a girl. Once in a while they had a hike, along Grant Street past what is now Hillcrest High, then up to what is now Highway 13, and back along what is now Norton Road, past the zoo. Yeah, they had a zoo, mostly a few monkeys and a mangy lion. Big deal!

The water tower was erected in early 1936 or '37. It's about time I confessed. It had been put up on a Friday, and I knew that in Monday morning chapel Brother Evans, our revered principal, would order us not to climb it. I surely didn't want to disobey him, so I climbed it after dark on *Saturday*. It wasn't too bad, except just below the platform the ladder was designed so it leaned about 30 degrees backward. I reached the top, walked around the platform holding fearfully to the little rail and climbed down safely. (I'm glad that's off my conscience now.)

Speaking of W. I. Evans, he taught me what it means to fear God. It was not cringing terror. Rather, I admired him so much for his godly qualities that I feared to do anything which would displease him or make him disappointed in me. And that's what fear of God means.

The godly character of the faculty was an influential feature of our years at CBI. The teaching was not particularly fancy, just "meat and potatoes," but they dealt with eternal truths, and the lives of people like Myer Pearlman, Arthur Graves, Ralph M. Riggs, A.L. and Frances Hoy, Adele Selness and Rollin Burns left a lasting impression on our lives.

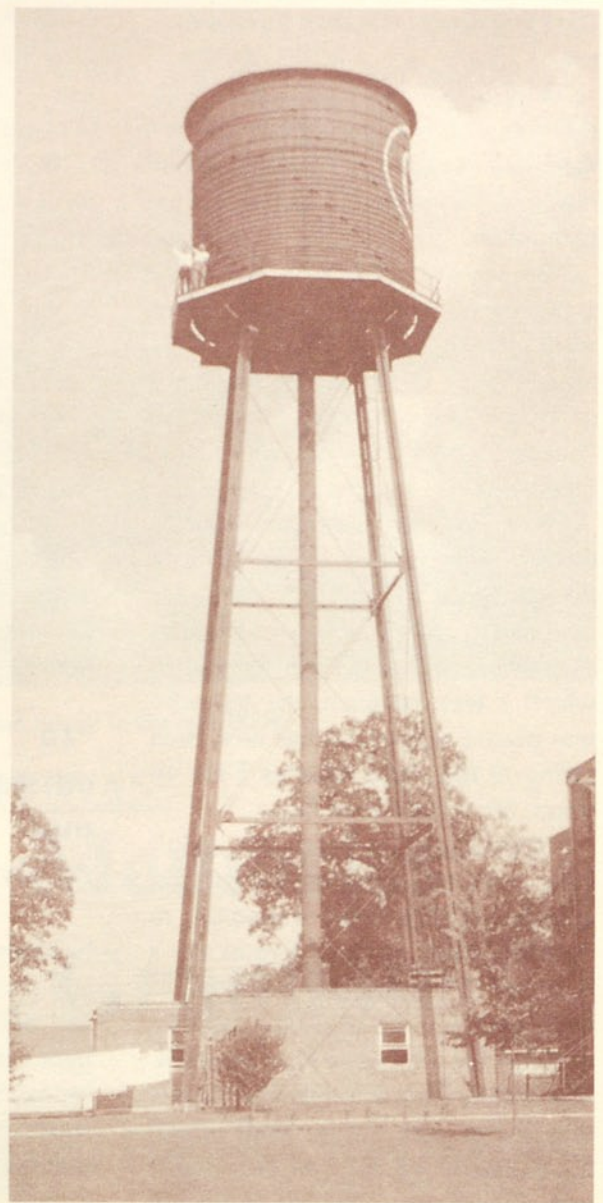


CBI faculty members, about 1936. From the left, Mrs. W. I. Evans, Rollin Burns, Eleanor "Mother" Bowie, Adele Selness, W. I. Evans, J. W. Welch, Ralph M. Riggs, Hilda Olson, A. L. Hoy, Mrs. A. L. Hoy, and Alfred Williams.



The CBI World Group Prayer Band, about 1935.

The CBI orchestra, 1934-35.



Then there were the outstations. What a way to get the feet of our ministry wet and watch the Jordans of opposition roll back. Every Sunday as many as 30 squads of students fanned out over the countryside. To places like Bellview, Antioch, Riverdale, Doran Chapel, Nichols, Strafford and Sunnyvale. They held services in abandoned churches, schoolhouses and homes. They were not practicing; they were ministering in dead earnest—and God blessed.

And the squads helped in Springfield too. Ralph M Riggs, pastor of Central Assembly (the “Headquarters Church,” it was called then), had a vision of starting churches: “Northside, Southside, all around the town.” Those were the beginnings of Bethel, Northside, Praise Assembly, and Calvary Temple. Many of the churches outside Springfield also began through the outstation work. In some ways the outstation work was the most valuable training we received. We led the singing, played or sang our first solos, taught Sunday school classes, did visitation and altar work, molding our future ministry.

Mentioned last because it was the most important was the spiritual impact upon our lives. We never had a “Spiritual Emphasis Week,” but we had visitations from God. They weren’t planned. Sometimes these “revivals,” as we called them, began in a chapel service. Or perhaps during a class. The Holy Spirit began to move and classes were suspended. We were in the “Classroom of the Spirit,” the greatest Teacher of all. These “revivals” lasted a few times as long as a week or 10 days.

After the initial joyous response to the moving of the Spirit, there came heart-searching times when He began to deal with the self-life, with inconsistencies in our lives. Confessions began to pour out of broken hearts. Sometimes, it’s true, students “went overboard,” but they



W. I. Evans

“I admired him so much for his godly qualities.”

—Ralph Harris
Speaking of
W. I. Evans, CBI dean

were sincere responses from a tenderized conscience. Mainly we learned that nothing is small if it hinders the approval and blessing of God. A quarter held over an eye can blot out the sun.

Marvelous manifestations occurred. We’ll never forget when one of our most shy, demure girl students danced beautifully in the Spirit

with graceful motions, while we watched and worshiped in awe. Or the time the girls in the ladies quartet began singing a song in other tongues to a new melody, the same words, then simultaneously beginning to sing the English words, “Jesus, Lover of my soul,” each taking a part different from the one she usually sang.

We discovered one of the values of attending a school in Springfield. What a privilege to be near the great leaders, and to hear from outstanding pastors, evangelists and missionaries who sooner or later would visit the headquarters city. We would benefit from their messages, and the heartbeat of their deep love for God, for missions, for souls, would leap into our own lives. Also CBI was a national school, its students coming from every part of the country and from foreign lands as well. It brought a splendid “culture-mix” that helped eliminate a narrow provincial view and inspired global attitudes.

We didn’t realize it then, but from the perspective of 50 years [now 60], we now see what an impact the school had on our lives. Rules that were perhaps too strict—yes. An ultra simple curriculum—yes. A Spartan kind of living—yes. But it inspired us to fulfill a phrase from our Class Song, *Make Me a Blessing*, “out of my life may Jesus shine.”

God has blessed the various ministries of our class, but it is due largely to the godly example of our leaders and the spiritual atmosphere of the school, making us want to let Jesus Christ live himself out of our lives.



Ralph Harris, in a photo taken in 1955, is a 1937 graduate of Central Bible Institute (now College), Springfield, Missouri. He is now 85 and lives with his wife in Springfield, Missouri.



Reaching the 90th Milestone

By Wayne Warner

Two years ago we wanted to publish a list of ministers who had reached the 90-year mark. Everyone with whom we discussed the idea was surprised to learn that we came up with so many credentialed ministers who had reached at least 90: a total of 215 men and women as of August 24, 1995.

Now we're at it again. But this time—as of August 31, 1997—we've come up with 268 credentialed ministers who were born by August 31, 1907. The youngest is Guy Wilson, Fort Worth, Texas—who was born August 29, 1907; and the oldest on our list is Daphne E. Brann, Holiday, Florida, who has reached 107 while attending the General Council in August.

In addition to Daphne Brann, three other ministers have reached the century mark. William F. Chapman, Chandler, Oklahoma, is 102; Louise C. Gray, Sandpoint, Idaho, is 101; and John Nykiel, Dorchester, Massachusetts, 100.

Two of the ministers on this list were ordained before 1920. Leading the way is Adele Carmichael, Thousand Oaks, California, who will be 96 on January 25. She'll observe another special event in January—her 80th anniversary of ordination on the 5th. She wasn't quite 16 when ministers in Iowa ordained her. Also looking forward to 80 years of ordination is Fred Burke, 97, who still ministers in South Africa. He was ordained in May 1918.

Now, here is something else our readers might wish to think about.

Twenty-three on our list were born at least by December 31, 1900 and thus have lived in 2 centuries. Any who are still living on January 1, 2001, will have lived in three cen-

turies. It's been a while since anyone made it to four centuries—try the Old Testament—but no doubt it will not be unusual to hear of those who get into their third, come January 1, 2001.

But for now, *Heritage* honors and wishes God's best to the ministers on our list of 90 and over.

NOTE: Names are listed by oldest first under each year of age. For additional information on Daphne E. Brann, see "Heritage Letter," page 3 of this issue. For an article on Adele Carmichael, see the editor's "After 70 years in the Ministry, Evangelist Adele Carmichael Is Still Going Strong," in the January 10, 1988, *Pentecostal Evangel*; and a reprint in this issue of "Ageless Power Is in Her," by Tom Kiskan, *The Ventura (California) Star* (March 1, 1997). On Fred Burke, see "Blessings and Hardships," by Ruth Burke Rill (*Heritage*, winter 1993-94).

107

Daphne E. Brann, Holiday, FL

102

William F. Chapman, Chandler, OK

101

Louise C. Gray, Sandpoint, ID

100

*John Nykiel, Dorchester, MA

99

Russell B. Pottorff, Martinsburg, WV
Nina C. Renick, Springfield, MO
Octaviano Gomez, Taylor, TX

98

Ruth L. McKenney, Saint Paul, NE
Laura L. Waller, Waynesboro, MS
Frederick Byers, Nipomo, CA
Hilda Wagenknecht, Las Vegas, NV
Ruth T. Garrett, Durant, FL

97

Opal Leitch, Akron, OH
Harriet M. Lake, Klondike, TX
Ewell O. McElyea, Floydada, TX
Glenn H. Johnson, Leavenworth, WA
Ollie T. Livingston, Monroe, LA
Frederic H. Burke, Leraatsfontein,
South Africa
John W. Peck, Sanger, CA
Jose J. Ayala, Brush, CO
Sylvia G. Jones, Eldon, IA

96

Ruth A. Beauford, Seminole, OK
Rose Johnson, Bella Vista, AR
Eleanor T. Downs, West Monroe, LA
Oral A. Hart, Salinas, CA
Audrey V. Elikor, Dayton, OH
Thomas H. Moore, Claremont, CA
Dolpha Richardson, Little Rock, AR
Oscar H. Bowman, Pangburn, AR

95

**Lola B. Stockton, Shawnee, OK
Logan Allen, Shawnee, KS
Tommie G. Paul, Bald Knob, AR
Adele F. Carmichael, Thousand Oaks, CA
Rosendo Alcantara, Kahului, HI
A. Neal Burns, Sacramento, CA
Ruth G. Haas, Mountainhome, PA
Sybil L. Holloway, Pensacola, FL
Maria Salazar, Weehawken, NJ
M. Marie Hume, Dayton, OH
Laura R. Pape, Marshfield, MO
Thelma Brotton, Tempe, AZ
Rose E. Goad, Riverside, CA
Willie R. Davis, Denison, TX
Harold C. Herman, Eugene, OR
Celia E. Lotridge, Bakersfield, CA
Lila S. Darling, Rome, NY
Wilbur J. Cox, Laurel Hill, FL

94

Vida M. Morrison, Wichita, KS
H. M. Fulfer, Mountainair, NM
James A. Brooks, Pensacola, FL
Stephen Vandermerwe, Kaufman, TX
Virgil F. Smith, Brasilia, Brazil
Russell L. Thompson, Waterloo, IA
Frances Hoy, Costa Mesa, CA
Homer A. Stovall, Schertz, TX
Nellie H. Boyd, Kansas City, KS
George E. H. Samuelson, New Bern, NC
John H. Burgess, Springfield, MO
Eulish Speake, Springfield, MO
Annie M. Luker, Eight Mile, AL
Veola F. Prather, Springfield, MO
Katherine M. Rueck, Hillsboro, OR
Robert E. Clendenen, Waco, TX
Lucille B. Sawyers, Springfield, MO
Sirilo Vidaurri, Sacramento, CA
Henry L. Walker, Deer Park, TX
Travis F. Corder, Lake Dallas, TX
Marie M. Waknitz, Great Bend, KS
Paul P. Madrona, Ontario, CA
Harold D. Gookin, Pasadena, TX
Ida S. Collins, Springfield, MO

THIS LIST COMPILED AUG. 31, 1997

How would you like to sit down with these eight representative members of our "Over 90" club and discuss their longevity and ministries? When you get through with these men and women, then you can start on the other 260! You would have some amazing stories and testimonies. *Heritage* salutes these soldiers of the cross for their faithfulness.—*Wayne Warner*

FILE PHOTOS FROM A/G ARCHIVES



Palma Ramsborg, 90



Homer Brooks, 92



Helga Hemminger, 92



Glen Adams, 91



Howard Davidson, 91



Lela Haycook, 92



Willie Davis, 95



Harold (Hal) Herman, 95

93

Karl S. Becker, Newport, OR
 Pedro L. Perez, Chimayo, NM
 Bertha O. Wallace, Bakersfield, CA
 Rafael Acevedo, Mission, TX
 Otis R. Keener, Visalia, CA
 Bessie L. Dubose, Columbus, GA
 Mrs. George W. Stokes, Muskogee, OK
 Gottlieb J. Bolger, Torrington, WY
 Irving F. Ford, Oakland, CA
 Ricardo Tanon, Tampa, FL
 W. G. Hinecker, Charlestown, IN
 Blanche Armstrong, Saint Thomas, PA
 Jane G. Jack, Lakeland, FL
 Mattie J. Hammock, Newton, TX
 Claude Weaver, Palo Alto, CA
 Arthur V. Schneider, Andover, KS
 Henry F. Freeman, Thomaston, GA
 Etta Slatten, Dardanelle, AR
 -Donald E. Skiles, Moorpark, CA
 Pasquale Capeci, Marlton, NJ

Pedro B. Arellano, Fond Du Lac, WI
 Velma Hixenbaugh, Cheyenne, WY
 Arletta H. McPherson, Bossier City, LA
 Orville E. Carter, Rochester, MN
 Ross P. Simmons, Fond Du Lac, WI
 Earl L. Frerking, Lake Placid, FL
 John P. Pitts, Cherry Valley, AR
 Hazel Henry, Vian, OK
 Walter E. Brooks, Jayton, TX

92

Elmer A. Hill, Bloomington, MN
 James W. C. Drake, Kirbyville, TX
 Beulah M. Pepper, Sidney, MT
 Ruby E. Henley, Beaumont, TX
 Harold E. Allen, Berthoud, CO
 Domingo O. Galarza, Mayaguez, PR
 Lela B. Haycook, Springfield, MO
 Irene B. Ellsworth, Baltimore, MD
 Clifford L. Diamond, Madera, CA
 Loraine A. Rhodes, Riverside, CA

Jesse R. Douglas, Green Forest, AR
 Margaret E. Jones, Ukiah, CA
 Joshua J. Buck, Carmichael, CA
 Dwight H. McLaughlin, Lynnwood, WA
 *B. L. Greene, Tyler, TX
 Omar Bates, Mountain View, MO
 Rachel L. Adams, Kerrville, TX
 Leonard H. Arnold, Oklahoma City, OK
 Homer Brooks, Palatka, FL
 David F. Powell, Oklahoma City, OK
 Herschel W. Shoemaker, Houston, MO
 Anastasio Huacuja, Brownsville, TX
 Eugene C. Williams, Dallas, OR
 Everett D. Cooley, Hemet, CA
 La Vera S. Havner, Tyler, TX
 Helga F. Hemminger, Easton, PA

continued on next page

Theodore E. Dyer, Minneapolis, MN
 G. P. Hertweck, Mount Vernon, MO
 Doris M. Hugh, Irvine, CA
 John J. Ritchie, Keene, TX
 Ray O. Marks, Eugene, OR
 Mable C. Collins, Indianapolis, IN
 Frances Martinez, Tampa, FL
 Nellie Posey, Snohomish, WA
 Cuba H. Hall, Springfield, MO

91

Vera Brown, Fort Worth, TX
 Emma B. Erickson, Modesto, CA
 George M. Kasparian, Fresno, CA
 Glen M. Adams, Houston, TX
 J. Clifford Hall, Bernville, PA
 Ralph F. Bender, Garden Grove, CA
 Helen S. Spurgeon, Medical Lake, WA
 Perry A. Scroggins, Greeley, CO
 Olga M. Felton, Tuolumne, CA
 Cornelia M. Manning, Lake Jackson, TX
 Violet D. Smith, Oklahoma City, OK
 Mary E. Tanner, Moreno Valley, CA
 Elsie Kelepolo, Hawi, HI
 John W. De Vasher, Wichita, KS
 Beula Carroll, Holt, FL
 Norman T. Spong, Lakeland, FL
 Clare D. Brown, Arlington, WA
 Isaac C. Morfin, Selma, CA
 Nell B. Trail, El Dorado, IL
 Pauline M. McAfee, Irving, TX
 Mildred E. Chasteen, Keller, TX
 Brunette H. Parker, Riverside, CA
 Virgil C. Sparks, Garland, TX
 Durward W. Briscoe, Wichita Falls, TX
 Clifton Bowers, Bonifay, FL
 Roy E. Southard, Shoreline, WA
 Leonard R. Ward, Duncan, OK
 Violet M. Parker, Phoenix, AZ
 Bonnie J. Krupnick, Oklahoma City, OK
 John H. Kenney, Kennewick, WA
 Marion A. Mangold, Jeffersonville, KY
 Reba E. Mercer, Arlington, TX
 T. J. Fortune, Fort Walton Beach, FL
 William C. Drain, Edmond, OK
 Earl Teeter, Red Oak, TX
 -Garnett Skiles, Moorpark, CA
 *Morris Plotts, Lake Charles, LA
 Leslie W. Coor, Fort Jones, CA
 Howard R. Davidson, Columbus, OH
 Clyde W. Daniel, Lawton, OK
 *Charles S. Slater, Jamestown, ND
 J. Evangeline Barney, Canaan, NH
 Blossom B. Gregorian, Fresno, CA
 Lydia H. Graner, Yorba Linda, CA
 Agnes H. Gouge, Galena, MO
 Pearl G. Doan, Tampa, FL
 Ralph J. Grams, Tucson, AZ
 Harlan B. Talbert, Boise, ID
 Thomas H. Booth, Sacramento, CA
 Edith D. Owens, Jacksonville, FL
 Lillie M. Lawson, Bakersfield, CA
 Esther E. Sandahl, Hacienda Heights, CA
 Mary A. Booher, Phoenix, AZ
 Elizabeth Hundley, Rogersville, MO
 Eva W. Hernandez, El Dorado, AR



Nina Renick was in her 20s when this picture was made. She is now 99 and is living at Maranatha Village, Springfield, Missouri.

Anderson W. Phillips, Moorefield, WV
 G. Edmund Yeo, Phoenix, AZ

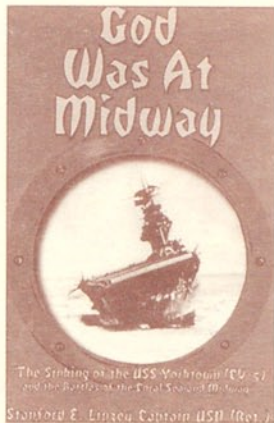
90

Oda Jones, Carlinville, IL
 Fredrick C. Packer, Cheam, Surrey, England
 Thomas B. Don-Carlos, Prairie Home, MO
 Lula Bell Hough, Dayton, OH
 Pearl Collins, Gary, TX
 H. Vick, Canoga Park, CA
 Theodore T. Roark, Thayer, MO
 Joaquin P. Cruz, Bayamon, PR
 Marjorie J. M. Sherman, Oakland, CA
 Stella B. Smith, Russellville, AR
 Lloyd R. Logan, Springfield, MO
 Cyril R. Reynolds, Muscatine, IA
 Jeanne Rix, Ocala, FL
 Eva J. Devon, Scottsdale, AZ
 Gladys R. Ketcham, Springfield, MO
 W. Grady Mizelle, Hurley, MS
 Myrtle May Hollis, Osborne, KS
 Julia M. La Bare, Pinedale, CA
 Bernhart C. Kienholz, Chula Vista, CA
 Maurice H. Luce, Citrus Heights, CA
 Paul J. Bicket, Waupaca, WI
 Bessie T. Savoie, Dallas, TX
 Jeff D. Chambers, Benton, AR
 A. J. Lombard, Norton, MA
 Mrs. H. H. Hinson, Noma, FL
 Virginia M. Aguilar, San Antonio, TX
 Levi A. Larson, Marysville, WA
 Lura I. Tucker, Des Moines, IA
 Louis L. Roggow, North Platte, NE
 Oleane R. Marion, Waco, TX
 Donald H. Fee, Seattle, WA
 John H. Beaird, El Dorado, AR
 Lawrence P. Spratt, Cuba, IL
 Frances G. Simmons, Portland, OR
 Ethel Hyde, Lawton, OK
 Donovan B. Wantland, Dana Point, CA
 Lillie Farrow, Hartshorn, MO
 Walter T. Hanson, Sacramento, CA
 Hubert H. Davis, Fort Smith, AR

Louis P. Richards, Magalia, CA
 Mayme E. Williams, Durant, FL
 Earl T. Hunt, Kingsburg, CA
 A. Harold Drake, Stockton, CA
 Edwin N. Oster, Bellevue, WA
 Daisy B. Clay, Broken Bow, OK
 Claudia B. James, Cleveland, TX
 Leona E. Bradshaw, Eugene, OR
 Jewell E. Cunningham, Lindale, TX
 Mamie L. Harrington, Tucson, AZ
 Viola G. Stockwell, Bremond, TX
 Felicia R. Allen, Pomona, CA
 Sydney S. Bryant, Springfield, MO
 Ruby A. Lymburner, Romney, WV
 Elisabeth Jackson, Coeur D' Alene, ID
 Paul L. Ferguson, Hemet, CA
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 Clifford L. Barnes, Arkansas City, KS
 Harry M. Strickland, Harrisonburg, VA
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 Palma A. Ramsborg, Minneapolis, MN
 W. A. Martindale, Fresno, CA
 August W. Schuh, Melfa, VA
 Eunice M. Brown, Van, TX
 Samuel J. Scott, Oklahoma City, OK
 Luther P. Parker, Nelson, MO
 Robert E. Platt, Pascagoula, MS
 Esther Griffin, Yorba Linda, CA
 Wenonah Barnes, Ontario, Canada
 Ethel Lawrence, Wintersville, OH
 Louie Reep, Phoenix, AZ
 Ware Laffoon, Yellville, AR
 Mamie Kunkel, Bellingham, WA
 Thelma Stewart, Merced, CA
 Howard Nelson, Schaumburg, IL
 Virgil Booher, Grand Junction, CO
 Guy Wilson, Fort Worth, TX

-Donald & Garnett Skiles are husband and wife
 *Deceased after report made
 **Was at A/G organizational meeting at Hot Springs, Arkansas, 1914.

As a service to our readers, this column highlights books with Pentecostal and related themes and which are often not widely promoted by other means. Because some of the titles listed here are privately published, orders must be placed with the author or publisher. Orders should not be sent to the Assemblies of God Archives.



God Was at Midway, The Sinking of the U.S.S. Yorktown and the Battles of the Coral Sea and Midway, by Stanford E. Linzey, Chaplain, USN (Ret.). Available from Black Forest Press, 539 Telegraph Canyon Road, Box 521, Chula Vista, CA 91910. Cost is \$16.45 postpaid (California residents add 7.75% tax).

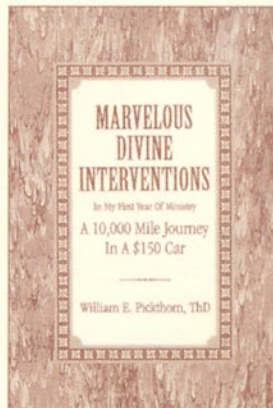
The Battle of Midway has been described by many as the greatest naval battle in history. However, few know of the impact God had on the lives of the men there on that fateful day. Now is your chance to experience this true life story of God's presence in battle from the eyes of a survivor.

It was during that battle that the United States fleet, although outnumbered, fought bitterly against tremendous odds from the Japanese attack. Three enemy aircraft carriers were bombed into blazing infernos in six minutes, burning and drowning 1,800 seamen. A fourth carrier sank, sending 700 men to their deaths.

The *USS Yorktown*, with 2,500 aboard, had received three bomb hits and two torpedo blows when Captain Elliott Buckmaster commanded,

"Abandon ship!" Four hundred men died and 2,000 sailors went down the lines into the murky, oily waters of the Pacific. Here is the untold story of faith and prayer from one who is now a retired Navy chaplain, Stanford E. Linzey, Jr. This encouraging story tells how the author had conducted Bible studies on board the ship and in answer to prayers of those men and their loved ones, many accepted Christ. Miraculous rescues from bomb bursts and fragmented steel are disclosed as navy destroyers pulled blue jackets from the sea. The story reveals how barefoot men clad only in their underwear knelt on the steel deck of a destroyer and offered thanks to Almighty God for his mercy and salvation.

Following World War II, the author became a U. S. Navy chaplain. He retired from active naval duty after 28 years in 1974 at the rank of captain. He is in demand as a speaker. Three of his 10 sons have followed him into the military chaplaincy.



Marvelous Divine Interventions, by William E. Pickthorn. Published by Bethany College. Available from the college, 800 Bethany Drive, Scotts Valley, CA 95066. Cost \$10 postpaid.

Graduating Bible college students seeking opportunities in the ministry still can experience some difficult and trying times. But the experiences hardly compare with what would-be

preachers went through during the Great Depression. With financially stable churches few and far between, young evangelists and church planters usually had many lean times.

Here is the story of one man's experiences following his graduation from Glad Tidings Bible Institute in 1932.

Back in the early 1930s, Glad Tidings, now Bethany College, came up with the idea that students should get out of California and launch ministries on their own. That would soon separate the ones who really meant business and who could live by faith from the others who were looking for a career with a promised income. A women's quartet, for example, comprised of Beulah Robinson, Shirley Smith, Sophie Odermatt, and Sigrid Ballswick set out for Tennessee where they ministered. The author of this book was a member of the 1932 class and had been promised a music teaching position at Glad Tidings in the fall. Because he had nothing to do to earn an income during the summer, he agreed to accompany two other young men to Texas, where one took a bride, and then on to the upper midwest. Token offerings were given to help the students at least get out of California. From there they were on their own.

The three young men had purchased an old Chandler car, whose best miles were behind it, for \$150 and somehow had nursed and coaxed it (mixed with much prayer) through Texas and all the way to Ironwood, Michigan. Here a minister had set up a tent where he aimed to start a church.

One little note about Texas. Local authorities threw Pickthorn and one of the other evangelists and three local men in jail. No, not for preaching. They were fishing without a license; as a result, they spent 7 days in the Newton, Texas, jail—released during the week long enough to help the third

member of their group get married. Few ministers experience time in jail before they reach their place of ministry.

Throughout this book Pickthorn recalls the difficulty of getting from one preaching point to another, usually because the Chandler would break down or they didn't have money for gas. But despite the obstacles, they saw God move, saving souls and baptizing in the Holy Spirit.

Pickthorn never returned to Glad Tidings that fall because he felt that God wanted him to minister in Tennessee. In fact, it was 11 years before he returned to Glad Tidings when he became dean of education and for a time served as vice-president. In the intervening years during the time away from San Francisco he evangelized and then accepted the pastorate of First Assembly in Memphis, Tennessee. Later he upgraded his education at Stanford University and for a number of years served as a campus pastor to evangelical students. He and his wife Mary of more than 56 years live in Palo Alto, California.



The Azusa Street Papers. Evangelist Steve Hill, publisher; Wayne Warner, editor. Available from the Assemblies of God Archives, 1445 Boonville, Springfield, MO 65802, with all proceeds going to the Flower Pentecostal Heritage Center. GPH Order No. 750-015, \$19.50, plus 10% for shipping and handling.

A few months after the Los

Angeles Azusa Street revival began in 1906, Pastor William Seymour began publishing a monthly (later less frequently) tabloid paper called *The Apostolic Faith*. The paper, with Clara Lum as the editor, published doctrinal tracts from a Pentecostal point of view and reported on outpourings of the Spirit in Los Angeles as well as around the world.

Readers of the very first issue in September 1906 were struck by the bold headline: "Pentecost Has Come," and the sub-head, "Los Angeles Being Visited by a Revival of Bible Salvation and Pentecost as Recorded in the Book of Acts." People from around the world not only wanted to read more of this kind of news, they also wanted to come to Los Angeles to get in on the revival.

For 13 issues—September 1906 to May 1908—revival reports from the lowly Azusa Mission continued. Captivating headlines whetted the spiritual appetites of believers who wanted more of God and brought strong conviction to unbelievers. Here is a sampling of some of the headlines: "The Old Time Pentecost," "Good News Spreads," "Pentecostal Faith Line," "Tongues Convict Sinners," "Holy Ghost Singing," "When the Holy Ghost Speaks," "The Pentecostal Baptism Restored," "Pentecost in Danville, Virginia," "The Way Into the Holiest," "Healed by the Lord," "Fire Still Falling," "Spread the Fire," "Came From Alaska," "Visions of Jesus," "Pentecost in Salem, Oregon," and scores more.

Believing that people of the latter part of the 20th century would enjoy reading *The Apostolic Faith*, Attorney Fred Corum—a product of the Azusa Revival—reprinted the 13 issues as *Like as of Fire*. When that edition went out of print, Middle Atlantic Regional Press picked it up with their edition of *Like as of Fire*.

When Evangelist Steve Hill decided to publish an edition, he asked the Archives director Wayne Warner to

assist him. The result is a beautiful 4-color cover, perfect-bound edition. Features added to this edition include photographs; an Introduction; "The Miracle of Azusa Street," an article by Warner that appeared in *Charisma* magazine; "A Guide to the Azusa Papers"; Glossary; Index; and Additional Resources. The striking new design is the work of Paul Annan.



Raymond and Paula Schober Rose

The Pearly White City, The Story of Paula Schober Rose, edited by her sons, Douglas R. and David G. Rose. Cost is \$10 plus shipping and handling. Available from Douglas Rose, 3910 Bennington Drive, Belleville, IL 6221.

A child of German immigrants in Texas and headed for a life as a Catholic nun, Paula Schober received a change of direction which led her into a Pentecostal ministry. The change of direction began when her godly aunt was healed of cancer following prayer in a tent revival in San Antonio. As a result, Paula gave her life to Jesus Christ at the age of 16. A short time later she enrolled at Southern Bible School in Houston (later this school merged with what is now Southwestern Assemblies of God University).

She could not know at the time that God was preparing her for the ministry and that she would become the wife of an Assemblies of God pastor, Ray Alvin Rose. "Neither did I know," she wrote, "that both of my sons (Douglas and David) would

continued on page 28

Now you can experience your own AZUSA STREET

When Evangelist Steve Hill of the Pensacola Revival wanted to offer a unique edition of the papers produced at Azusa Street (1906-08), he called on the Assemblies of God Archives and director Wayne Warner. The result is the reprint of 13 issues of *The Apostolic Faith*, a publication coming at a period approaching the centennial anniversary of that legendary and inspirational Los Angeles revival. It is the powerful revival that touched countless numbers of people in many nations around the world. And a revival that still affects you and me.



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"We sold 1,500 copies of this tremendous collection the day we introduced it."

—Evangelist Steve Hill,
Brownsville Assembly,
Pensacola, Florida

Readers are invited to submit letters for this column. *Heritage* reserves the right to edit for length and clarity. If photos are sent, writer should indicate whether they should be returned. Letters should be kept under 200 words. Submit to Editor, A/G Heritage, 1445 Boonville, Springfield, MO 65802-1894.

Printed Items from Ghana

Herewith is a small package of printing samples from the Assemblies of God Mission Press, once located at Tamale, Northern Territories, Ghana, West Africa. I was responsible for some of these things as I was the resident missionary at Tamale for several years during the 1950s and '60s. Missionary Franklin McCorkle was at times located at Tamale and directed the operation of the Press in those years, as also H. S. Lehmann at times.

The Ghanaian language of that Northern Territories area is called Dagbani. The song book that was produced at the Assemblies of God Press in Limbe, Malawi is something we acquired during our short time of serving in that country. I really would not want to guess which missionary produced it. It may have been Paul Wright or Del Kingsriter.

The copy of the New Testament Epistles does not include the Corinthian letters nor Revelation as they were not translated at the time it was printed. The leather bound copy



Wheeler and Eileen Anderson with their three children in 1954. From the left are Alyce, Paul, and Kimball.

of Matthew, Mark, and John was my personal copy which I had covered with goat skin to protect it from wear. The title of the Dagbani song book is "Salvation Songs."

I enjoy reading the articles you

insert in the *Pentecostal Evangel* ["Looking Back"]. May the Lord bless all your efforts.

Wheeler W. Anderson
Vista, California

Whatever Happened to the Boy Preacher Earl Williams?

Perhaps the youngest preacher ever to stand behind a General Council pulpit was 8-year-old Earl Williams. Here is an account of his sermon from the 1923 Council as reported in the October 6, 1923, *Pentecostal Evangel*.

"Little eight year old Earl Williams was lifted up on a chair behind the pulpit and preached a most impressive sermon by reciting Psalm 103 from memory. Each word was clearly and slowly spoken and two little hands were used many times to make the message more emphatic. The audience was deeply touched and many scarcely knew whether to smile or weep. He preached his first sermon two years ago in Granite City and his mother came forward and received the Baptism in the Holy Spirit. Earl was one of the chief ones praying for his papa to be saved. He is now a member of the Argue Evangelistic Party

and when not in school is actively engaged in the work. He will speak at Joliet, Ill., Brother Watson Argue said, nearly every evening for three weeks, giving a different message each time."

Heritage readers who remember hearing Earl Williams preach are invited to write to the magazine. Anyone with information on his life after 1923 is also invited to write.

Testimony Time

Readers are invited to submit brief testimonies of their conversion, ministry, a healing, special spiritual blessing, or other interesting narrative to "Testimony Time." The editor will use submissions as space permits and reserves the right to edit for length and clarity. If photos are submitted, writer should indicate whether they should be returned. Please limit the testimony to 200 words. Submit to the Testimony Time, A/G Heritage, 1445 Boonville, Springfield, MO 65802-1894.

Seen in Print/ from page 26

attend my alma mater and enjoy the holy calling to the ordained ministry of the Assemblies of God." Her brother Victor's son, Victor J. Schober, Jr., also became an ordained minister.

The book relates happenings in a parsonage and the memories of God at work in the lives that intersected with the late Ray and Paula Rose. And the book also has published writings of their two sons, Douglas and David.

Corum Family Appreciates *The Azusa Street Papers*

Thank you so much for the new copies of the *Azusa Street Papers* [see review and advertisement in this issue]. The professional introduction, documentation, and extensive index, combined with the colorful binding and format, make this a truly magnificent book to have. I hope that you, and those that have assisted you in making this splendid document available and take on the present form will sense the deep satisfaction that comes from not only creating something of great value for others, but also of doing truly professional work. [Evangelist Steve Hill published *The Azusa Street Papers*; Wayne Warner is the editor.]

We all appreciate the vision, labor, and accomplishments of the Archives. I can't help but believe you folks have kept the Assemblies of God aware of its rich heritage and, consequently, focused on the full salvation that has so characterized the move of God during the 20th century. Each issue of *Heritage* not only surrounds the readers with such a "great cloud of witnesses," but also enfolds them with the warm and vibrant faith of the real "heroes" of the 20th century.

The great challenges are ahead, but with a sound and firm foundation we can have great confidence that the Lord is in control and the leaders will move in the right direction.

Ken sends along his thanks for a copy.

James F. Corum
Morgantown, West Virginia

*James and Ken Corum are 3rd-generation Pentecostals. Their great-aunt Rachel Sizelove brought the Pentecostal message from the Azusa Street revival to Springfield, Missouri, in 1907. At that time Rachel's sister—and James and Ken's grandmother—Lillie Corum was baptized in the Spirit and became the leader of what became Central Assembly. James and Ken's father, the late Fred Corum, produced the first reprinted *The Apostolic Faith papers* as *Like as of**

Fire in 1981. The family also produced the story of Pentecost in the Ozarks, The Sparkling Fountain. We owe a debt of gratitude to the Corum family for their part in the reprint ministry of The Azusa Street Papers and for publishing The Sparkling Fountain.—Wayne Warner

D. W. and Matilda Kerr Still Inspire Grandchild

We were so pleased to see in the *Pentecostal Evangel* a story of D. W. and Matilda Kerr [published in Wayne Warner's column, "Looking Back," June 29, 1997]. They were my grandparents. They lived very godly lives even before they were filled with the Spirit.

I am in the 3rd generation, and my grandparents have made a tremendous influence on my life. It behooves us to remember our family history and pattern our lives after them. What is good for grandfather Kerr is good enough for me.

Thank you for keeping the spark lit and helping us to follow their wonderful lives.

Eleanor Kerr Phay
San Jose, California

Appreciation from Veteran Minister

I enjoyed the article about Walter J. Higgins [by Glenn Gohr]. My husband (John Dearing) was saved in his Reno, Illinois revival. I was singing in that meeting. My husband went into the ministry and received his 50-year pin. Very beautiful.

I want to thank each one, from General Superintendent Trask, each correspondent, Wayne Warner, and many others. God bless you. You have shown kindness to me. Thank you for the *Enrichment* magazine, the General Council Report, *Heritage* magazine, and the calls you have made, and the lovely call at Christmas. I know you are very busy people, and I thank you for being so congenial and thoughtful! I can't repay you in anyway, but I can pray, and I do.

My father was Elmer Edwards who

was a minister in the Illinois District. Thanking you kindly. Love in Him and prayers.

Rosetta Dearing
Saginaw, Michigan

Remembers W. J. Higgins

I must say that the summer issue was real good. But I was disappointed in the Higgins story. You didn't mention anything about Brother Higgins pastoring North Peoria [Tulsa] Assembly of God. I don't remember the years, but know for sure he was there 1929-30. Yes, he did have a crop of boys. I believe one of the older boys drowned while he was there. A Brother Patillo was deacon during the time Brother Higgins pastored. Brother Higgins really told him off for fishing on Sunday. I believe Brother Plake followed Brother Higgins as pastor.

C. A. Herring
St. Louis, Missouri

Thanks from a Researcher

I will let you in on a little secret. I am a committed evangelical Christian who entertains one small heresy. I believe there are two groups of people who will get into heaven for works alone. One comprises people who teach junior high; the other are reference librarians.

Thank you very, very much for the hard, careful, thorough, competent work you did on my behalf. It means more than you will ever realize. As you know, I am a college professor who is committed to carrying on research. I am also a widower with three young children. Your efforts allow me to do what circumstances would normally not allow. So bless you. Enclosed are the checks. I wish you well in your work. Truly you are an example of servanthood.

Gerald L. Sittser
Associate Professor of Religion
Whitworth College
Spokane, Washington

Professor Sittser wrote the above letter to Glenn Gohr, a staff member of the Assemblies of God Archives.

□ The Prisoner's Friend / from page 13

The last day of his stay at Angola went according to schedule. He ministered in the morning and

“When approached by executives of his office about retirement, he reported, ‘You can take me off the payroll, but you can’t stop me from working.’”

attended the evening service conducted by V. K. Fletcher, the Angola Prison chaplain. Following the evening service the two men had tea together, and Ohrnell retired after telling the chaplain he was feeling fine.

Sometime early Monday morning April 1, Arvid Ohrnell died quietly while sleeping. He was discovered by the clean-up man who went to the room the following morning. He was survived by his wife, Astrid; a daughter, Mrs. Frederick Giles; three grandchildren; and two sisters who resided in Sweden.¹⁸

His death came 12 years to the day from the time he began his nationwide work among prisons. He was 71 years old, but had fought retirement for 5 years. When approached by executives of his office about retirement, he reported, “You can take me off the payroll, but you can’t stop me from working.”

One news story written in August 1957 carried a headline which summarized his life: “Prison Chaplain Devotes His Life to Lending a Hand to Underdog.”¹⁹ During his more than 40 years of championing the cause of the underdog, he accompanied 32 men to the death chamber (29 of whom had made definite commitments to Christ). But the number he helped to set back on the road to rehabilitation would run into the thousands.

Victor Trimmer of Gold River, California, who was National Home Missions Secretary from 1954 to 1957, has fond recollections of his friend, Arvid Ohrnell. “Very few people in the Assemblies of God realized what a brilliant man he was,” says Trimmer. “He was one of the

great ones. Because of his prison ministry, he probably knew more governors than anyone else in the Assemblies of God. I remember him telling me about the many governors he had dined with.” Trimmer also remembers that when the two would be traveling to conventions, Ohrnell would get down on his knees in the back seat and pray. He was a very spiritual man.²⁰

Elva Johnson Hoover of Lakeland, Florida, says Ohrnell “was absolutely the most dedicated to his calling to prison work. His eyes were fixed on this ministry in a way that I’ve never seen in anyone.” She describes him as an “inveterate correspondent”—he was *always* corresponding with the prisoners to encourage them. She also remembers a time as promotions editor of the Home Missions Department when she wrote an article about prison work called “Lead Me to the Rock.”

“[He] was absolutely the most dedicated to his calling to prison work. His eyes were fixed on this ministry in a way that I’ve never seen in anyone.”

—Elva Johnson Hoover

Chaplain Ohrnell visiting with Charles Hadden at the 1953 General Council in Milwaukee.



Ohrnell quickly straightened her out on this. He told her, “You can’t say this. The Rock is Alcatraz. That will never do.” She ended up rewriting the article and changing the title. But they remained good friends to the end.²¹

About the time of Ohrnell’s death, a very touching letter was received by Gayle F. Lewis, the executive director of the Home Missions Department. An inmate at the Angola Prison, who was serving as the Chaplain’s secretary, wrote:

Chaplain Ohrnell’s presence in this institution has been a great inspiration to every man here, Christian and non-Christian alike. He has been

the cause of many men beginning a study of God's Word that would never have been begun had he not come here. In all my fourteen years in prison I have never yet seen any prison worker who is as consecrated and dedicated to the work of the Lord as is Chaplain Ohrnell, and believe me, I've seen many!

... Chaplain Ohrnell is interested in one thing and one thing alone: winning men to the Lord and helping them in any way he can. He is achieving the purpose for which he has dedicated himself, too.

Please know that I speak not only for myself, but for every man I've talked to about him. We all love him. I guess that is only natural since we know beyond any doubt that he loves us and seeks only to help us. We want you to know that we are sincerely grateful for his coming to Angola.²²

There is no doubt that Arvid Ohrnell gave himself entirely to the ministry which God had called him to. He most definitely was the prisoner's friend.

Notes

1. Arvid Ohrnell, unpublished and undated autobiographical sketch, pp. 3-4.
2. *ibid.*, p. 1.
3. Carl Arvid Ohrnell, ministerial file.
4. Carl Conner, "Prisons Were His Parish," *The Pentecostal Evangel*, May 12, 1963, p. 18.
5. Margit Ohrnell Giles, telephone interview, September 3, 1997.
6. Carl Conner, "The Prisoner's Friend," Part II. *Team*, September 1966, p. 20.
7. Frank Farmer, "Prison Chaplain Devotes His Life to Lending a Hand to 'Underdog'" *The News-Leader* (Springfield, MO), August 11, 1957.
8. Margit Ohrnell Giles, telephone interview, September 4, 1997.



Glenn Gohr is a staff member of the A/G Archives.



Preparing and grading Bible correspondence lessons was a big responsibility of Chaplain Ohrnell.



Arvid Ohrnell visiting with his two sisters, Gertrude and Ella, in Stockholm, Sweden, in 1961.

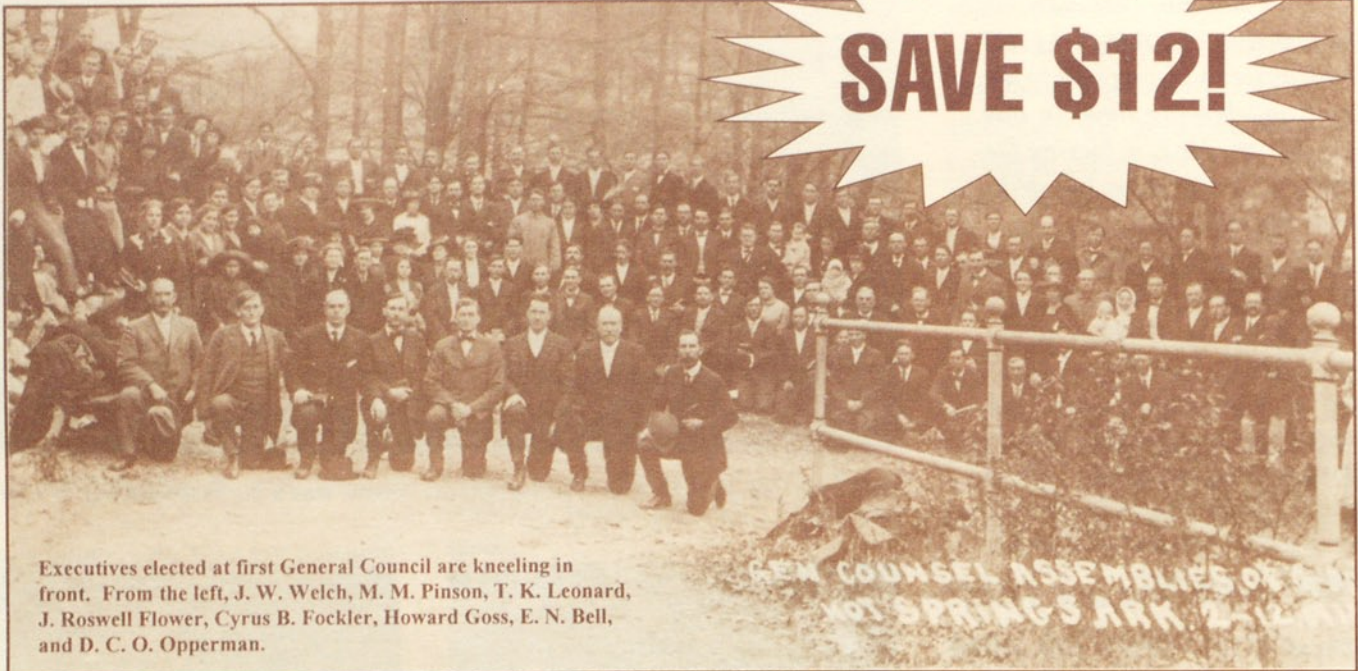


A recent portrait of Margit Ohrnell Giles and her three children.

9. Cathy Garlit, "A Vision Fulfilled," *The Pentecostal Evangel*, November 11, 1973, pp. 12-13.
10. "Arvid Ohrnell: National Prison Representative, Assemblies of God" (Promotional letter from the Division of Home Missions), 1954.
11. Carl Conner, "The Prisoner's Friend," Part II. *Team*, September 1966, p. 23.
12. Arvid Ohrnell, letter to Bud Bearor, December 4, 1954.
13. Carl Conner, "The Prisoner's Friend," Part I. *Team*, August 1966, pp. 22-23.
14. *Ibid.*, p. 21.
15. Paul R. Markstrom, "By Way of Remembrance," *The Pentecostal Evangel*, November 10, 1963, p. 9.

16. Carl Conner, "The Prisoner's Friend," Part III. *Team*, October 1966, pp. 21-22.
17. Carl Conner, telephone interview, September 4, 1997.
18. Carl Conner, "Prisons Were His Parish," *The Pentecostal Evangel*, May 12, 1963, p. 19.
19. Frank Farmer, "Prison Chaplain Devotes His Life to Lending a Hand to 'Underdog'" *The News-Leader* (Springfield, MO), August 11, 1957.
20. Victor Trimmer, telephone interview, September 3, 1997.
21. Elva Johnson Hoover, telephone interview, September 3, 1997.
22. "A Prisoner's Appraisal," *The Pentecostal Evangel*, May 12, 1963, p. 19.





Executives elected at first General Council are kneeling in front. From the left, J. W. Welch, M. M. Pinson, T. K. Leonard, J. Roswell Flower, Cyrus B. Fockler, Howard Goss, E. N. Bell, and D. C. O. Opperman.

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