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Gladys Duran

A Changeless Purpose in a Changing World

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Madison, dear Madison, how I have loved thee! What wonderful memories you hold for me! Of all my memories, the recollection of college years on this dear campus are among my most treasured!

Oh, so many thoughts flood my soul tonight as I stand before you! Through the years we have been separated by time and geography from people who shared our college years with us. They were Christian teachers who sacrificed and gave the very best to their students. Then there was the spiritual fellowship with classmates and friends. Then we were separated from rubbing shoulders with the great rugged and founding

pioneers of the college. What an inspiration they were. Doctors, nurses, and many professionals who contributed immeasurably to our education, they too, are treasures in our memories.

When we left *Madison* years ago, we took with us more than a diploma. (Godfrey was a graduate of the class of 1955) We took with us a solid Christian foundation on which to build for life. We had a journey down a path marked by beautiful relationships. A relationship with our God in a more meaningful way than we had ever known before. Even the relationship with ourselves was forevermore changed—from the rawest of recruits when we arrived we took with us knowledge and skills of knowing how to work hard to make a good, honest living. So much...so much... *Madison* taught us. We have drawn deeply for our entire lives on the bonds of our college relationships.

I remember, those beautiful, long arched porch ways on the old San. What beauty they held for my young heart! How I loved them. The peace I felt when I walked through the loveliness of the old campus. And you know I still miss it, even yet today. The privilege I felt being a student in such surroundings awed me!

The old San parlor, elegant, a place of warmth, quiet, reflective.

It had its own softening influence on my life. And I miss it, too, even yet today.

Then there were some wonderful thoughts about my teachers. "To be a good teacher one must be a good human being." (Benjamin Israeli) And *Madison's* teachers were "Good" human beings. They dispensed Christian love, they sold future dreams, they prepared careers for tomorrow. God bless them. I loved them. Their's was a legacy of love and knowledge. And you know I miss them, even yet today.

Yes, I have wonderful thoughts about my professors. Elder and Mrs. J. A. Tucker, Bible teachers but to me they were saints. They taught in the Adventist educational system for forty years and after forty years the *Madison* campus, faculty and students, had a farewell for them. I was there. I'll always remember a statement that Mrs. Tucker made. She said, "Yes, we've taught for forty years in our school system and we've been tossed out a few times." But she said, "The secret is in knowing how to land." I never forgot it! "The secret is knowing how to land." Bitter when they tossed you out? "No." Leave the church? "No." Remain true to God? "Yes." Saints they were and outstanding teachers.

Then there's Bernard and Dollie

Bowen. Class sponsors for Godfrey's class of 1955. Their gift to the class, was a book entitled "The Life That Wins" by Matilda E. Andross, published in 1922 with many reprints. What a lasting and life time gift! "The Life That Wins" has been like a friend to us! We have returned to read its pages again and again and like a true friend it never fails to instruct us or to encourage us. We have worn its pages thin and tattered and we have bound and rebound its covers and patched it up with tape. In our relationships in life, we have many times used its stories, its illustrations, its Christian focus. I would love to have known the author personally. She must have had a close walk with her God to have written such inspiring chapters.

There is a chapter called, "Planning With the Master." "No time to pray," she says. "If you and I have no time to pray, need we wonder why we mar heaven's plan for our lives?"

"Our Helper Along the Way" is another chapter. "Nothing", says Matilda, "in this life can be more important, more real than our relationship of being true to life's highest ideal, best ideals. So day by day as we meet with the Master in quiet prayer and Bible study the earnest soul that does this will live the life that wins."

There is a chapter entitled "Serving As We Go." I simply love this chapter! "Always", says Matilda, "comes the challenge to serve in a spirit of faithfulness letting absolutely nothing hinder implicit obedience to the Master's command." "This," says Matilda, "is the key to the life that wins."

The last chapter is entitled, "The End of The Way." "Going home,

our heavenly home. Beyond the vale of tears", she says, "and the good-byes that always, left in my heart, a deep, insatiable longing for the greeting that lay beyond."

"Oh", she says, "Heaven is waiting for us. If we live, The Life That Wins, *at the end of the way*, we will go home with Jesus."

Well, "The Life That Wins" is a treasured book in our library. Thank you, Bernard and Dollie, for such a treasured gift to my husband's class, the class of 1955. It has richly blessed our lives.

Professor Rimmer: Gone to his rest long ago! I still remember him. He was a man of very deep values. He was a man of a very simple life. He was a genius of a man, mentally, and he was a teacher who knew his stuff. He had plenty "Savvy."

When I registered for a class one summer which was taught three times a week at 5:30 in the morning. The teacher—Professor Rimmer! The first morning of class his opening statement was, "There are two things I didn't know about this class. The first one is that it was at 5:30 a.m. and the second one that I was going to teach it." I wasn't sure he was pleased with either option but it turn out to be a great class. He was a remarkable chemistry teacher.

Dr. E. A. Sutherland. I loved his letter of so long ago but just recently published in the March issue of the *Madison Survey*. A letter from a father to his son. The letter gives a wonderful insight into this remarkable man. "I am praying for you, Joe, that God will give you wisdom and understanding that you will know what to do at this time. Live near the Lord and do everything you know God wants you to do. Put your trust in him and you

will find that the Lord will bring to pass that which we ourselves cannot bring to pass.

"It would be a fine thing, Joe, for you to form the habit of reading your Bible and praying by yourself in the morning before you do anything else. I am praying for you that God will help you to be wise and sensitive to His Spirit."

Oh, I thought as I read those lines, that letter is a reflection of the man himself. A man deeply and spiritually devoted to his God. A towering strength of dedication, a man true to his calling. A man who never wavered from his purpose. A godly pioneer and founder of *Madison College*. Hundreds of students owe everything they are to this godly founder. He was a legend!

I recall Dr. Sutherland's last days on earth. He was a patient on the surgical floor and he was very, very ill. He was scheduled to go to surgery within the next hour and as head nurse of the surgical unit, it was my task to put a naso-gastric into his stomach in preparation for his trip to the operating room. Well, if any of you know anything about a naso-gastric tube, you know it is a very unpleasant experience. It is a gagging experience.

I began the procedure. "Swallow, Dr. Sutherland," I'd say. "It makes the tube go down easier." "Yes mam," he'd say. We went through this scenario several times, until the procedure was complete. You know, even at death's door Dr. Sutherland was a prince of a man. "Yes mam," he would say. Ever courteous, ever polite. The surgery team arrived to take him to surgery. I helped put him on the stretcher that was to take him there. Within a few

moments of his arrival in the operating room he had a cardiac arrest and died. He was gone! Gone! Gone forever. He was a giant of a man, a legend. I shall always remember the sadness in my heart. I was one of the last nurses to give him care, personal hands on care. I was one of the last to see him alive. I look forward to seeing him in heaven. But he, too, awaits the call of the life-giver.

Then there is Professor Zeigler, I would be remiss if I did not recall the "Teacher of Teachers!" I took physiology and anatomy from him. He was a tough teacher, hard to get an "A" from him. I studied hard for his class. He knew his "stuff," too but what I remember is his kindness, his gentle spirit, his godly example, his caring concern for others and his genuineness. How blessed I was to have this remarkable man cross my path as one of my professors. He, too, was a legend!

I wish that I had more time to recall many others of the special Christian teachers I had. There were many. Noble, dedicated, how privileged I was to be in their classes!

Then there was one student I shall always remember. He was a senior nursing student six months from graduation, Gene Wheeler. He fitted well the description, tall, dark, and handsome and he liked girls more than he liked to study. He needed some seasoning, some maturing, he needed to grow up. He was barely making it. Six months from graduation. I was a new member of the faculty. Fresh out of school, unseasoned, wet behind the ears and idealistic. I had so much to learn. Gene's name came up for review in "Faculty meeting" and after careful

evaluation the faculty recommended that Gene be suspended, "until he could grow-up." Just six months from graduation and we were going to throw him out until he grew-up? Why had we waited for so long? I couldn't deal with it. The faculty vote was unanimous, except for me and I didn't vote. I was too naive, green, I didn't have any experience of being on a faculty and knowing how to behave. I guess today you would say I was politically incorrect but I began to plead Gene's case. Surely there was something that could be done for Gene just six months from graduation, to get him through school. Well, the faculty handed it right back to me. If that's the way you feel, you see what you can do for him.

Gene became my responsibility, my challenge. Now I never said a word to Gene about what had occurred in the faculty meeting, or what the recommendations were. I just set about a remedial program to pull him through and, "yes," he graduated with his class some what improved. He made it. I didn't see Gene Wheeler for years and years and the next time I saw him was in 1979 or 1980. I was at Porter Hospital in Denver and Gene was working in North Denver. He came by one day to take Godfrey and me to breakfast. It was wonderful to see Gene again. I want to tell you he had grown-up!

Six months later Gene was diagnosed with a terminal brain tumor. Six months to live. He came to Porter Hospital for the neurosurgery. I remember how I cried when I saw his head totally shaved. His surgery was followed by radiation therapy. His health continued to deteriorate. One

morning after radiation at Porter he dropped by to take us to breakfast again. At breakfast he said, "I want to thank you for all you did for me while I was in my last year of nursing at *Madison*." You know, after these many years, I had forgotten. "What do you mean?" I said. "Getting me through nursing when I was about to be suspended." "How did you know that?" I asked. "I never said a word to you about it." "One of the faculty members told me," he said. And he told me who the faculty member was. I thanked him. I told him I was glad that he had made good and had chosen to serve in one of our Seventh-day Adventist self-supporting organizations. I wept some more. Two weeks later Gene died. He left to mourn a beautiful Seventh-day Adventist wife and two children, ages 6, and 8. I wept some more. Yes, Gene made it. Yes, Gene had a deep spiritual relationship with his God and yes, Gene grew up enough to make it to heaven. I expect to see him there.

I graduated from *Madison College* in 1956 with a baccalaureate degree and I hold in my hand the 1956 class aim and motto. It is encased in a glass paper weight that was given to each graduating member of the class of 1956. After forty one years it, too, is faded and worn. But it has gone with me in life wherever I have gone. It has been on my desk wherever I have worked, to remind me why I am here. To keep before me my mission in life, to keep me in touch with the education bestowed on me by my alma mater, *Madison College*! It has been a constant reminder of the commitment I made when the class of '56 chose their aim and motto.

Through the years the class "Aim" and "Motto" has had a powerful influence on my life.

The Aim: To live - to love - to serve. To live in good deeds and actions, not in years. To live as with God, not unto one's self. To Love, Love is a beautiful necessity of life! Love gives of itself, it cannot be bought. To love is to know God, for God is love. To Serve, to be faithful in our duties. To act as a servant to those in need. To serve? I like Mother Theresa's definition, when you look into her eyes you know what it means to serve. To live-to love-to serve.

As a young graduating student from *Madison College* with dreams and ideals and a world full of hope the aim meant, make God your partner. Give service measured by love rather than greatness. Make a difference in some else's life. Touch people where they hurt with caring concern and give it your best.

Then we come back to the class of '56 their motto A CHANGELESS PURPOSE IN A CHANGING WORLD. What a timely motto for 1997. The world today portrays a scene of powerful, sweeping, rapid, turbulent change. Unprecedented change! We live in a nanosecond culture (One billionth of a second). Constant reorganization. Topsy turvey, frantic, fragmented, volatile change! Almost a "Godless" society world-wide! Christ and Christianity hanging in doubt! What a motto, A CHANGELESS PURPOSE IN A CHANGING WORLD.

I read some 1967 statistics that I thought were very, very sad. Published, in "Christianity Today" the results of a poll of Protestant clergymen conducted by sociologist Jeffrey Hadden. Hadden

had contacted 10,000 clergymen of whom 7,441 replied. They were asked, "Do you believe in **Jesus physical resurrection from the grave?**" Pretty basic question to us, isn't it? The answers were incredible, astounding, incomprehensible! 51% of Methodists said they could not accept it as a historical fact. 35% of the Presbyterians, 30% of the Episcopalians, and 30% Baptists and 13% of the American Lutherans did not believe it either. When asked if they believed in **the Virgin Birth of Jesus as a biological miracle**, the responses were; 60% of the Methodists said "No", 44% of the Episcopalians said "No", 49% of the Presbyterians said "No", 44% of the Baptists said "No", 19% of the American Lutherans said "No". When asked if they believed in **Satan and in the existence of evil demonic powers** the "No" responses were 62% Methodists, 37% Episcopalians, 47% Presbyterians, 33% Baptists, 14% American Lutherans. And then the most incredible one of all was the last question. When asked if they believed that **the Bible is the inspired word of God**: the "No" responses were 82% Methodists, 89% Episcopalians, 81% of the Presbyterians, and 57% of the American Lutherans.

If this same poll were taken today would the responses be much different? I don't know the answer to the question. In light of the world-wide indifference to religion and Christianity, and to Christ today, my personal opinion is that these sad statistics would be even higher. They couldn't go much higher, could they?

These sad statistics coincide

with other signs of the times. Life is cheap, death on a catastrophic scale and little respect for life. Corruption worldwide and crime, sabotage, moral ethics at an all time low. And one of the saddest of all the facts is the apostasy of Seventh-day Adventists on a fairly big scale. Thousands of Adventists leaving the church. Disillusioned with the church. Disenchanted, disenthralled, hypnotized, mesmerized, fascinated with the world. Coldness, callousness, adrift, unfastened, out of touch with their church. Out of touch with their God. What a sad and pitiful picture!

Everyone of us in this audience have precious loved ones who have left the church. We weep with God for their soul salvation. I weep sometimes at two and three o'clock in the morning. Who will leave the ranks of the honest believers in the church? The self deceived, the careless and indifferent, the covetous and selfish, those who refuse to sacrifice, the worldly minded, the compromisers. The disobedient, the jealous and faultfinding, the tale bearers, those who accuse and condemn. The superficial and those who don't control appetite. Those who are superficial Bible students and those who lose faith in the prophetic gift. Where did I get that? The source? **THE SHAKING AMONG GOD'S PEOPLE** by Keavin Hayden page 21.

I am sure many of you have read it. And so even more, after looking at what we just talked about, the motto of the class of 1956 couldn't be more timely for 1997, forty one years later!

Is it any wonder that the class motto has had a profound influence on my life? A stabilizing force, a guiding principle, a deep part of my

daily life, and a compelling force in my life?

Dr. Eleanor G. Brown lived in complete darkness from early infancy. Totally blind she was beset by the most unpromising circumstances and financial limitations imaginable. But through effort and determination and a vision for a career she entered Ohio State University after graduation from the school for the blind.

Though there were many obstacles and trials and problems that she had to work through at Ohio State University she graduated from the university with honors and a B. A. Degree. She was the first blind person to have ever graduated from Ohio State University. They said it couldn't be done! She not only received her B.A. degree but later she graduated with an M.A. degree and a Ph. D. Degree from Columbia University in New York. The first blind person ever to have graduated from Columbia University. They said it couldn't be done.

She returned to Dayton, Ohio. She taught in the public school system for forty years. The first blind person to have ever taught in the Dayton Public School System. They said it couldn't be done. Dr. Eleanor G. Brown loved life and she lived it to the fullest. When she became ill she was admitted to the Kettering Medical Center in Dayton, Ohio and she was laid to her rest July 20, 1964. CORRIDORS OF LIGHT is the autobiography of Dr. Brown. It is the most moving and interesting autobiography I have ever read. Not in print today but it is a priceless treasure in my library.

"Years ago," wrote Dr. Brown, "I began to think of my success and to analyze the procedures I had followed in order to bring them

about." She said, "There was a long road ahead of me and there were many things I hoped to accomplish." She said, "There are some things we accept without questioning, so it is I have from the beginning believed in a Divine Power, God, who is concerned with my success, my failures, my trials, my heartaches, my prayers, and my problems. "Of course," she says, "I may put certain limitations on Him according to my beliefs and by so doing make Him my particular concept but God is still God and ready to help me when I fall."

She said, "In order to work out a life philosophy I read many books", she had a reader who helped her to read, that's how she got through school, and attended many churches. She said, "out of my questioning and reading comes a belief that within reason I could accomplish whatever I wished. I discovered that I must work with singleness of purpose and center my energies on the object of my desires. I must live it, I must breathe it, I must dream it, I must sacrifice for it and above all," she said, "I must have faith that it will materialize." She said, "During my first years of teaching as I looked back on my college days and my first job, I tried to formulate the rules that had governed me during those days when everyone had doubted and I alone kept the faith."

As a result of this she developed a set of five rules to guide her through life. The **first** rule, "I must be true to myself. I must do the best job possible. I must live up to that self and not what people expected of me. Because of my blindness people expected less from me than I knew I could give." The

second rule. "I chose the cultivation of the best in life. The best books, the best poetry, the most inspirational music, and people who could give the strength and courage I needed." **Third**, "Think." Mistress Mary Butler once said, 'Five percent of the people think, five percent think they think, and ninety percent don't think at all.' "I vowed to be in the first five percent." The **fourth** rule, "I must work. I discovered that few people know how to work and that most people spend more time trying to get out of work than they do in actual labor." The most important is number **five**. "I must pray believing that I shall receive." These were the five guiding principles of one of America's most successful women and one of America's most cherished citizens.

Be true to yourself, cultivate the best in life, think, work, and pray. She certainly had A CHANGELESS PURPOSE IN A CHANGING WORLD. So beautifully demonstrated.

We got to know her female dog, Floppsie that was admitted into the hospital with her. When Dr. Brown died Floppsie was put to sleep because Floppsie couldn't adjust to life without her Dr. Brown, her mistress.

Murray Banks, noted psychologist, was a guest speaker at Kettering Medical Center's Medical Staff banquet. He worked in New York Mental Health Institutions and psychiatric agencies for ten years and after ten years he came out of there from walking the halls of the broken in spirit with nine ingredients for happiness.

(Continued on page 8)



*Left to right:
Bill Hoover,
Terry Brown,
and Jim Slater*



*Left to right:
Beverly Blair Wilson and Theresa Lynd*



*Left to right:
Eunice Bisalski
Davidson, Elsie
Brownlee,
Ralph Davidson*



*Left to right:
Janeth Awan
Morris, Eileen
Gill Manzano,
Margaret Jensen*



*Left to right:
Paul Blankenship and Evelyn Emerson*



*Left to right: Taffie Luzader, Homer Lynd, Theresa Lynd,
Beverly Blair Wilson and Bill Wilson*



*Left to right:
Polly Andrus and Delbert Andrus*



*Left to right: Virginia Davidson Sellars, Louis Meyer, Evelyn Moore
Meyer, Pat Gaulding Perales, Bobby Harrison, and Gene Harrison*



Left to right: Velma McMasters Jeffers, Lucille Cline and Deloris Cruzen



*Left to right:
Bill Wilson, Louie Dickman and Bernard Bowen*



Left to right: Raymond Harold, Homer Lloyd, Robert Santini, Ben Brost and Edith Brost



Left to right: Bobby Moore Harrison, Elaine Culpepper Cantrell and Evelyn Moore Meyer



Left to right: J. C. Trivett and Ben Brost



Left to right: Elinor Dittes, Virgie Reed Simmons, Maybn Heslip Gillen, Doyle Martin and Orvan Thompson



Left to right: Rex Leatherwood, Bernard Bowen, Dollie Bowen, Gladys Duran, Godfrey Duran, and Ann Hayward



Left to right: Freida Zeigler and Viola Knight

Here are the nine. Here is the most important one you will ever hear—Do you know how to make the most out of what you've got? Ever hear some people say, "Oh, if I were younger, just a little taller, if my nose wasn't quite so long." Dr. Banks says, "Happiness does not depend on getting what you want but from being happy with what you have."

The **second** ingredient Dr. Banks says is "the day that you live today—you are never going to live again. There is no depositing an un-lived "today" to draw on ten years hence."

"There is a big musical on Broadway called 'The Music Man' and a scene in it where the leading man said to the leading lady 'come darling come with me tomorrow.' 'My dear' he said, "you just keep collecting tomorrows and you will find out that you've piled up a lot of empty yesterdays." Dr. Banks says, "If I had a little hint to give, it would be this, live each day of your life as though it were your last day on earth."

The **third** ingredient for happiness is a person must know how to live with himself. Unless you know how to live with yourself, just forget it, for no one else is going to be able to live with you. If life for you is more up hill than down hill, more fears than smiles, more tensions, then perhaps you have failed in the greatest of all the worldly arts, the art of living with yourself. A third grade teacher was giving her students a test and said, "Children, take the examination and do it at home but remember, 'No one can cheat and live with himself.' She got the papers back the next day and one was letter perfect and at

the bottom was this explanation. 'Dear teacher, I find I can live with myself better than I could flunk and live with my father.'

Fourth ingredient is "Do you know how to make dreams come true? If you do, you must know how to laugh at yourself and laugh at life. One thing you will never hear in a mental hospital is laughter because if people could laugh they wouldn't be there. So it is important to have a sense of humor.

Fifth ingredient is "When life hands you a lemon only one thing to do—make lemonade

When the stock market crashed in 1929, you couldn't walk down Wall Street for bodies jumping out the windows. Eddie Cantor lost every cent he had. What did he do? Shoot himself? No, he sat down and wrote a book, called, "Caught Short." Notice that one man writes a book while one man commits suicide." He says, "Happiness in life doesn't depend on what the world does to you but the way you look at it and your attitude toward it."

Sixth ingredient, He says, "How do you feel when you've done your very best and you hear people talking about you and against you? In New York one of the most successful stores is S. Klines. You go inside and you will find bare floors, no sales girls and the dresses all hanging on racks and on Fifth Avenue is Lord & Taylor's—just the opposite, very plush. They made millions. S. Klines and Lord & Taylor's know they could never please every one and the moment they tried, they'd both go bankrupt. Dr. Banks says, "A well adjusted happy person is really never a perfectionist but he is one who

believes in himself and the right of what he is doing and then he does it."

Seventh ingredient—"Do you know how to stay forever young?" He says, "Youth is never measured by the calendar. It is measured by how well you keep up and how well you stay abreast of your field. It is measured by youthfulness of spirit and great ideas."

Eighth ingredient he says is a well adjusted happy person who sets up new and interesting goals in life. Did you ever want anything so badly that you prayed for it? Dr. Banks says, "When we want something so bad we go to God and say, God would you give me this just this time and if you do I will not ask for anymore." In a minute you rush right back to God and say, "Excuse me, God, three things more, I just remembered them." Dr. Banks says, "That's the way it should be. When you accomplish one goal, set up another and another. Everyone of us need new goals to give us a sense of achievement and happiness."

Ninth one is the top secret to happiness. Have an educated heart. What in the world is that? Everybody knows what an educated brain is, but what is an educated heart? That is something you own if you know how to bring a little happiness into someone else's life and you do it. So he says, "Happiness is enjoying all the people around you, their warmth, their love, their differences, their beauty. He says, "There is nothing so beautiful as one human being who shares in a beautiful way the pain and sorrow with another human being. Truly, this is one of the greatest gifts God

gave us.”

Murray Banks, in those nine ingredients, speaks to me of the 1956 class motto—to love—to laugh—to serve.

I owe a debt to *Madison College* I can never repay. I have received inspiration and happiness beyond measure from my teachers, classmates and leaders. So many touched my life in so many ways and helped me see a world vastly greater than I would ever have imagined. Through the windows of *Madison* I have seen the beautiful handiwork of God and the need of the world. Through the windows of *Madison* I have seen that the world must ever be lighted and warmed by the smile of God but watered by the tears of men.

Oh dear *Madison*, this is my love letter to you. I love you with all my heart, you are very precious to me. My heart is filled with gratitude for all the things you gave me, the symphony of an organ resounding across the green campus on a Sabbath morning, the peace and serenity given me in troubled times. Thanks, dear *Madison*, for the proud pounding of my heart and the tingle down my spine when I meet one of you in my walk through life. You bring me warmth, life and friendship. “You shaped my life forevermore. Thanks dear *Madison*, for allowing me to be one of your daughters. It is a priceless heritage. You did something strong, beautiful and lasting in my life.

Thanks too for allowing me to take a trip down memory lane tonight. Truly it was a nostalgic trip, a sentimental longing for something in the past. Thanks for the memories and for inviting me to be with you tonight. No invitation could have been sweeter. So for

these gifts and many more I shall always be grateful. God bless you. I love you with all my heart.

The Last Sunrise—It was an early spring in a suburban Seventh-day Adventist hospital in Denver, Colorado. Arlene, a professional Seventh-day Adventist nurse was working midnight shift. Anybody who has worked midnight shift in a hospital knows that is an eerie time of the night, sad, troubled, loneliness. It was a busy night and Arlene was busy doing her normal routine duties. Arlene loved nursing. It was her world. As she made rounds to see patients, she comforted them and talked with them, and gave them care to help them with healing, that inexplicably, fantastic miraculous power of the body to work and restore health and vitality to the body. That is what Arlene liked about nursing.

In room 402 a young man, Bill, terminally ill with lung cancer, caught Arlene’s attention. He seemed so alone in the dark and lonely night. As she talked with him his comment was, “If I could only see the sunrise tomorrow, I would be so happy.” His comment caused Arlene to reflect on the joys of daily living so often taken for granted in life. Arlene moved on to the patient in the next room and another task. Before she knew it morning had come and it was time to wrap up the loose ends of the shift and turn it over to the day shift. In all of this she had almost forgotten about Bill. Suddenly his echoing words startled her, “If I could only see the sunrise.” It was 5:30 a.m.. Arlene completed tasks at hand and went into Bill’s room. She bundled him in a blanket for it was a chilly spring morning. She wheeled him out to the patio of the

hospital wing. Oh it was a beautiful sunrise over a Colorado blue sky. For an hour and a half Bill was alone with the blazing crimson splendor of a majestic sunrise. God’s sun had risen upon the earth and flooded the day with a stream of glory. As Arlene put the finishing touches on her tour of duty, she remembered Bill. She wrapped him up, took him to his room and gently helped him into bed. It was his last sunrise. He died that day. In the sacred solitude of the last sunrise, did Bill find God’s presence to show him the way home? And to brighten his last day on earth?

What if Arlene had been too busy or failed to remember Bill’s “If I could only see the sunrise.” Would it have made any difference for Bill in eternity? If Bill and Arlene reach heaven, will they be drawn together by the memory of earth’s last sunrise for Bill? Only eternity will tell. I knew Arlene very well. Her husband, was the pastor of the First Church in Denver when we were members there.

I ask you tonight, the honored classes, of *Madison College* at this 1997 homecoming—1927, 1928, 1933, 1943, 1947, 1957, 1963 and the anesthesia classes 1967, 1972, 1977, when you come to the last sunrise of life, does the picture of that great homecoming in heaven become more indelibly imprinted in your heart? Our father is waiting to welcome each of us to that beautiful homecoming to all who will come. Heaven’s homecoming is waiting for you and me. Oh precious Lord, grant that each of us will be there. Bring us to that homecoming with your redeeming love. How I long for heaven’s homecoming. Sometimes alone, I

weep with God and I ask Him, when are we going home? To you the special honored classes of this homecoming celebration, your lives shall touch hundreds of lives before we meet again and leave countless marks along the way. May God keep you in constant touch with the unchanging cross and by so doing keep yours A CHANGELESS PURPOSE IN A CHANGING WORLD until we meet again. God bless you." □

HONOR CLASSES 1937

Josephine(Rand)Embry

"Please forgive me for such a late report of Josephine's death July 31, 1993. Cause of death was Alzheimer's. I shall cherish forever the fifty beautiful years we had together. Sincerely, James H. Embry."

1943

Corrine(Friend)Maxwell

"When I returned to Dayton, Ohio following graduation, I went to work in the delivery room of the very hospital where I was born. I worked there several years, then I worked in a doctor's office for awhile. Following that I worked in surgery at an Osteopathic hospital.

Then I joined the army and went to Korea and was stationed at the 171st Evacuation hospital in Tajeon, Korea. I returned home in 1953. I worked as a plant nurse at Dayton Steel Foundry for fifteen years. There I met my husband and we were married in 1969.

George had several heart attacks while operating machinery. In 1973 the plant retired him on disability due to his heart.

Soon after this we purchased a truck camper and started traveling. We had truck campers for several

years then a fifth wheel. In 1990 we purchased a winnebago motor home. We vote in November and head west. We settle on the desert in California on the Bureau of Land Management area. We are near Yuma, Arizona where we do all our shopping. We have made a lot of new friends. Quite a few people come down from Canada and stay until April. We usually return home the first week in April. Our tulips and jonquils are in bloom when we get home. We take short trips around here during the summer and to Tennessee where George was born in the coal mines. He was working beside his father when a slate of coal fell on his father. His back was injured and he was an invalid for six months and passed away. Then George came to Dayton and got work. He moved his family, two boys and a girl and his wife to Dayton. He rented houses for awhile then he purchased property, bought a trailer, added several rooms to the trailer, parked it on the lot while he built his house. We are living in that house now."

Pat(Johnson)Houston

"How much I wish it was possible for me to join the graduating class next weekend. It has been fifty one years since I left the Nashville area or set foot on the *Madison* campus. I always meant to go back and visit, but it only happened in my memories.

You asked what *Madison College* meant to me. When I arrived at *Madison College* in January of 1941, I had already completed two years of Junior college, had always lived at home, and had never attended a church school in my life. I was nineteen years old. And when I ran into

what seemed like 5,000 rules and regulations, I was in for mammoth proportions of culture shock! The first three months I was campus bound constantly, for one infraction or another. I couldn't understand chaperoned and parlor dates at all. My mother had wanted to send me to the University of Minnesota. I had fought so against it, but with all the trouble I had gotten myself into, her idea seemed better and better.

Some where along the way, I made friends with a girl student who was *just a barrel of fun*. The two of us finally decided we'd had enough restrictions and we left, went into Nashville where we were going to get *good* jobs. My ego was greatly bruised when I discovered about the best job I could get was working in a commercial laundry, not exactly my idea of a pinnacle of success. Back at *Madison*, I had been working in the Sanitarium Kitchen and diet office under Lil McCorkle. Somehow she had found out where I was staying in Nashville and came in to see me. She was a young woman and she showed me how much she understood me, my problems, and her concern for me. The next day I had a phone call from dear Elder Welch saying, "Patricia, I don't believe you have gotten what you came to *Madison* for."

Due to the love and concern of these two people, I returned to the college. My fun companion stayed in Nashville. Many months later I learned she was on probation from a reform school in another state. Well, I screwed my head on straight, accepted the 5,000 rules and enjoyed one of the nicest, most memorable and yes *even fun* times of my life. How many times I've

been so thankful I stayed on at school. The wonderful friends I made, the dedicated teachers I was so fortunate to have, and most important of all, I probably would not be in the church today had it not been for *Madison College*.

A few years ago, my son and family lived in the Sacramento area of California. Amazingly, my granddaughter and Minnie Albarian's grandson were in the same classroom. My son had the pleasure of meeting Minnie. She told him "Of all the girls on the *Madison* campus, your mother was the least one I would have expected to stay in the church." So I say, "Thank you, *Madison College*, for your Christian ideals, your dedicated workers, and for putting up with the likes of one crazy wayward student and helping her find her way. The University of Minnesota would never have given me that.

Now to bring this manuscript to a close. I didn't set the world on fire. I was a dietitian and worked at three different hospitals, married a fellow from home who was already in the Marine Corps. Of course, it was war time, everyone's lives were disrupted. My husband fought in several South Pacific battles including Iwo Jima, was wounded and came home. Since he was a career Marine, we spent a lot of time moving from one end of the country to the other.

We came to Minneapolis in 1963 after retiring from the Marine Corps. My brother lived here, had three little boys and a wife dying of cancer. We had the boys for some years, sent them through church school. My brother returned to the church. Our son works at Hinsdale Hospital in Illinois. Our daughter's husband has been connected to

Shawnee Mission Hospital in Kansas City for several years. We're so thankful all our six grandchildren are in the church. I've just lived an ordinary, happy life, for which I am most thankful.

If anyone remembers me (Pat Johnson) I'd love to hear from them. My thought will be with you this coming week-end."

Louise (Johnson) Rymer
"After leaving *Madison*, I worked as a newborn Nurse in Los Angeles, California in 1965. My husband died in 1972. I was working part time so after his death, I went to full time. I am now retired. I have one grandchild and another on the way. I attend the Thousand Oakes Seventh-day Adventist Church and volunteer one afternoon a week at the Seventh-day Adventist Media Center.

I would like to be there, but it is just too far. I have very fond memories of *Madison*.

Gertrude Scheible
"Dear Bob Sutherland, Your father was extra special to some in our class by giving rides back from Old Hickory when we went shopping.

I sent my summary in two years ago and now at eighty eight years I am enjoying retirement."

Marion (Seitz) Simmons
"Thank you for your recent letter and the invitation to the yearly gathering of the faithful this coming June. I am sorry I will not be able to attend as I have a guest coming from California at that time.

You asked for an update on my activities since graduating in 1943.

I graduated in absentia as I was the Educational Superintendent and M. V. (now Youth Director) secretary for the Georgia-Cumberland Conference. Dr. E. A.

was instrumental in helping me get my B.S. degree. He told me to go to Peabody College in Nashville who accepted *Madison* credits. I did this in the summer of 1944. Later I received my M. A. from the University of Maryland.

I married James D. Simmons in 1946. He was the son of the late Judge Cyrus Simmons of Knoxville who helped *Madison* as it was founded.

We worked at the Florida Sanitarium in Orlando as he was assistant Credit Manager and I Dean of Women in the nursing course.

We transferred to Washington Sanitarium in 1951. He doing the same kind of work. I finished studies for my M. A. Degree and taught school.

In 1955 we came to *Madison*. He as Credit Manager and I was Director of Elementary Education. We stayed at *Madison* for four years. Mr. Simmons health broke while there and doctors told him he had to give up work.

In 1959 I was student educational consultant for what is now Southern Adventist University. Mr. Simmons and I traveled the Southern Union visiting every academy and junior academy twice a year to promote the four year nursing program being offered at Southern. We visited every Camp meeting in the Union, Ministers Retreat etc. At the end of those three years, thanks to God, the nursing program was doing well.

I accepted the position of Associate Secretary in the Department of Education of the Florida Conference. Five months from the day we arrived in Florida Mr. Simmons died following a massive heart attack. I stayed in the

Florida Conference two more years. Then I was called to the Atlantic Union to work with L. E. Smart in the Department of Education.

From there I was called to be Associate in the Department of Education in the Far Eastern Division with headquarters in Singapore. God gave me nearly six years there and nearly seven years after I retired from Singapore to do S. O. S. (Which is Sustentation Overseas Service) in Ceylon, Pakistan, India, Guam—Micronesia Mission and two times in Bangkok, Thailand. One as pastor of the Adventist Hospital Church and one as House Mother for 130 student nurses at Bangkok Adventist Hospital.

God has been good to me. I am ninety and still live alone, drive my car and give Bible studies at a Nursing Home and edit a bi-monthly paper for them. I preached at the eleven o'clock service at the Fletcher Church September 14, 1996 on my ninetieth birthday. Church membership is eight hundred."

1947

Marie (Jones) Lukens

"Dear Class of 1947: I will try to remember some of the things that I have been doing since I graduated many years ago. As some of you know five of us went to the White Memorial Hospital to work. We wrote to several places but the White said just come with no questions asked.

I worked at the White for about a year then I worked for the Civil Service for the Indians for ten months and earned enough to buy a new Chevrolet and pay cash for it as I was making a bigger salary. I went back to the White for a short

time then I started to work for Dr. Knox in his office for two years.

March 14, 1940 I married Richard Lukens a senior medical student. In 1942 his army service was the Indian Reservation in Kalamath Agency Oregon. On November 9, 1942 Dixie was born. On September 30, 1944 Richard Harold Lukens was born.

After the war Richard went to the White and took a Pathology Residency. While he was there Betty was born April 13, 1946. He stopped his residency for a year and went into private practice for a year in Chula Vista, California seven miles from San Diego.

He went to Loma Linda and finished his residency. After he finished he taught at Loma Linda Medical School for three years. Then we went to Florida Hospital for three years then back to Loma Linda where he taught for three years. We then went to the Philippines to train a pathologist for three years.

All three children went to Far Eastern Academy. Dixie graduated from the eighth in 1960. We then returned to the United States and the children went to Pacific Union Academy and College

When we got to Angwin, California we stopped traveling and have been here for thirty seven years.

When we were in the Philippines we realized the need for something to teach the children in Sabbath School. They had no children's departments. Another lady and I got the idea of making a felt set to teach the Bible stories. It was started in Hongkong but didn't continue. So I got Clyde Provonsha to draw the characters. He lived in Angwin a short distance from me.

Dixie and Betty and Rick

sometime and even my husband worked at first. The company was Educational Felt Aids, as many people knew it as.

Dixie and Betty each have large felt companies. Rick took the medical course and went to Africa for fifteen years. He now works at Weimar Institute as one of their doctors. He liked working there as he sees such good results from the new life style. He has two boys and a girl and Dixie has two boys and a girl, Betty has no children.

My husband retired eighteen years ago from St. Helena Hospital and I get the seconds of felt and send them to the mission field. We walk every day and pretty much follow the Weimar program.

I don't know how many will be interested in this long discourse. We are waiting anxiously for our Lord to return."

Ruth (Bogar) Maehre

"It doesn't seem possible that fifty years have gone since I finished my training at *Madison*. I am so glad I was able to take the Nurses Training. I wish I could be with you but I cannot walk by myself. I am glad to be living with my niece. My brother and his wife live next to our place in the mobile home park. I am going to be eighty-five on my birthday in August so I am thankful to be doing this well. I hope you can read what I am writing.

After I left *Madison* I was able to take a B. S. in Nursing Education at Emanuel Missionary College, now Andrews University. I worked at the county hospital in Berrien to earn money. My aunt worked there and my sister lived in Berrien. I graduated from Andrews in 1954.

Most of my nursing years were spent in supervision in Flint,

Michigan. My step son lived there and they wanted me to be near them. I have lived in Florida since I retired and love it here. God has blessed me with such a wonderful life."

Howard Nix

"Greetings from Galesburg, Illinois. Please forgive my delay in payment for dues. Hope all is well with each of you there in the office.

I do appreciate the good work you are doing for the Madison Alumni Association.

I will not be able to attend homecoming this year.

Things are going well with me here in Illinois. I am now retired and have been for almost seven years. I do have a few patients to whom I give treatments.

Yes, I am enjoying a very quiet life at this time. I do love to travel and have been able to do so in my free time. May God bless each of you." *(All of the above were letters from some who were unable to attend)*

Margaret (Jensen) Adams

"I was here in nursing years 1943 to 1947. I came from the state of Iowa. I had always wanted to be a nurse. My aunt and uncle, Jim and Betty Blair, many of you know, encouraged me to come and also my cousin, June Hunt Kirkwood. She was ahead of me and already here. After I graduated from the academy I came directly to take Nurses Training. I enjoyed being at *Madison* very much. I really appreciate the dedicated professors and all those that helped us along through our years. We were a small class and along with the hard work we had a lot of fun too. After I finished training, I went back to Iowa, my home state. I finished in August 1947 and it wasn't long until I got married. My husband is

here, Willis. We spent many of our married years in Iowa.

After we were in Iowa for awhile we sort of wanted some warmer climate and decided to move back here. We did in the fall of 1972. Actually we came to fill a job for my husband, at Imperial Manor, to be maintenance supervisor. Shortly after we arrived they asked me to be assistant director of nurses at Imperial Manor. We have been here ever since. We worked at Imperial Manor for seventeen years and we made a lot of friends. We have a lot of friends here in Tennessee and enjoy it a lot here. The winters have become colder from years back when it used to be so mild.

We have two married sons. Our oldest son, Stan, is in Portland, Oregon and he is Vice-President of Finances at the Adventist Medical Center there. We just returned from a vacation out there. Our youngest son, Bruce, is in Orlando, Florida. He is an organist. He is also a salesman. Some of you here at *Madison* know him. He used to play the organ in churches in the area. Being an organist he plays for a lot of weddings and funerals.

We have three grandchildren. We are proud of our family. As I said, my husband and I retired in 1989 and we can do as we please I guess. At least there are some good things about retirement. When you are involved in something for so many years it gets in your blood. There are things that you miss after you quit working. All of you that are retired have found that out. This is enough about us. I am very thankful for the education that I got here at *Madison*. I never regretted a day of it and I believe that the Lord led me here. There are so many wonderful people that

I never will forget and it is nice to see all of you here today."

Janeth (Aman) Morris

"I am thankful for the opportunity that I had to come to *Madison*. I came in 1944. I had been in Nurses Training in Florida and I was too close too home. I started going home too much and got discouraged. Some of my Adventist friends down there said, "Why don't you go up to *Madison*?" They had had a daughter up here. So that's where I came. I came up to take the pre-nursing course. They gave me credit for the Nursing courses I had in Florida and said I could take my pre-nursing courses along the way. So that's what I did. I graduated in 1947, got married in 1948 to my husband, Ben. Had two children, three grandchildren, and now I have two great-grandchildren so I'm really feeling my age.

I worked at the Jackson – Madison County Health Department in Jackson, Tennessee for thirty years. When I retired I was Nursing Director. Since retiring, I can't get my husband to retire. He's a farmer and he can always find a tractor or something to work on.

We go to Florida in the winter time. I inherited the family home and I have three brothers that are there. We go down there and spend the winter visiting with them and getting reacquainted after all these years."

Newell Brown

"Before coming here I had reports of *Madison* and they weren't too good but a year after our marriage in 1940 we decided that we would come South. We didn't have much money. We lived on a farm and we

had twenty five dollars. My father says, "You may need more than that". We were going to sleep in the car. We got gassed up with a thirty gallon tank in the trunk, We didn't know it was illegal. We came here on vacation, it was our first anniversary!

It was interesting, as we came in they were building the girls dorm. It was block and the windows were not yet in. We stayed at Scott's house. Maybe we paid a dollar, I don't remember. We went to Kinne Kitchen and had a real nice breakfast. Nevertheless it was expensive and we didn't have much money. I think Jane's cost seven or eight cents and mine was nine cents for breakfast that morning. That was in forty one. From that time on we had a little different opinion of *Madison*.

We went through the Smokies. Of course we got scared and didn't want to sleep in the car. So we found a place over at Bryson City and we paid two or two and a quarter dollars for a tourist home.

We went back home and I paid my father back the twenty five dollars he had loaned us. I think we had 75 or 80 cents left of our twenty- five. That was our introduction to *Madison College*.

Later on we came here through the publishing work and then went into nursing. The reason I went into nursing was because of a fellow *Madisonite* that was down in Savannah, TN., Larry Cheevers. I don't know if any of you knew Larry or not. I was sent there by Elder Marley. He said, "They've just had a change of pastors and I want you to go down and help them to raise their Ingathering, about five or seven thousand. So I went down there for about ten days and we raised the Ingathering. I got

acquainted with the work.

One thing impressed me. In the community I had gone to the business places and Larry had enrolled over two thousand in the Bible course. One day I went out into the community around his house. I knocked at this one home and he said, "You're Seventh-day Adventist? I know a Seventh-day Adventist his name is Larry Cheevers. I'm a Nazerene minister but I'll give you five dollars. I think he is a wonderful man." This impressed me and after that I went into nursing and then into anesthesia. Now our two boys, Gary and Bevin, are in anesthesia. One is at McMinnville and the other in Troy, Alabama.

The teachers had a great influence on my life. Brother Zeigler was a very fine man. I really appreciated Brother and Sister Zeigler. I met his wife here today. My days here have been very good. One of the great challenges that I met was Brother Sandborn. I was talking about going into nursing and he said, "Newell, You'll never make it." That was a great challenge to me. With the Lord's help and good teachers through the years I learned some of the hard knocks of life.

My wife, Jane, has stood by my side through the years and we are happy that God has blessed. For the last eleven years we have had an enjoyable time together, even though I was retired. I miss some of my classmates that we hoped to see today but there is a great day coming and we are looking forward to that glorious day." □

(After the honorees spoke the floor was opened to others.)

David Manzano: S '47, "I grew up in Battle Creek, Michigan. My

parents moved here in August 1945. I was in the army at the time and when I got out of the army at the end of 1946 I came to a place that I had never been. I came because that is where my mom and dad were and my two brothers, Ben, and , Vern, my sister, Charmaine, who married Jim Herman, had been here. I went back to Battle Creek to work for my uncle for a few weeks. He said to me once, "Why don't you think about being a minister?" I thought , a minister! Who would want to be a minister?

I came to *Madison* and the thing to do when you are on a college campus is to go to school. I caught something here at *Madison*, that is the spirit of service. The spirit of service permeated the whole place. You were here to train to go out and help people and that caught me.

I took some classes. Professor Siemsen's class on Daniel. I wonder how anyone can not believe the Bible when they can see prophecy fulfilled. Elder Welch had a class in the evening on how to give Bible studies and I took that.

As I got acquainted with the students I met Eileen Gill who became my wife. She was a young lady whose life was already dedicated, she had worked in evangelistic meetings the summer before and she had done some literature evangelist work. I thought , here's a girl and she has already decided to work for the Lord and you're a guy, you know guys are supposed to be ahead of girls. The spirit I caught here at *Madison* at that time was when I was called by the Lord to study for the ministry. I worked in maintenance and I attended some of the morning worships where I

heard some of the old timers. Though I was only here about two quarters fifty years ago *Madison* had a great influence on our lives and I give tribute to *Madison*. □

Resting Until The Resurrection

William A. Bryant: B. S. '42, Died July 28, 1997 of congestive heart failure. He and Russell Myers, B. S. '40 gave many years to the practice of medicine in Woodbury, TN. He was preceded in death by wife, Vesta, April 15, 1993. He is survived by two sons, Rodney, and Gary, both physicians and daughter Nancy Wagner Piper; thirteen grandchildren and one great-grandchild



Evelyn Marshall Hoover

Evelyn Marshall Hoover: MCA '57, Born July 28, 1939 lost the battle with cancer on August 1, 1997. She is Survived by husband, Bill, daughter, Louise, and son Bill, daughter-in-law, Angie, two grandchildren, Mallory, and, Will. At one time was PBX operator at Madison Hospital but in last ten years has kept books for her husband's business. She supported Bill behind the scenes in Pathfinder work for many years.



Lilly Lane McCorkle

Lilly Lane McCorkle: B. S. '39, Born June 7, 1912 died May 13, 1997. Lily was born the second of three children. She was preceded by brother, Charles, and followed by brother, George, so it is no wonder she was a tomboy, who rode horses and a pet hog, let the air out of all four tires on her uncle's car and painted a face on her grandfather's bald spot while he slept. Then there is the time that she was caught doing the Charleston on the front steps of the church. All three attended *Madison*, with Lily graduating in 1939. She met and married a nurse, Al McCorkle, at *Madison*. He went on to take medicine. They served their fellow man together in Florida before and after medical school. Daughter, Donna Jo, and husband, Al, preceded Lily in death. Daughter, Sue Ann, and son, William George, survive. (Editor's note: I like many others over the years was under Lily's spell as member of her junior Sabbath School class. She took us on hikes along the river bank and she led us in places that we had to crawl. We loved her.)



Ulma Doyle Register

U. D. Register: B. S. '42, Born 1920 in West Monroe, Louisiana died in Loma Linda, California on July 17, 1997. His early education was in his home state. He attended Madison College and received a B. S. in 1942. He also married Helen Hite in 1942. He took post graduate work at Vanderbilt University receiving an M. S. degree in 1944. Lt. Register served two years in the Army Nutrition Department, 1945-47. In 1950 he received his Ph D. from the University of Wisconsin. From 1951-1967 he was connected with Loma Linda University's Biochemistry Department moving up to Professor/Chairman of the Department of Nutrition. During the years 1944-1992 he participated in writing sixty-six papers for publication on nutrition. He is survived by wife, Helen; daughters, Rebecca, Dorothy, and Deborah. Five grandchildren, one great grandchild. Brothers Bob and Ben, and sisters June Register and Johnette Wroten.



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Velma Jeffus Stevens

Velma McMasters Jeffus Stevens: died July 11, 1997 in Dallas, Texas following a massive heart attack. Vel had attended *Madison college*, with her sister, Stella, in the mid forties. Her husband D. M. Jeffus Jr. died in 1978 and she married Robert Stevens in 1995.

She was preceded in death by her brother, James F. McMasters

Survivors besides her husband include a son, Daniel M. Jeffus III of Apopka, Fla.; a daughter, Suzanne Jeffus Earle of Madison, TN; two sisters, Stella Sutherland of Goodlettsville and Katherine Swint of Texarkana, AR.; a grandson, Samuel Jeffus of Apopka, FL.; three granddaughters, Rachel, Stephanie, and Hannah Earle of Madison, TN.; three stepsons; six step grandchildren; and a step great-grandchild.

Mary Alice Mowry Wilson: Born January 21, 1906 died June 6, 1997. Mary Alice graduated at *Madison*(N.A.N.I.) In 1928.

Following graduation she worked at Presbyterian Eye & Ear Hospital in Pittsburgh, PA. for sixteen years, then at the Washington Adventist Hospital. Later she worked at Paradise Valley and Glendale hospitals in California. In 1950 she married Charles H. Wilson.

After retirement they lived in Florida until 1985 then moved to Pittsburgh, PA. Charles died in April 1987 and Mary Alice moved to Hagerstown, MD. in 1988. Four brothers survive; Allen Mowry, George Mowry, Ben Mowry and Paul Mowry. George, Ben, and Paul received part of their formal education at Lawrenceburg Sanitarium Church School in the early 1930's. She received her inspiration for being an Adventist Christian at *Madison*, where she was baptized by Elder N. C. Wilson in 1924. Her memories of *Madison* never dimmed. (We thank brother George for the above information.)

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