

Madison Survey

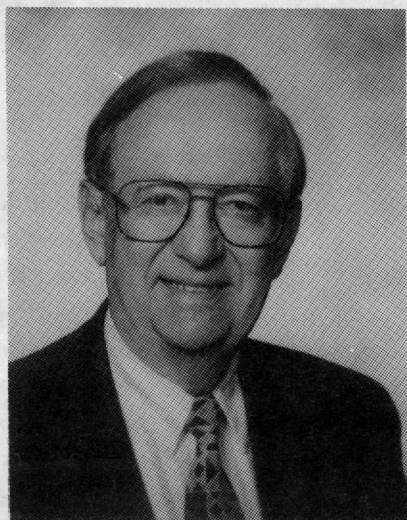
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Roland Hegstad

The Case of the Old Violin

These credentials always sound so good when they are read that I want you to know I try not to inhale. I mean, you take the Who's Who. Let me see, I am listed in Who's Who in American Industry and Finance. You know that's for people that read the Wall Street Journal and Money Magazine. I read a little neighborhood sheet called The Penny Saver but they say they put some interesting personalities in it and I'm in there right next to another editor named Hugh Hefner. Then there is the International Intellectual something or other. I'll tell you how I got in that. They sent me an application form and asked me to fill out my impressive credentials. I thought for three days or so and I couldn't think of

anything and I finally wrote, "Look guys, I'm just too smart to fall for something like this. I'm not going to buy your magazine, so they put me in. I want to express my gratefulness to the Martz family for hosting me and to Bob Sutherland who has been very solicitous and your pastor, Lynn Schlisher.

How many enjoyed sister Gladys last night and her transparent love for Madison? Some of you may not know that in 1957, in my second year at Southern Publishing, I was invited to become academic dean of Madison. I told the pastor it was a measure of my respect for the institution that I declined. It was a great respect, believe me.

I have already been blessed this morning by the music, and a tremendous Sabbath School Lesson. Youth pastor, man you know how to reach across the ages. That was well presented, you all took part. I'm glad to speak to a group of people who know that the Bible was made to be opened. By the way, I am editor of, Perspective Digest, a publication of theology, centrist theology of the Adventist Theological Society.

Did you know, just a word about it, a little commercial to keep the television addicts happy, that one of the world's foremost

psychics has reported receiving a message from Ellen White? A testimony from the other side in which that woman White, according to the spirit guide, asked that we not believe anything she wrote in Great Controversy about the state of the dead? You will find that article, a fascinating one, in one of the magazines down here in front. There are three different ones. They don't all have that. There is one on The Beautiful Assurance, one of the most magnificent articles I have ever read.

I tell you what I'll do, I'll invite those who think they might want me to come into their homes four times a year through this theological magazine, to pick one up after the service. You know I always used to say Liberty was for thought leaders but every Adventist is a thought leader. You have thought things through and that's why you are here on Sabbath morning.

I am delighted to be here to speak to the distinguished honor classes of *Madison* and to all of you. Last March I attended a violin recital in the City Hall of Redlands, California. The violinists were from six to twelve years old which ought to tell you there was no Yasha Heifetz among them. In fact some of them sawed away with motions that I had seen when people

trimmed trees. But then my grandson, David, eleven years old and in the sixth grade, got up and he was no threat to Heifetz but I want to tell you that he felt his music. His rendering of Concerto #2, third movement, by F. Seitz conveyed emotion. David's violin was only 3/4 size and his teacher had said he was ready for a full size instrument.

That's when I remembered the violin that I had heard in my youth. The owner had died and I was able to acquire it. I wonder whether I would have, had I known the memories, the sad memories, it would revive. David's mother, Denise, was looking through the old battered up case one evening when she noticed a tear in the lining and she fished around and found scores of pieces of a torn up letter. It took her to the next day to put them together. I have the letter. It was written in Portland, Oregon on January 31, 1942 by the violinist's wife. It is addressed, however, to his parents. "Dear Folks, I hate to write this but I can't see how I can take it much longer. Tom broke my glasses again fighting with me, that's three times, now he says I have to pay for them. I try to make Tom a good wife but he doesn't seem to appreciate it so I don't know what to do. Liquor seems to be getting the best of him." There's more, there's more pain, perhaps better left unread. But it is signed, love, Ella. Ella was my aunt, Tom was my uncle, my mother's oldest brother.

Uncle Tom had a dream. He wanted to be a concert master but always as the old song said, "There's a Tavern in the Town, in the Town" and he spent his life playing for dances while his fingers stiffened and he worked in a

Portland, Oregon foundry. When he died his violin went to my daughter, Sheryl, who was taking lessons but she decided that her talent was art. She was to graduate as a sculptor from Otis-Parsons School of Art.

I got the violin from her and I thought unused after some thirty-five years. I wondered whether it could ever play again. It was like that violin in the old poem, battered and scared.

I took it to a master violinist and restorer, named Burdell Penny, and I said, "Tell me doctor, will the patient live?" He opened the case, he seemed almost to caress the violin as he took it out. He peered and poked and turned it to its back and on the label inside was the name, Magini. He said, "This is a German copy probably made in the late eighteen hundreds." The price that he quoted to restore it seemed to me as nothing, for I had a dream for that old violin. A dream that I would not easily surrender. Of course as the poet has said, "*I dreamed many dreams that never came true and I've seen them vanish at dawn. But I've realized enough of my dreams, thank God, to make me want to dream on.*" Will you dream with me this morning? By the way, keep in mind, that you do not have to sleep to dream.

The case I shall present, The Case of the Old Violin, is the product of many sleepless hours, Bob, since you called me and since I got that old violin and took it from it's repose. And at times the dreams that ushered in the dawn seemed to be accompanied by a strangely haunting but beautiful music such as only the master's touch can bring. Gradually over the weeks the music swelled into a symphony of dreams.

But the first movement sang, so few achieved them and the second movement sang, we can't go back and start over, but friends, there is a wonderful promise in the third movement that here and now we can be part of God's dream and of God's vision for us. Until on some bright morning we may awaken from our dreaming to find nothing vanished, save our sleep. So dream with me for we are the music makers, we are the dreamers of dreams.

Let's begin then with a dream. Uncle Tom's dream of becoming a concert master seemed well within his abilities. He was from a talented family of artists and musicians in Czechoslovakia. He graduated from high school, I have a picture of him, valedictorian, holding the math cup. He went then to the University of Oregon School of Arts and Sciences where he had been told they had a very, very good Viet violin teacher. He was asked to play a couple of numbers and I wonder if he played *Gypsy Aires* which he had played for me with its intricate plucking and bowing or perhaps a much more difficult piece even of Paganini, *God Save the Queen*. The violin teacher at the University of Oregon told Tom that they had no one advanced enough to teach him but Tom already had a teacher, a genie in a bottle, a teacher that dealt in broken dreams. What was your dream, friend, back in academy, in college? How did you dream success? Marriage? What kind of a marriage?

Would you like to know how I met my wife? Walla Walla, saw her across the cafeteria and I asked, "Man who's that beauty?" Afterwards I was walking, it was raining and there she and another girl were under an umbrella and I

ran in between them, offered them my arms and I carried the umbrella for them. She said later that she thought that was awfully nervy. I then asked her for a date. You remember at that time they couldn't date for the first six weeks of college? So I asked her for a date and she said, "I'm sorry I already have one." "Well", I said, "If I could arrange it with the administration to permit you freshmen to date at the end of five weeks, you would be free that night, wouldn't you?" "Yeah." Well, when they announced it, I was in! You see I had heard the Dean and the President of the college talking about permitting them to date at the end of five weeks because the Don Cossacks were coming. Remember them? Great treat. Well, I never surrendered her lyceum card and on August 22, 1949 we were married in the old Tabernacle Central Church in Portland, Oregon where Stella played some of her dreams on the organ.

How did you measure success in your days of innocence? As a job? What kind of a job? As investments? What kind of investments, security, money, house, car, things or did you dream of service to humanity, to the church, to God? Where was God in your dreams?

You know, when we moved to Tacoma Park from Nashville, I had two kids, Doug and Sheryl, in their pre-school years. We used to drive out into Potomac, an area of magnificent homes. I started Walter Mittying a bit because we lived in a forty-four foot long, twenty eight foot wide house with a half basement. In one of my fantasies I had a Rockefeller or a J. Paul Getty or someone calling me and saying,

"Hegstad, You don't know me but I know you. You have given a great service to humanity and I would like to meet with you." He would meet with me and he would say, "I have decided to do one decent thing before I die. Here's the deed to a house in Potomac. It has ten rooms, ten baths, it has a family room, a recreation room, a pool table, there's a green house, a lighted tennis court, a swimming pool and I have arranged to take care of the taxes and all the upkeep for the next twenty years." Well, by this time the kids were pitching in with their fantasies. Sheryl, my daughter, wanted a horse barn with two Arabians. Douglas wanted a helicopter to drop down and pick him up at JNA and take him back home twice a day. Stella said, "I would love to have a maid at least once a week. I, of course, in my pastorally pretensions said, "Well, I would like to have enough to take care of the up keep but I would like ten thousand dollars to donate to the church fund and enough to pay the tithe that's due on this gift." You know so few of us, friends, attain our dreams and so few of us dream God's dream for us.

Look at our text, the God of this age, that is the god of materialism and false values and illusions and shattered promises and torn up letters and broken hearts. *The god of this age has blinded the minds of those who do not believe lest the light of the Gospel of the glory of Christ, who is the image of God, should shine on them. II Cor. 4:4* Should shine on them, that is through you and through me. God wants to make himself known to the world through us. Did you ever dare to dream this dream that people would learn to love God because of

what they had seen of God in you? That's a dream! I know that some of the classmates, your classmates, are not in the church anymore and it may be that they're not because of what they have not seen in you and me, the Lord Jesus Christ. You know that's one reason that Uncle Tom didn't go to church. That's one reason that my grandpa, Postil, didn't go, walked away from Czechoslovakia, a fifteen year old boy, got across Europe to the United States, gave up on the Catholic Church. There are reasons for that, you see, and I can understand them.

I can understand them very well because during my teen-age years in Oregon, I was raised an unbeliever as my mother was. As Tom and his brothers were. As Grandpa was. I can understand them, you see, they didn't know churches are hospitals for sick saints. They never knew that. Maybe you've met one of these sick saints, a philandering elder, an unfaithful priest, a cheating business man, a hypocritical deacon, a little tin god conference administrator. That's what Ellen White called some of them in *Testimonies to Ministers*, believe it or not. Maybe you have met a whole church load of real sick saints, terminal cases, judgmental, unloving. Maybe that's why millions, as Tom did, find their happy hour at the local tavern where they quickly become too lubricated to indulge in critical thinking.

Churches, a hospital for sick saints. We're all sick, friends, in one way or another. We've got great big empty places inside of us and when we try to sing C sharp it comes out a B flat despite our best efforts. Paul recognized that even born

again Christians can have birth defects. He said, "We have this treasure, that is the treasure of the gospel, in earthen vessels." II Cor. 4:7 Very earthen! Very breakable you see, weak, out of shape, but hear me, God chose to reveal himself to the world. Not simply through a book, friends, but through a people of The Book. That's the great vision. People who know they need a heart transplant in our church, very earthen and breakable. People who have come to understand that the excellency "of the power is of God, and not of us." And don't ever forget this, that the church is where God lives. A God so big, that he dared to wash feet. Some of you have caught this vision of a great big God, and you dared to dream big dreams, and you committed yourself to loving service in the service of the diplomatic corp of our King.

Back in 1956, about the time I was invited to become academic dean, I noted that Madison had 256 alumni in self-supporting institutions. 136 of them in conference employ, in the service of the church. That is a tremendous record. I don't think there is another college based on percentage of students who could match that record. And you know there is some wonderful, wonderful men among them. I was looking over the lists, a while back, thanks to Bob. I had asked him to send them to me. I see Don Welch, I worked with him on some special products down at the Seventh-day Adventist Health systems. Dr. Wayne McFarland, one of the princes of this church force. I took health evangelism from him in the seminary. And let's see, there's U.D. Register. I took classes from him at Loma Linda early in my

internship on nutrition and so forth. Oh, there's so many here. The Jules, the Starrs, the Goodges. Little Creek, I tried to get my academy kids into Little Creek and they had a list so long I couldn't get 'em in. That's when I wished I had become academic dean and had a little pull. So they had to go elsewhere, you see. But that's some of the respect I had for the institution. I believe Brother Martin used to wheel his little library of Ellen White books around. And I studied with him, weeks, while I was down here. To my benefit, believe me. Petra Sukau, a long time friend. All of these.

How many of you folks, have been out somewhere in ministry? Personal or otherwise? May I see your hands? Yes, hands all around. How many of you have had kids that have gone out on mission projects or grand-kids. Any? Oh, hands up all over here. You know, digging a well in Kenya, building a school in Guatemala, putting on a roof in Romania. Do you know how many youths we have out in the world right now? 27,000 this year. And some of them will not come home. Sometime. And they didn't, all, in our day either did they?

I remember in Shanghai, China standing with Dr. Feeling and his wife, they pointed to a tree by our old headquarters there and said, "That's where our two pre-school children are buried. Under that tree. They died within 24 hours of each other." Some of you haven't gone overseas. Do you know what it's like to witness in a pagan office? Oh man, we got em in Nashville, we got em all over the country. In a pagan neighborhood. Your neighbor down the block. You know what it's like, folks. But you know for everyone of us who has achieved his

dream, there are others of us who didn't. And if we like the poet who wrote, *In the still air, the music lies unheard, in the rough marble, beauty hides, unseen*, we never quite got it out. Or we did, and found that our dreams were not the dreams, were not the stuff, of which happiness is made. And then we found that you can't go back, and you can't start over. We can't re-write the score. And there are interludes in that score that we would give anything to have wiped off the record.

I don't suppose Uncle Tom ever imagined that anyone would find his wife's letter, inside a small torn gap in his violin case. How did it get there? Did she ask him to mail it? Did he suspect what was inside it? I don't know. What and when did he tear it up and hide it in the lining? He couldn't of dreamed that a half-century later, it would turn up, be pieced together and read. You see, Uncle Tom didn't know that, *There is nothing covered, that shall not be revealed, neither hid, that shall not be known. Mt. 10:26*

Have you ever met a fellow Adventist when you didn't expect to? Or when you sure didn't want to? Yes, I see a lot of colleagues here on that question this morning. You can't smoke a cigar anywhere, folks, No, you can't. But Tom was responsible for making this maxim unforgettable. You see, I was out in Portland, Oregon, and Uncle Tom asked me to go to a hockey match with him. And Tom's tickets were for Wednesday night, prayer meeting night, and elders of the General Conference don't belong in a hockey match on prayer meeting night if they belong there at all. And so I said, "Thank you, but, no, Tom." My mother beckoned me out

in the kitchen and she said, "Roland, Uncle Tom likes you, you're the only connection he has to the church. He came out to hear you speak. I think you should go to the hockey match with him." Well, what's a boy to say to his mother?

So, there were seven thousand, five hundred people in that auditorium for the play-off match. I pulled my coat up around my chin, I pulled a hat down over my ears, and I relaxed. I mean, who in the world would know I was sitting 20 or 30 rows up there with Tom, and with mother at that play-off match? Well, at the end of the first period mother says to me, "Roland, I think I won something!" "What do you mean mother?" She says, "Look right here on the program, you see that, they called my number!" Well, mother has emphysema; she doesn't want to walk all the way down to that broadcast booth; she doesn't want to walk back up. So I say, "Okay, mom. I'll go down and I'll get it for you." So I get down there, I hand it to the guy in the broadcasting booth. And he says, "Oh yes." So he goes inside. I sit down and wait for whatever she won, to take it up to her. And he comes out and he says, "What's your name?" I say, "Well, Roland Hegstad." "Where are you from?" "Well, I'm from Washington D.C."

These people are real nice out there in the Northwest, you know. So I sat there and waited for him. They were cleaning the ice and when the ice was re-surfaced two big guys put a red carpet out there on the ice. And the announcer goes on the loudspeaker and says, "Ladies and Gentlemen, we have with us tonight, from Washington D.C., Roland Hegstad, give him a big hand!" Well, about then I was

thinking how handsome he would look with a big gag in his mouth. About that time two big fellows came to get me under the elbows and they walked me out to center ice. They put a hockey stick in my hand. They pointed to a little mouse-sized hole down at the end in front and they said, "Mr. Hegstad, if you can hit the puck in that hole, you will win \$1,000!" From way up in the stands I'm hearing an Adventist calling, "Yea Hegstad!" And by now they're comin' out of the woodwork. All the Adventists who know me. There are 20 or 30 of them. A little group of them beside the ice, already at rink side. And I look at them, I look at that hole, I look up and say, "Lord, I'll give ya' half." And then the cheers of my fellow Adventist sinners, who should have been in prayer meeting. I hit the puck, which is quite an achievement in itself, folks, and I missed the hole! After all, it is prayer meeting night. So then the announcer says, (I'm trying to get off the ice) "Mr. Hegstad, we're sorry indeed that you didn't win the thousand dollars, but we have another challenge for you." They turned me around, and at the other end is a big hole, it's big enough to crawl in. And right then I wished I could. And he said, "Mr. Hegstad, if you can hit the puck in that hole you will win a one year supply of Folger's coffee."

You know, just the Adventist at rink side developed several communicable maladies. Saint Vitus's Dance and Parkinson's. I faced the hole and took into consideration my algebra, my calculus, and everything and I missed it! Oh, I was thankful for little blessings. I could have hit it. I turned to go and the man said, "Mr.

Hegstad, we're sorry you didn't win anything but, please, with the compliments of the Portland Buckaroos, accept with our gratitude this Virginia Ham" You think it's a lot funnier than I did, I can tell you that! And Elder Hegstad from the General Conference, on prayer meeting night, walks off the ice with a ham in his hot little hand. I get over to the side and there's the Elder of the St. John's Church and I toss it at him and walk up and sit down by mother and Tom. Mother says, "Roland, I'm afraid I've embarrassed you." I say, "Yes, mother." I look at Tom and Tom is just grinning at me. It was two months before I could grin about it.

Folks, you can't go back and start over. You can't hide things. Haven't we all wished that we could? There are words that we would give everything to recall!

These clumsy feet, still in the mire, go crushing blossoms without end.

These hard, well meaning hands, we thrust among the heart strings of a friend.

The entire time truth we might have kept. So sharp! Who knows how sharp it pierced and stung.

The words we had not sense to say, who knows how grandly they had wronged?

Yes! Betrayed confidences, broken promises, husband, wife, children. How we wish we could go back and start over. Haven't we wished it? You know, I think, most of us, way back when, honestly wanted to let God have his way with us, didn't we? But, somehow, some of us didn't understand the difference, being convinced of doctrine and being acquainted with a person, the Lord Jesus Christ. I

grew up with a wholesome disrespect for all institutional religion. I despised ministers. I still have a little trouble with some of the more unctuous ones. But I had a wonderful Adventist aunt, Sylvia Pierson, who lived on Puget Island. I would stop there on my way to dances in the old North Hall with my girl friend. Never a word of condemnation; always a wonderfully warm welcome; So when my grandma Hegstad died, I, who didn't even know the difference between the Old and New Testaments, went to aunt Sylvia and said, "Aunt Sylvia, is there really a God? Aunt Sylvia, tell me what happens when you die?" When she suggested I go to Walla Walla College to find the answer, I listened to her.

But Walla Walla? I wanted to be a sports editor and I never even heard of their football team. I had a scholarship and a journalism grant and the sports editorship of the Olympiad College paper promised for my freshmen year. That's where I was going to go. But the Holy Spirit worked and I wound up at Walla Walla you see. Walla Walla didn't even have a football team, didn't even have a sports page in the *Collegian* and it sure didn't have any T - bone steaks in the cafeteria. It had strange and abominable things like Nuteena and Proteena. But it was in that cafeteria that I first saw that delectable young beauty who was to become my wife!

God works in mysterious ways, His wonders to perform. In that first year at Walla Walla College I read *The Great Controversy* through. I compared it with history. I studied Daniel 2 and Daniel 7. I actually did the math on Daniel 9:25 and

brothers and sisters, I was convinced. Later, as a young minister, I thought it my duty to convince others of the great doctrines of this church. When I preached on the state of the dead, I pounded every nail into the coffin. That's what I did! Then the Lord showed me that knowing about the state of the dead means nothing, friends, unless, we have experienced the spiritual resurrection through the new birth. That knowing which day is the Sabbath means nothing unless we have rested in Him. Knowing about righteousness by faith means nothing if we have not exercised faith through loving service.

In my early ministry I put a lot of trust in works, my works. Polysyllabic profundity, rather than The Word, Then just about the time I thought I was producing my epic opus, epic opus, isn't that a beauty? Just about that time the Lord showed me that my symphony was nothing more than sounding brass or a clanging cymbal. You know, I know how a violinist plays. I tucked Uncle Tom's violin under my chin, I wrapped my hands around it and I drew the bow across the strings but I've learned that to make the music and the beauty, it needs the master's touch.

It took from my baptism six and a half years before I realized that we have this treasure, that is, the Glory of God shining in the face of Jesus. We have this treasure in earthen vessels that the excellence of the power may be of God and not of us. Oh, and how I wish I could go back and start over. Dream a new dream, make a new record but nothing covered shall not be revealed and neither hid that shall not be known. Brethren and sisters, thank God if

anyone is in Jesus Christ, he is a new creature. Old things are passed away and behold all things have become new to you. Say, praise God, for that? Yes. Through that magnificent transaction here and now we can become part of God's vision for us.

As the inspired words of John put it, "Consider the incredible love that the Father has bestowed upon us in allowing us to be called the children of God, That is not just what we are called, but it is what we are." I Jn.3:1 Here and now we are part of God's indestructible heredity. Isn't that magnificent? The wording, Phillip's translation. This a wonderfully comforting passage, assurance in the Gospels. It was recorded that when Jesus went through the cities and villages of Judea he healed every sickness and disease among the people. Do you hear me? When The Great Physician passed through there were whole villages, there were whole cities where there was not one sick left. The Pharisees believed that even touching an Unclean person resulted in pollution of the one who touched. But when Jesus touched a person with leprosy, Jesus did not become contaminated; the leper became clean! While a prostitute washed His feet, He was not defiled. She went away forgiven and transformed.

Those cities and those villages were filled with people very similar to those of you who fill the pews here this morning. The faithful, the unfaithful, believers, unbelievers, skeptics, hypocrites, those who are blessed and those who are cursed, adulterers, liars, all of us, very similar. My friends, they needed a physician as we do. And God in the person of Jesus Christ healed them

all. People who were sick inside and out. People who were sick of spirit and sick of body. He healed them all, not just the sick Adventist saints. He healed all of them because it was the love of God walking around on two legs among us and that's what love does. Love heals because that is the nature of love and everything that God touches increases exponentially because of the master's touch. Like that old violin. Remember they put it up for auction. One dollar, two dollars, who'll give me three? And then the concert master stepped forward and plays and it goes to one thousand, two thousand, three thousand, four and the poets point is very plain. *'Never a man with life*

battered and scared with sin is auctioned cheap to a thoughtless crowd much like the old violin, a mess of pottage, a glass of wine, a game and he travels on. He's going once, going twice, he's going and almost gone but the master comes and the foolish crowd never can quite understand the worth of a soul and the change that's wrought by the touch of the Master's hand.

Friends, you take the Master's hand and you'll have the opus. His hand guiding yours in a grand composition of love and of service, as Ellen White expressed it in Ministry of Healing, page 159, *"The humblest workers, in co-operation with Christ, may touch chords whose vibrations shall ring to the ends of the earth, and make melody throughout eternal ages."*

When Stella and I were in our son's house in Loma Linda a little over two months ago he said he wanted to get a video for us to see. We've been very chary of videos but he wanted us to see one, Mr. Holland's Opus. Have any of you

seen it? Yes, a number of you have. Mr. Holland's Opus, opus is the singular for opera. The scene is at Grant High school in Portland, Oregon. The story is of a man who dreamed of composing a masterpiece but instead of making music he makes babies. He has to take a temporary job in a high school to support the family. A temporary job that lasts for thirty years and at 62 the principal tells him that the school can get by without music. Mr. Holland tells someone, "You work all your life, you think what you do is important to people and then you wake up and find that you are expendable." Has it happened to you? It's happened to your friend hasn't it? You know about this.

A shift of scene, we see Mr. Holland now 62, sitting in an empty music room, even the racks are devoid of music. His wife has come to help him take his things out. As they pass the auditorium he hears the sound as if some musical instruments being tuned and he walks over and opens the door. There are all his students of the years past. The parents and the others and they are standing and cheering for him. He is ushered down to the front. He sits down and a moment or two later the door opens and in comes the governor of the state. Her name is Gertrude Lang, the little red haired girl from his music appreciation class who couldn't play the clarinet until he took the music away and said, "Girl, play your dream." She comes to the front and speaks, "Glenn Holland, you probably think that you are a failure, you didn't achieve your dream but you have had a profound influence on my life and many more. Not a life in this room is untouched

by you. You have a symphony, Glenn Holland. We are your symphony, the melody and the notes of your opus. We are the music of your life. Gertrude Lang, the girl who couldn't play a note, takes her place in the orchestra behind a sign reading, the Class of '65, picks up her clarinet and waits for Glenn Holland to raise his baton and bring forth the music that he has instilled in awe.

Now to the last few notes to my symphony of dreams. The clarinet was my grandfather's instrument and at Christmas he and his sons would play. Uncle John played the mandolin, Ben the accordion, and Tom the piano. I can see yet my grandfather's foot stomping the Turkey in the Straw, Hand Me Down My Walking Cane, and, yes, the Beer Barrel Polka. But at Christmas there were Little Town of Bethlehem, and Silent Night, Holy Night. Sometimes grandpa would stop playing and bury his head in his hands and Tom would wipe tears away. Years later as grandpa lay dying in Portland, Oregon, he found the God of his youth. My father and my mother were baptized during my college years. Aunt Ella, joined the Seventh-day Adventist Church in Saint John's, a suburb of Portland, Oregon. Tom would occasionally attend the church with her. A few weeks before he died, he changed his will. He left minor amounts to two relatives and all the rest he gave to Saint John's Seventh-day Adventist Church. Knowing Tom as I did, I don't think he tried to buy his way in, I don't think that, friends. I can only hope that he, too, at last, looked wonderingly on the light. The light of the Glory of God in the face of Jesus Christ and went gently into that dark night.

His violin is repaired now. David will play it at his next recital. He is not yet ready for *Gipsy* or any of the real difficult pieces but you know, friends, he may be some day. I have a dream that I shall hear from that old violin on which the songs of Zion were so seldom heard, those wondrous songs again.

There's one song I have especially asked David to learn. You will hear it in a moment from the violin of Jaime Jorge. I would like to read the words which somehow promise that this symphony that we are completing will never really ever end, nor should you, if you make it part of your dream. I am always compelled, as I hear this music, thinking of the words, at some point to stand and say, "Dear God, me too." And if you feel that way you may stand quietly as well. Here are the words that I would have the Holy Spirit inscribe on your heart.

In my darkness Jesus found me, touched my eyes and made me see. Broke sin's chains that long had bound me and gave me life and liberty.

Oh glorious love of Christ, my Lord divine, that made Him stoop to save a soul like mine.

Through all my days and then in heaven above; my song shall silence never. I'll worship Him forever and praise Him for His glorious love.

Oh, amazing treat to ponder; He whom angels' voices attend. Lord of heaven, God's Son, what wonder He became the sinner's friend.

My song will silence never. I will worship Him forever and praise Him for His glorious love.. My song shall silence never.

(At this point O Glorious Love was played

by recording) Prayer: My dear Father, I want to be a part of that eternal symphony without one discordant note in all eternity and I want that for all here. May the Holy Spirit bind our hearts today and it won't matter much what instrument we play, what chair we fill just so we are a part of striking those wondrous chords that shall make beautiful melody throughout the eternal ages. May that be for young, for old, for all alike through Jesus Christ of meritorious glorious love, Father."□

HONOR CLASSES

In 1998 are: 1929, 1930, 1934, 1938, 1944, 1948, 1958, 1964, 1968, 1973, 1978.

Homecoming 1998

Sooner than you think!

Homecoming will be June 26-27, 1998. **There are no on campus rooming facilities unless you are staying with friends.** There are ten (10) motels within 6 miles of the campus church where the meetings are held. For your convenience they are listed here: Budgetel 615-851-1891, Comfort Inn 859-5400, Downtown Inn 859-2861, Econo Lodge Rivergate 859-4988, Economy Inn 859-0190, Friendship Inn 859-1416, Motel 6 859-9674, Red Roof Inn 859-2537, Shoney's Inn 851-1067, Madison Square Inn 865-4203 (ask for the new part down in back.) These motels are at Exit 97 on I 65 N. The last is in Madison. There are 2 KOA's too. There are more motels currently under construction at Exit 97. Hampton Inn is one of them.

Our speakers this year are Bill Wilson, a campus product, and

principal of the academy 1953 - 1958. He is retired from the Adventist Sunbelt system but is still working. Our other speaker this year will be Lewis R. Walton, attorney, and author of *Omega*, *Omega II*, and *The Lucifer Diary*.□

Honor Classes Continued From June 1997

James C. Trivett

"There are two sacred spots in this area that I almost have to kneel and revere. One is the little *Madison* plot over here in Springhill Cemetery. Such names as Dr. E. A. Sutherland, DeGraw, Walker, Bralliars, people like that that have come into our lives early in life and helped us do what we did so far. I can't help but feel that's a sacred spot over there, Bob. My wife's father is buried over there too. We are still living, thank the Lord, my wife and I. I graduated from here in pre-med in 1932 along with Wayne McFarland, Julius Detrick, Blondie Herman and that crowd.

We got our first introduction here hauling stone and putting up the Science Building together. I robbed the stone fences in Wilson pasture first of all and eventually had to start digging them up in the fields, Bob. Later on we furnished the stone around the Demonstration School there by Central Heat. I never could understand why we tore down those nice buildings, could you?

Another sacred spot is that little hospital that's all over the top of the hill up here. It's a nice big one now and I appreciate progress but I'll never forget the training we got there as young people.

Working for people and their needs.

When I first came here in 1932 there was a real need for people that could work their way through. In fact, Dr. Sutherland preferred people that didn't have any money because they got down to brass tacks and really did a good job working their way through. There was an old dump truck that came into my charge about the time that they started the Science Building and they put me on that. Dr. Brownsberger brought me over here from Fletcher and took me in to Miss DeGraw. He says, "Now if this boy can't make it you let us know." That was my introduction to *Madison*. I didn't have a dime much less a dollar. I'll never forget what those people did for me.

When I got through hauling stone that summer for the Science Building I had a two hundred fifty dollar credit just for hauling rocks. We worked early and late at that and I never felt so good in my life physically. My statement came out at the beginning of the fall term and I noticed that it was double what I had earned so I went up to Miss DeGraw and said, "Now you've made a mistake, Sister Bessie, you'll have to check it over and find it because I don't think it's honest for me to claim it when I didn't earn it." So she said, "I'll check it over and correct it for you." The next month it came out again, the same credit five hundred dollars instead of two fifty. That dear girl never did get that corrected. I know she knew it had happened. It was her way of helping a boy that was working his way through school.

I was to follow these three boys to Loma Linda but one day

Dr. E. A. came to me and said, "We, need a dentist here more than we need another physician and we would like to talk you into going to Atlanta. We will make arrangements." They found me a place twelve miles out in the country at Dr. Sniders little sanitarium. He gave me enough money for a bicycle, not even a motorbike, and it was twelve miles out of town! For one solid year I rode that bicycle rain or shine to dental school. I made the best grades I ever made in my life, on that bicycle. The next year I traded it for a motorcycle and my grades went down. Beginning my senior year, I traded it for a little ole Chevrolet car. My grades went down more. It seems as though the more time you have to study the longer you put it off. Doesn't it work that way?

To make a long story short I came here in 1938, took the Tennessee State Board and set up a little dental office. The first thing that Dr. E. A. did for me, was to put me in his car, drive me down to Atlanta and pick up some used dental equipment. I had two little rooms near the lobby. Later on it was extended out over the post office and store and eventually made a four chair clinic. I got a helper and stayed until the school closed in 1964 except for the three years I was in the military.

I eventually got a promotion there but they gave us a rough time over the Sabbath but six of us boys were true to our faith and were exonerated later on. The enlisted boys went to Europe and I was transferred to Breckinridge, Kentucky and stayed there until the war was over then came back to *Madison*.

My main object in taking dentistry was to help people in the Self-supporting work and the reason for my attitude on that is this, a little lady at Fletcher sent me to the dentist with a mouthful of cavities and paid all the bill before I came to *Madison*. That touched my heart and I said, "If I ever get chance to pay you back I'll do it. I did it by staying at *Madison* for forty years in the dental office. Our main list of patients were all Self-supporting with very little money and a lot of them we did without any charge. I have never been sorry. It was a wonderful experience for me, helping people.

In 1964 I moved off campus down here for a couple of years. Then decided I wanted to go down to Wildwood and see what we could do to help in the same field of service. I retired here and took the Georgia Board in 1968. We set up an office there and decided we would make our final contribution in the medical field at Wildwood which is a Self-supporting institution.

I would like to say a thing or two about my wonderful experience at *Madison*. At one time we had thirty two industries here. Do you remember the shoe shop? I remember the tailor shop. The first suit I ever had tailor made Dr. E. A. Sutherland ordered it as a reward for losing this finger in the cabinet shop. That took me out of the clarinet field. I put an extended key on it but that didn't work so I gave up my music career. I have never forgotten that suit of clothes. Manuel Varillo, a Mexican tailor, made it for me. We had other shops that I worked in through the years. The cabinet shop, the dairy, do you remember Mr. Putman, the

farmer? Mr. Blair that died not too long ago, the food factory under Brother Miller. We used to make foods that beat today's all to pieces. I'll never forget *Vigorost* and *Nut Meat*.

The poultry under Brother Coon. That was a good experience, the campus up keep by Brother Walker. He did a good job didn't he? You know he was a very intelligent man, you wouldn't judge him as being very knowledgeable just to look at him but he was smart.

So those things entered into making a man out of a country boy. I didn't have any money. Do you know folks, one of the greatest needs in the denomination today is a college to train young people that don't have any money. Of course there are a lot of them that do have but some of the best workers, the best students are people who had to work their way. In the mission field some of the best nurses they ever had in foreign fields came from *Madison*. They got three full years in practical work as well as theory. Now days they give them two years of theory and very little if any of practical at all before they turn them lose in these hospitals hardly knowing how to turn around. So be thankful, you nurses, that you got a training at *Madison*. It was thorough. Some of them learned just about as good an experience as some of these physicians when they first come out of medical school. They made pretty good doctors in the mission field, these R. N.s from *Madison*.

I regret the day they closed the nursing program here at *Madison*. If Elder Pierson had been in the General Conference at that time when this school was closed, it

would be alive today, I think. He was one General Conference President that appreciated the Self-supporting work and its advantages in giving a thorough training in industrial education.

Honestly folks, I believe one of the biggest causes of divorce today is because most of the colleges have given up the home economics for girls and industrial for boys. When these young people get married they hardly know what to do except go down town and eat. When a man gets married, he wants a homemaker. Isn't that so? As much as we hate to put the drudgery on the girls, that's the main purpose a man wants to get married. Maybe a little companionship enters into it but it is not the biggest thing. There's a need there. A woman wants a man that can at least hang pictures on the wall. My wife has a brother that actually could not drive a nail. He was a beautiful musician. He died not too long ago. Married four times and not too happy with the fourth. Boys need a good practical education and that's the kind that *Madison* stood for.

That's what we are trying to get started in Europe. There is an opportunity over there, in fact it's already going folks, it's called **The European Institute**. They are specializing in health and industrial education. It was created by Sweden for a T.B. sanitarium. It is fully equipped with living quarters, class rooms, what have you. Even a big generator on the river there. Its leased out just now but I talked to Dr. Hawkins Thursday, he is the chairman of the committee in this country that's helping promote the work over there. He is giving up his chairmanship to Dr. Richard Hansen

who is carrying on this work in Maine right now. He will be our chairman this coming year. I hope we can get him here. A man who has been over there several times in helping get that thing started. His heart has been in the work at Wildwood for years until his wife moved up to Maine to get this little thing started up there so he followed her and they made a success of that work in Maine.

I guess Sweden has about the same climate as Maine. It is a good beginning we have made. By all means get a brochure when you leave. At least get acquainted with it. We hope that next year we can have somebody here to tell you the whole story. It's thrilling, they already have five or six students going and several applications from different countries even the United States. I would like to go over myself but my wife won't let me. She has had six by passes three years ago and life is a little uncertain to her. She doesn't want me flying over there and maybe never get back you know. But my heart is in this kind of work folks. I consider the men that did the most for me in my whole lifetime was not my own father but Dr. Brownsberger and Dr. E. A. Sutherland. Both of them religious believers in practical education and medical work. Even though I had to ride a bicycle twenty five miles a day for a whole year I still love doctor for putting me on that bike. I appreciate what *Madison* has done for me and these meetings mean a lot to me. I'm not a public speaker but I love this work. □

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1942

Raymond Harold

I came over here from Fletcher also. I didn't get in New England San. They only took one student so I went to Fletcher and I have never regretted my time at Fletcher. I took two years over there and then took my graduation here.

1961

Gene Sellars

I graduated from nursing in '61. Virginia, my wife, didn't want to come up, she's class of '57 so I said, "I'll take your place." I went to Southern Missionary College the first year. I got out of the Navy in '57. I aspired to be a minister but I did some colporteur work in the summer and I didn't do too well. I decided that I better do something else. I saw Homer Lynd and told him I was ready. I talked to him about coming to *Madison* and he said, "Come on. We'll let you take nursing." So that's what I did.

My wife, Virginia, had completed nurses training at Southern Missionary and intended to go out West to college to get a B.S. One morning she had a dream. She told her dad, Ralph Davidson, "I've decided where I am going." He said, "Where's that?" She said, "I'm going to *Madison*!" That was a total surprise to her and the whole family. Now I know, she met me. She was my clinical instructor. I got into the program right away because I had already had a year. They had decided to have a "B" class so I started in 1958. We married and lived here on the campus until 1974.

In the meantime I had taken the Physical Therapy course at the University of Tennessee at Memphis.

We went to Iran as missionaries. I was in charge of the clinic

there and Virginia taught piano lessons. We did sixteen years at Kettering College. I worked in the hospital as a physical therapist. Virginia worked for the college as a nursing instructor. We are back in Tennessee now at Portland enjoying retirement. I am a professional student, I have spent about ten years of our married life taking different classes. I have five different professions that I could work at. I am taking Naturopathy now.

Bill Wilson

The influence this place has had on my life is sitting back there in a yellow dress. Beverly and her family, the Blairs, moved here when I was nine years old and she was six and they became good friends. So the influence of *Madison*, I married her and she has been with me now for 47 years. The hard thing for me to realize is that, the day after our speaker this morning got married, my wife and I got married, but not in the same place. Forty eight years in August, can that be possible? August twenty third (1997) it will be forty eight years ago that we were married here in the chapel, the Assembly Hall. I can't believe that I am that old! It doesn't seem possible that life has gone by that fast! I was sitting here last night and the thought came to me what did I learn? As good a speaker you may be sometimes your mind wanders. Right Gladys? You know people will say something that triggers your mind and it will go off and before you know it you are wool gathering. I think the thing that I learned at *Madison* was to work. That can be good and bad. Workaholics are bad but my father taught me to work when I was a kid. You worked and then you played. The problem is I

never played! The work never ended. I'm serious! Bob, you remember. You and I were here in academy in forty when the war started and all the guys went off to war. We were big guys for our age. We went to school from 7 - 12 and then went to work. We worked all day Sunday. There was no gym to play in if we had time to play. I think Mrs. White says somewhere that if you don't learn anything else and you learn to work you are ahead. Didn't she say that somewhere? I find nothing in the Bible that condemn somebody for dying on the job. I find things in the Bible about people who are lazy. You don't work, you don't eat. A lot of people that I watched while I was a kid here taught me the value of work and hard work. Somebody mentioned Richard Walker. For me to stand up here and say I worked for Richard Walker doesn't mean anything to you unless you knew Richard Walker. He was a saint but he was hard core. There was no foolishness but you learned something from him. He was there in his dirty clothes helping you fix that mower so you could go out and mow grass.

Back in those days there were just a lot of giants around to inspire young people to amount to something. Those of you that are still around are not too old to have an influence. I think that one of the most wonderful things we can do is mentor the young people. A lot of us are retired or old enough to retire but we still have an influence. I think we need to be careful with that influence, to make it mean something, that you lived here to make a dent. Like J. C. Used to do to my teeth.



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My early memories are of sitting in his chair and getting my teeth worked on.

FROM HERE AND THERE



Alabama: M. E. Culpepper, Uncle of Jim, our President, Sent dues and wrote, "We visited Madison Campus the first time in 1948 to visit our relatives, Linda and Lester Culpepper. We later attended the meetings of Stanley Harris and joined the SDA church soon after.

We have now been members for fifty years that have brought us much joy and happiness.

I worked in the Publishing work and Book & Bible House for over thirty-two years.

In December I celebrated my eighties birthday. We also enjoyed our fifty- sixth wedding anniversary in December. I'm still active and both Doris and I enjoy good health.

We enjoy the Survey and look

forward to all of the news from there."

Alabama: James Vanblaricum, JC '37, CME '47, sent dues and office help and wrote: "Thanks to the good Lord that I can still read and write such as it is!

I retired from the practice of medicine in 1989. Since then I have traveled, gardened, mowed grass and tended flowers.

Simmons was partially disabled by a stroke in March 1994. On November 12, 1994 she had a fatal coronary occlusion.

On March thirty this year I married Lila Crittenden. Her husband had died five years ago. Our families had been close friends for forty years. Yesterday, July 30, 1997 we attended the funeral of Dr. William Bryant and stayed last night with Dr. Russell Myers. Also visited with Ralph Davidson. I had written myself a note to notify you of change of address. Enclosed is a check for dues and whatever else is needed.

Mrs. Laura Alice Rimmer's *Basic Recipe Book for Whole Food Preparation*. For a donation of \$5.00 we will be glad to send you one.

My apologies to all of our readers. I have gotten far behind but am working on getting caught up. Hopefully to do better in the future. Bob.

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