

Dr. E. S. and Gertrude Phillips
Write their History for their Children

May 1, 1972

To Betty Jean, Claire Christine and Karen Lee,

Mother and I have just been talking about our past experiences over the last 44 years, since first we met in September of 1928.

As we talked, we realized that neither of us knew too much about the personal lives of our own parents. We knew something about where they were born – about their employment, about their brothers and sisters, but very little about their problems, illnesses or crises in their lives.

In the course of our conversation, Mother wondered how much our girls would really know or remember about the details of our lives. Therefore, she suggested that it might be good to put some of it in writing so you wouldn't have to rely on fragmented sections relative to details.

With this in mind we are writing you this letter. We do not intend it to be too lengthy, but when one begins to write details of family history, it can go on “infinitum.”

First we will give some background of our respective lives. We'll begin with Mother and her family.

She was born on June 19, 1908 in New Matamoras, Ohio. This was a town on the Ohio River not too far from Marietta, Ohio. She was born at the home of her maternal grandparents. Her parents lived in E. Liverpool, Ohio and her Mother was spending that summer with her parents in New Matamoras. That is how it happened that Mother was born away from her parent's home in E. Liverpool.

Gert's Mother was born at the old homestead in New Matamoras, Ohio on February 28, 1884 and died on March 17, 1958. Her maiden name was Clara Hanlon. During the latter years of her life she developed serious diabetes which necessitated the amputation of one of her legs. We are not certain of the cause of her death. Mother remembers her great grandmother who lived to be 103 years of age.

Gert's father was born at Sandyville, West Virginia, September 16, 1882 and died at E. Liverpool, Ohio on September 19, 1956. The cause of his death was apparently a cerebral hemorrhage which he suffered while cutting some tall grass with a hand sickle.

Her Mother and dad had six living children. Goldie, the oldest, born in 1904 – now Mrs. Ben Roadruck living in Coshocton, Ohio. She has four children, Lucille, living with parents; David, married and living in Coshocton, Beverly, now married and living in Phoenix, Arizona, and Benny Jr., married and living in Coshocton; Donald, born in 1906, living in E. Liverpool. Don had four children but Mother doesn't know too much about them.

Then your Mother, Gertrude Lucille – born in 1908. Then William, born 1915, who is married to Aunt Jean and lives in Calcutta, Ohio. Bill and Jean have two girls, Kathy and Betty Jane, both living at home.

Clarabelle, born in 1918, known as Kate, now Mrs. John Brand, living in E. Liverpool. They have two daughters Beverly and Marilyn, both married and living in E. Liverpool, Ohio. David, 1920, not married and living in Liverpool, Ohio.

Mother's recollection of her early years is somewhat hazy because the family moved back and forth several time from E. Liverpool to Coshocton. This was because of working conditions. Her father was a potter, a decorating kiln man. There were large potteries in and around E. Liverpool and also in Coshocton. However, they were living in Coshocton when Mother started school. She also remembers they were at tending the United Brethren Church. She remembers being baptized there. The minister put water on her new hair-ribbon which greatly upset Mother.

Later her folks joined the Methodist church in Roscoe, near Coshocton, but the influences of liberalism were already infiltrating that church so that when the Nazarenes came to begin a home mission church in Coshocton, many of the most spiritual people united with the Nazarenes. Mother relates how humbling it was to go from a beautiful Methodist church building to a store front Church of the Nazarene where they only had benches to sit on. Mother was converted in this home mission church when she was only 8 years of age. She became a charter member of the Coshocton church. Today they have a beautiful church building and it is one of the best churches on the Central Ohio District.

During a revival meeting with Miss Ruth, who later became Mrs. Ruth Chatfield, Mother remembers that they had afternoon prayer meetings. She was the only child present every afternoon. At this time she was about eleven years old. One afternoon, as they gathered around the altar as Mother was praying, Mother made a silent commitment of her life to God. At that time she was conscious of a new experience and power in her life. She dates her experience of sanctification from that very afternoon.

When Mother was 13 years old the family moved back to E. Liverpool where they attended the Nazarene Church. She began high school in E. Liverpool and went for one year. Then she quit school and went to work in the stores when she was 16 years old. Because she could make more money in the potteries, she quit the store and went to work in Laughlin's Pottery.

E. Liverpool was then on the ENC Zone so representatives of the college would annually visit the church.

In the spring of 1926, Dr. Floyd Nease, then president of ENC, visited their church and presented the needs of the college and challenged the young people to attend. At that time, ENC also had an academy where young people could make up any high school work needed.

During the visit of Dr. Nease, while he was speaking in young people's service, Mother felt definitely led that she should go to ENC. With this in mind she worked extra hours in the pottery to accumulate sufficient funds for her expenses. That fall, 1926, she entered ENC as a high school sophomore. She took extra subjects to enable her to get more than the regular yearly credits. One Saturday night in January of 1927, while she and her roommate Betty Prime, were coming home from babysitting. They were struck by an automobile and both were seriously injured. Mother still has a long scar on the right side of her scalp.

For a period of six weeks, Mother was confined to her bed in the dormitory. They wanted to put her in the hospital but the doctor decided she could be taken care of by a special nurse and the doctor made regular visits.

After her period of convalescence, the doctor felt Mother should go home. However, Mother insisted on staying in school and making up the work she had missed.

But Mother did go home at the end of the school year. The next year she stayed in E. Liverpool and finished her high school work with the exception of one credit.

The insurance company made a cash settlement in the summer of 1928, thus enabling her to return to ENC in the fall of 1928.

I was born in Manchester, Connecticut on March 26, 1905. I was born at my parent's home on Griswold St. the last house on the left going toward the Catholic cemetery. I was named Everett Stephen Phillips. Stephen was my father's given name.

My father, Stephen Phillips was born in either May or June of 1869. He was born in county Armaugh Ireland in the town of Dairy Loice near Lurgan. I do not know much about his family. I did know his brother, my uncle Bob, who had a great influence upon my life. I also knew one of his sisters, my Aunt Theresa.

Being born in Northern Ireland, which was under Britain, any religious training he had, which apparently was limited, was in the Church of England or Episcopal Church. His formal education was limited to a comparatively few months. Education was not compulsory, so he left school and began work very early in life.

His older brother Bob left Ireland and came to the States. He sent for my dad who came to U.S. when 17 or 18 years of age and never returned to Ireland.

He found employment in the steel mills in New Jersey. Later his brother Bob moved to Worcester, Mass to work in the wire mills. Soon my father also moved to Worcester.

My Mother was born in Belfast, Ireland on March 21, 1870. She was named Christina Legg. Her father, William John Legg was a policeman in the Royal Irish Constabulary. I saw him once when he came to the U.S. in 1908. I was only 3 years old but I remember him faintly. He was the only one of my grandparents I ever saw.

My Mother's Mother was in poor health and died when she was 64 years old.

My Mother went to work early in life. She learned the weaving trade. When she was 18 years old a cousin of hers wrote and told her they needed weavers in Allentown, PA. My Mother left Ireland and came to Allentown, PA where her cousin got her a job in the textile mills. She never returned to Ireland. Later, this cousin, John Legg moved to Worcester where again he was employed in the textile mills. Again he sent for my Mother and she moved to Worcester, Mass.

She had attended the Presbyterian Church in Ireland so continued to be a Presbyterian in the States. She sang in the choir in Worcester.

I'm not sure of the details but somehow my father who was living in Worcester was invited to a social at the Presbyterian Church. It was there he met my Mother. They were married in December of 1898 and celebrated their golden anniversary in December 1948.

My Uncle Bob saw an announcement that they needed help in the Cheney Silk Mills in Manchester, Conn. So he and his wife, my Mother and dad moved to Manchester. All went to work as weavers for Cheneys. My uncle and dad worked there until they were retired.

There were six children in our family. My oldest sister Gertrude was born on February 14, 1901. She still lives in the home in Manchester. My sister Gladys was born on October 12 or 13, 1902. My sister Loretta was born January 31, 1904. I was born March 26, 1905. My sister Florence was born July 15, 1908. My brother Frederick was born June 10, 1911.

Gladys is now Mrs. Eddie Swain, living in Manchester. Loretta is Mrs. Hulburd Austin who lives upstairs in the home. Her husband died suddenly of a heart attack on Saturday, March 25, 1972. Florence is Mrs. Fredrick Wood living in Manchester. Fredrick married Ruth Cargo and they live in Manchester.

Gertrude and Gladys never had any children. Etta and Hub had a boy, Wendell and a girl, Betty. Wendell was a lab technician but never married. He was killed in a tragic automobile accident. Betty became a nurse and married a Russell Mollica. They live in Wollaston, Mass.

Toots and Fred Wood have one son, Barry. He is an organist living in Worcester, Mass. Fred and Ruth have two children – Marilyn, a nurse living at home and Jackie living at home and working on his Ph.D.

I attended the elementary schools in Manchester, Conn. But when I was through with the elementary grades I did what most kids did at that time. I dropped out of school and went to work at Hales Self Serve market. I worked 60 hours a week at hard work, for a total of \$12 per week or twenty-cents an hour.

Later I quit that job and went to work in the spinning mill at Cheneys. At that time Cheneys employed 8,000 people.

When I was sixteen in the fall of 1921, I enrolled at the Connecticut Business College for one year. I took bookkeeping, typing and business methods. I was graduated one year later with a diploma from the school. I secured employment at the Wakefield Morley Ins. Co. in Hartford, Conn. as a bookkeeper. I later went to work for the Fuller Brush Co. in their Main office on Asylum St.

My home was a strict home. My Mother was a stern disciplinarian and an exemplary moralist. We were taught strict honesty, obedience and respect for others. My father was much less rigid on himself and on us.

My Mother was religious but my father seldom ever attended church until the latter years of his life. His brother, my uncle Bob, was a charter member of what was then called the John Wesley Pentecostal Church. It was a member of the Association of Pentecostal Churches of America, which in 1907 affiliated with the Church of the Nazarene. My Mother attended the church often.

A man by the name of Vickerman was the Sunday School Supt. of the Center Congregational Church. My dad worked with him in the mills so Mr. Vickerman asked my dad to let the children attend the Sunday school.

During the summer time the Congregational Church closed down for several weeks. So during this time we attended the Nazarene Sunday School.

One summer they had a tent meeting in the woods behind the Nazarene Church which was on the Main St. Two of my sisters were converted. When the congregational church opened again my sisters begged to stay at the Nazarene Church. So we all stayed.

During a revival meeting with Rev. and Mrs. Ted Eisner, in the spring of 1920, I was converted on the last Sunday night which was Palm Sunday, March 28, 1920. This was just two days after my 15th birthday. My Sunday school teacher, Lorraine Wray invited me to go to the altar and went with me. I heard them preach about sanctification. I didn't understand it but went to the altar and professed to have it. I couldn't see that it did much for me.

It was not until 1932 at a campmeeting at Wilmington, N.Y. that I really got sanctified. It did make a real difference.

For several years before this I felt God was calling me to preach but I didn't have educational preparation. In the fall of 1923 I enrolled in the theological course at ENC. I really didn't know too much of what it was all about. Also, I had to work too much to apply myself to studying. Just before registration for the second semester, someone stole the money I had saved for tuition. Consequently I became discouraged and left school.

Returning to Manchester, I secured employment at the Connecticut Mutual Insurance Co. in Hartford. Office work wasn't too remunerative, so about a year later I went to work for the Underwood Typewriter Co. as an automatic screw machine operator. About two years later work became very slack and many of us were laid off. Thought I was called back to work before many of the others in the meantime I had gone back to work for my old employer, Cheney Bros. Silks.

During these years Kimber Moulton was converted and he and I held many meetings in school houses or store buildings or wherever they would let us speak and witness. All this time I knew God wanted me to preach but I wasn't prepared.

Dr. H. V. Miller was then the District Superintendent of New England District. He wanted Kim and me to take churches to pastor. Kim gladly accepted and began his ministry at Waterville, VT. I said I didn't want to take a pastorate for I wasn't prepared. If I were going to preach I'd have to have more education, but I kept putting it off.

ENC had already opened for the fall term of 1928. One day as I sat at my desk in the office, suddenly I was startled to hear a voice saying – "If you are ever going to preach, now is the time to start preparing,"

I was so shaken, I called my supervisor and asked him to come to my office. He came and said, "What's the matter?" I said, "I'm resigning." He asked, "Why?" I replied, "I'm going back to school." He said, "Phillips, don't be foolish, you can go to the best school and when you come back you won't have any better job than you have now. Please don't leave for you're the kind of man we want to keep in our organization." I said, "Thank you, but I'm not coming back for I'm going to be a minister." He said, "That's different but if you ever need a job, there will always be an opening for you."

I served a two or three weeks notice, time to train another for my job. But I had a problem. I hadn't saved any money. Like most young fellows I spent my money on fancy cars. At that time I had a large Buick touring car. It would be a sports model now. Even

in the 1920's it cost \$3,350. It had the convertible top. It had six wire wheels with two of them in the fender wells. It was equipped with all sorts of extras. Now I barely had \$100 to start school. Furthermore I was 23 years old and didn't even have a high school education. So I prayed and told God He would have to see me through. He promised He would so I left for ENC.

When I came to register the Registrar, R. Wayne Gardner, asked me what courses I wanted to take. I told him I didn't know much about it and I would leave it up to his judgment. He would know best what I should need to become a preacher. He wisely advised me to enroll as a high school freshman, finish my high school then go on to college. I agreed to anything he suggested. He handed me a card with four subjects written on it. He said these are the courses to begin with. I was surprised to find I would only be in class for four fifty minute periods each day. I said to the registrar, "I'm used to working from seven in the morning to five in the evening; I need more courses than this. Can't I have some course at least for seven periods every day?" I was taking education as a job and I wanted to work at it. So the registrar gave me more courses every semester enabling me to do my high school work in two years.

They gave me a room on the top floor of the Mansion Building and my roommate, now Dr. John Riley, became my lifelong friend.

Heretofore, I have given brief sketches of the life of your Mother and of my life before we ever knew each other. From here on I will recount the events of our lives together for we have been together since the fall of 1928.

The first day I was on the campus of ENC, I was sitting on the portico of the old mansion building. I was chatting with another student, Art Morse, whom I had known previously. As we sat there, we noticed three girls walking down the driveway. One of the girls attracted my attention, so I asked Art Morse who she was. He said, that's Gertrude Thomas, a girl who had a bad accident a year or so ago. She has just come back to school. That was all for then. However, I kept noticing her whenever I had an opportunity.

In the dining hall the seats were assigned and it happened that we were assigned to the same table. On Friday evenings they always had a program. Afterward the couples would go for a walk but three couples had to go together.

One Friday night, Roy Cantrell, the Dean of Men, decided to get some young people together who were not dating. He arranged for several young men and young women to meet in the parlor for games. I do not know how it happened but Mother and I were teamed up in a game of Flinch.

During the first part of November, they had a revival meeting. On Friday night November 11th after the service, Bill Perkins and another fellow wanted to go for a walk with their dates but they needed a third couple. Bill came to me and said, "Ebbie, please get somebody and go with us so we can go." I said there was one girl I would be interested in and I mentioned her name. Bill said, "she is still in the chapel. I'll go ask her to come with us." He asked her, she consented, we went for a walk and we've been walking together ever since. Mother never had another date with any other fellow, or I with any other girl.

By this time my money had already been spent and I needed work. I reminded God of His promise to see me through. I went down to Quincy Square. On the Wayside Signboard of the large church in the square, I read these words – "I asked for Bread. Life led me to a field and placed my hands upon a plow." I reread the sign several times wondering just what message it had for me. Finally I prayed and said, Lord, what are you trying to tell me? He said, "I've promised to see you through but you'll have to cooperate. In other words, I'll provide the bread if you are willing to do the plowing."

This was something of a gentle rebuke for I sort of expected God to provide the means in some unusual manner. But I placed my hands upon the plow. I dug muddy ditches – I mixed concrete by hand. I beat carpets – I painted houses. I did whatever my hands could find to do. For the next 5 years I sang in the college quartet with Ken Akins, Edward Mann, and Harvey Blaney. I didn't have much of a singing voice but my one asset was I could harmonize or make up a necessary part, or take 1st tenor, 2nd tenor or baritone when the other fellows couldn't quite get that part.

The result was because of the college subsidy of the quartet I was able to graduate with the school owing me money. God did see me through, with my cooperation.

Mother's experiences can also be related almost in parallel form. The years we were in college – 1928-1935, were largely depression years. Jobs and money were very

scarce. We had to avail ourselves of working long and hard hours for twenty cents an hour.

Students didn't have cars consequently we had to walk to any job or ride the train or trolley. Mother often held down three jobs on a Saturday. Cleaning house for two families and then working evenings in Witherall's Glass House Goodies – a candy store.

Even in the winter times which got very cold in New England she would have to walk for a mile or more across Merrimount Park to get to one of her jobs. One Saturday she started out in a bad snow storm. She practically lost her way when going through the park. Only because of courage and persistence did she arrive at the family home where they had to treat her because of her frostbitten body.

It would take considerable time and space to recount and relate the many experiences we had during our college years. I have mentioned singing in the college quartet. This took much of my time for we were gone every weekend for district assemblies, campmeetings, local and district conventions, and raising money for the college.

Mother sang in the college ladies quartet. They also sang at many events. Perhaps the outstanding events were where both quartets sang in Tremont Temple in Boston when Billy Sunday was holding a campaign there. Billy kept us repeating the song – “O, Happy Day.”

Another event was the Junior Senior banquet of 1934. The depression had really hit the college so that it was impossible to have the regular Junior-Senior Banquet. I was president of the Junior Class and we didn't want to be the first class not to give the Seniors a banquet. So Mother and I with some of the other Juniors decided that if we couldn't go to a restaurant then we would do the next best thing.

The quartet had held revivals in the Primitive Methodist Church in Lowell, Mass. The pastor, a Rev. Ullum, had a nice cottage in the Mountains of New Hampshire. I contacted him and he gave us permission to use his cottage. A girl by the name of Roberta Clougher was a member of the Junior Class. Her father was vice-president of the Atlantic and Pacific Tea Co. They had a large chain of stores in New England. Roberta contacted her dad so he provided turkeys and all the food we needed. Mother and Marion Neilson spent the day at the cottage cooking the meal. Roberta and a few others had cars

so we provided the transportation for the banquet. All who attended conceded (concluded?) it was far superior as to setting and food than any restaurant we could have gone to – and it was all free. It's surprising what you can do when you have very little money but do have some ingenuity.

Incidentally, John Riley graduated before I did. After he left I had two or three other roommates. One was Leon Clougher, the brother of Roberta. He was rather incorrigible so they thought I would be a good influence on him. But he had taken to drink. He was expelled from school and shortly after, he committed suicide. The Morris chair on the porch belonged to him and was part of his furniture in our room. After his demise his Mother told me to keep it. I have been using it ever since.

One of the rules of the college was that no students could get married; consequently Mother and I went together for six years.

In the Spring of 1934, Sam Young was pasturing the church in South Portland, Maine, which was perhaps at that time one of the strongest churches on the New England District. The quartet had held many weekend services for Sam. I always did the preaching and God honored us with many great meetings at the District Assembly. That year Sam was elected as District Superintendent. Shortly thereafter, he came to me and said the Church Board at South Portland wanted me to be their pastor. He had cleared this with the Advisory Board and they were agreeable. However, he laid down some condition, namely:

I would have to attend Bates College in Maine and finish my education inasmuch as I was only a Junior. Also, I would have to be married. Mother and I talked it over. The idea of getting married appealed to us both. But we had some hesitancy in other areas. This would mean dropping out of ENC. It would mean that Mother might not be able to finish her education. Also it meant we would be starting at the top in the pastoral ministry. South Portland had had several outstanding ministers such as Sam Young and Glen Gould. We felt it would be unfair to us and the church to try to pastor such an established church without any previous experience.

I told Sam we would prefer to take a small church in a store building in North Attleboro, Mass. In this way we would be starting at the bottom and if we had any abilities then we could take better churches, but if we started at the top, even if we did our

best, it would be mediocre in view of the ministry they were used to. Therefore we decided not to take South Portland and Sam said he wouldn't let us take a little store building church like South Attleboro for they couldn't support us. Consequently we were able to stay at ENC and finish our college work in 1935.

However, we had talked about getting married and we didn't want to drop that idea. We asked the college administration for permission. In view of the fact that we had been going together for six years and I was 29 years of age they gave their consent. I still had to travel for the college during the summer so we planned to get married early in September before school opened.

On Labor Day, September 3, 1934, we were married at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Karker in Wollaston. Mother had been living with them so we were married in their home. Rev. Harris B. Anthony, pastor of my home church in Manchester, Conn. Performed the ceremony. Mildred Simpson was Mother's maid of honor and my brother, Bud, was my best man.

During that previous summer the quartet had visited with friends at Lake Damariscota, Maine. There was a beautiful cottage on a piece of pine grove that jutted into the lake. I had found out that I could rent the cottage in September, so I had made arrangements. That's where we spent our honeymoon. The cottage was owned by Mr. Gray, who owned the General Store in the town.

When school opened that fall the girl's dormitory wasn't quite full. For some reason the administration allowed us to rent two rooms on the first floor. This was our first happy home. Mother continued to work in the library and I continued in the College Quartet. When we graduated in the Spring of 1935, neither of us owed the college one dollar. God had provided opportunities for work and we took the job openings and both of us had worked hard for seven years.

A student who was a good friend of ours, John Warren, was from Wilmington, NY. It was a beautiful country village in the Adirondack Mountains. They had a nice country church. One day John told me he had a letter from his Mother stating their pastor was leaving and they would like to have me for their pastor. In the meantime Sam Young had contacted me again telling me the church in Pawtucket, RI wanted us to come as pastors. I told Sam I wanted to be an evangelist. He said I should take a pastorate for a

couple of years just for experience. It turned out that we became pastors for thirty years and never did become evangelists except as we held many revivals during our years in the pastorate.

Just to illustrate how God works, let me tell you more about that first pastorate. We really wanted to go to Wilmington, NY. There was a selfish motive in it. As I have said, it was a beautiful country area, and I could have had a horse.

This was our dilemma. We had to decide between Wilmington where we wanted to go and Pawtucket where we didn't want to go. Pawtucket was a city of about 125,000. It was 70% Catholic and mostly French. They didn't have a church building and worshipped in a lodge hall. How were we to decide? We hadn't heard anything officially from Pawtucket except that. Sam had said they had voted and called us. John Warren had told us they were calling us to Wilmington. It so happened that the quartet was going to Wilmington for a Friday night service and John told me the Board was going to meet me after service. Mother and I discussed what we should do. We came to this conclusion. We both were very concerned about doing God's Will, and had no hesitancy if we knew that Will. We decided that if we didn't hear officially from Pawtucket before going to Wilmington, then we would be clear to go to Wilmington. So Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday passed and no word from Pawtucket. We were rather happy because I was leaving for Wilmington on Friday morning. But to be as fair as possible I said we'll wait for the mail Friday morning. The mail came but no word from Pawtucket. This was it, now we could accept Wilmington. I bade Mother goodbye. The fellows got in the car. We started down the driveway. Just then a fellow riding a bicycle rode up the driveway, flagged down the car and asked – "Where can I find an E. S. Phillips?" I said, "I am he, why?" He handed me a special delivery envelope and it was the official call from Pawtucket church.

I got out of the car, went back to the room, showed Mother the letter and said - "The decision has been made for us." I sat down and wrote a letter of reply stating that we would accept the call.

We drove to Wilmington. After service I met the board. They told me they wanted to call us for pastors. I told them we were sorry but just that morning we had accepted a call to Pawtucket.

We began our ministry there in May of 1935 and had four very happy years. They didn't have any parsonage so we rented a large eight room house in Seekonk, Mass. Just across the Rhode Island line. It cost us \$25 a month for rent. The church paid us \$23.50 a week as salary and we had to pay for all expenses. We gave \$2.50 a week for tithe, paid \$25.00 a month for rent – paid \$20.00 a month for car payments plus all utilities. We didn't have much extra money. Back there preachers wives were not allowed to work so we lived on the salary the church paid. If it hadn't been for our good friends Fanny and Adolph Wahl, some weeks we wouldn't have had a good meal, but they had us for dinner practically every Sunday.

One Sunday we were at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Hiller for dinner. During the conversation the question came up as to how we decided to come to Pawtucket for they knew we had other calls. I told them the story about the "Special Delivery Letter". Mr. Hiller said, "Isn't that strange? Then he told us that he remembered the occasion of the letter. On that Thursday night he was awakened about eleven o'clock. He was troubled by the question. "I wonder if Mr. Wahl, the secretary, had written to Rev. Phillips." He said he tried to pass it off but couldn't. Finally he got up and went over to Mr. Wahl's home, got him out of bed and asked him if he had written the letter. Mr. Wahl said he hadn't for he didn't think there was any particular hurry. Mr. Hiller said he made Mr. Wahl write the letter then. Mr. Hiller took it to the post office, put enough stamps on it to make it "Special Delivery" for he wanted to make sure we'd get it early Friday morning.

Some could pass this off as coincidental circumstances. That may satisfy them but in it all we could and can see the guiding hand of God.

We didn't have enough money to buy coal for the big furnace in Seekonk so we moved to a much smaller house on Fenton St. in South Attleboro, just over the Rhode Island line.

On December 31, 1937, Betty Jean was born in the Memorial Hospital in Pawtucket, RI. Her doctor was a fine individual by the name of Dr. Turner. He would never charge us one penny for his services and he took good care of us during our four years.

In the spring of 1939, Sam Young contacted us again. This time he wanted us to accept a call to the church in West Somerville, Mass. The church was very much divided.

The pastor, Rev. R. J. Kirkland was voted out. A former pastor, Rev. W. E. Smith, still worshipped in the congregation. The people had more or less polarized around these two men and hence the church was badly split.

Sam Young said they had already turned down the names of six pastors they considered and he didn't even know whether or not they would call us. He felt it was one of our good churches and needed to be saved and he thought we could save it.

We weren't interested for we had a four year call. During those years we never had one negative vote. The Pawtucket church had doubled in membership. We had just purchased very desirable lots in the most Protestant section of the city on Smithfield Ave. We really wanted to stay. However, we were anxious to serve the church wherever we could do the most good.

Sam informed me that the board had nominated me, but wanted me to come and preach for them before the church voted. Sam further informed me that even if they came to a vote he didn't know what they would do. He knew I wouldn't get a unanimous vote for he said even God himself couldn't get a unanimous vote because of the deep feelings. With this information in mind I consented to go and preach. I confess, I tried not to do my best for I didn't want them to call me. The pastor was still there and had charge of the meeting. I got lost on the way because of a detour and was late in arriving. They were just trying to keep the service going until I arrived. When I came in the pastor said, "Here's Brother Phillips now. He's going to preach for us." It wasn't the most fluent introduction or the most cordial atmosphere. Feeling as I did, and sensing the atmosphere, I felt that my chances of being called were very slim. But I began to preach – the atmosphere thawed – God's presence became very real and several people came to the altar before I finished the message.

As soon as the service was over I left immediately for I didn't want to talk to either group, not knowing who was in which group. Mother wasn't able to be with me as she had to stay in Pawtucket.

You can imagine our surprise when Brother Young called us the next Sunday and told us the church voted and gave us a unanimous call. We spent the next four years there and again we never had one negative vote.

I don't know of any pastorate I hated to leave more than West Somerville.

On December 4, 1939, Claire was born in the Everett, Mass Memorial Hospital in Everett, which was a city adjoining Somerville. Dr. Jackson was her doctor.

In the fall of 1939, Rev. Kimber Moulton was then pastor of the Baltimore First Church. He had Paul Rees scheduled for a revival but a few weeks previous to the opening of the meeting, Dr. Rees had to cancel. Kimber got in touch with me and begged me to come for the three Sunday meeting. The church board granted permission so we went and had an excellent revival. Mother and B. J. went with me.

In the summer of 1942, John Riley called me. He was then pasturing the church at South Portland, Maine. John had just accepted a call to the St. Claire Ave. Nazarene Church in Toronto, Canada. He told me the South Portland Church wanted us to come as pastors. This is the same church that wanted us as pastors when Sam became District Superintendent. Now we would have been willing to accept but we didn't receive the call. This was a bit strange and we couldn't understand it. Rev. John Neilson was now the District Superintendent for Dr. Young had become pastor of the College Church at ENC.

At that time the New England District always had a Labor Day camp at North Reading camp meeting grounds. When we came onto the grounds our friends would come to us and say, "You sure got a raw deal." We were quite certain they were referring to South Portland, but we had made up our minds not to discuss it with anyone as we would leave it with the Lord. One day on the camp ground, I met one of the board members from the South Portland church. He said, "I don't know what happened Brother Phillips but we were unanimous in our desire to have you for our pastor but Brother Neilson wouldn't let us call you." I replied, "Well, we don't always understand these things but I'm sure he had some good reason and undoubtedly it is for the best."

However, Rev. Neilson never said a word to me about it. Neither did I mention it to him.

Some weeks later at a trustee meeting at ENC, Brother Neilson, incidentally we were still the best of friends, said to me, Ebbie, "did you get a telegram from Baltimore First?" I had just received a telegram that morning informing me that Rev. Moulton had accepted a call to Los Angeles, Cal. First Church and the Baltimore board had unanimously nominated us as pastors and he, the District Superintendent, was appointing us. It was signed by Rev. D. E. Higgs, the Superintendent of the Washington-Philadelphia District.

Rev. Neilson told me that Rev. Higgs had called him the night before and wanted to know if he would recommend us. Neilson said, I told him you could handle any church in the denomination. Then he said, I need to talk to you about South Portland. He said, “you know there is nobody on the district I would rather have in South Portland. When I met the board they insisted on calling you but I felt a strange restraint. I tried to get them to consider someone else but they kept coming back to you. Finally, I said, O.K., I’ll call him and tell him.” He said, “I lifted the phone, called your number, let it ring once and then hung up. I went back to the board and told them I didn’t know why but I just felt restrained and couldn’t let them call you.” Then he added, “Ebbie, I’ve died a thousand deaths. I couldn’t understand my action, but now I do for God has opened to you a greater pulpit where you can have a much more extensive and effective ministry.”

It was wonderful then as it has been since to just let God work things out. We began our ministry in Baltimore on November 15th, 1948. What wonderful years serving a most friendly and gracious congregation.

In 1945 Mother was again carrying a baby. She and I sang at a funeral on a very cold day. It was so cold in the cemetery, Mother began to tremble as we sang. She was thoroughly chilled. A few days later she began to have some problems. The doctor immediately put her in the hospital. A few days later she lost the child. It was a baby boy and had a body form similar to mine with a long back. It took Mother quite a bit of time to recuperate. Had the boy lived and had a normal birth, we had selected a name for a boy. He would have been called Wendell Wayne Phillips.

At the time of the 1948 General Assembly, it was held in St. Louis. Mother was carrying Karen Lee so she wasn’t able to attend. At the General Assembly, Dr. Young was elected as a General Superintendent. At the time he was serving as President of ENC. Edward S. Mann was the Vice-President.

When Dr. Young was elected as a General, the Board of Trustees met to elect a new president. Ed Mann was a layman and they were hesitant to elect him because he did not have ministerial standing. Dr. G. B. Williamson came to me and asked me to go as vice-president. The Board agreed to elect Ed if I would go as vice-president. I was not particularly interested in such a position, but Ed, said he would be hesitant to take the

presidency if I wouldn't accept the vice presidency. After some deliberation and after talking to Mother about it we decided we should go to ENC.

We left Baltimore in August of 1948. We moved into the home that had been occupied by Dr. Young as president. The house was at 58 Ellington Rd., in Wollaston, Mass. Karen Lee was born at the Quincy, Mass. Memorial Hospital on October 9, 1948. Her doctor was named – Dr. Van Ralte.

We stayed at ENC until January of 1950. One night just a couple of weeks before Christmas of 1949, I received a telephone call from a Rev. Mark Moore, District Superintendent of the Northwest Oklahoma District. He told me the Board of Bethany First Church had nominated me as pastor. I told him I didn't have an answer right then for I hadn't been at ENC very long and I would need a little time to consider it. Rev. Moore said the congregation was going to vote on me Christmas Sunday morning which was December 25, 1949.

Dr. Young happened to be in Wollaston so I talked to him the next day. He said he knew I wouldn't be staying at ENC very long and Bethany was a very good church.

We went to Manchester for Christmas Sunday. During the afternoon, Rev. Moore called and said the congregation had voted with several hundred votes and only eight negatives.

We had decided to accept if called. When Rev. Moore told us the vote we accepted. He said they wanted me to come and meet the board that week. I went out – met with the board on Friday night. They asked me to stay over and preach Sunday morning. So my first sermon in Bethany was on January 1, 1950. We made arrangements to move to Bethany and began on February 5th. Thus began a ministry that lasted until September 1, 1964. These were 15 of the most happy and gratifying years of our lives.

Our two older girls graduated from Bethany High School, Karen Lee graduated from Shawnee Mission West; and all from Bethany Nazarene College.

The General Assembly of 1964 was held in Portland, Oregon. Dr. Coulter who was serving as Executive Secretary of the Department of World Missions was elected as General Superintendent. When the General Board came to elect his successor, I was elected. I didn't want to accept for I really wanted to stay in Bethany. But as we had done for many years we left it up to the Lord. So when they elected me I felt I should accept.

We went back to Bethany and I resigned but promised to stay with them until they called a new pastor and he was able to come.

I commuted to Kansas City to carry on the work of the office but returned to Bethany for Sunday services.

We purchased a home at 5616 West 87th Terrace in Overland Park, Kansas. Betty Jean and Karen Lee came to Kansas City with us. B. J. got a job teaching and Karen Lee started as a junior in Shawnee Mission West High School. Claire and Ray remained in Bethany for a year or so.

When we lived in the Boston area I used to go thru the Lahey Clinic for annual check-ups. I had been bothered most of my life with a sensitive stomach and intestines. At Lahey they told me I had a spastic colon. It was a family trait for my Mother and one sister had it for year.

In 1964 and 1965 I had some blood in my stool. I went to a couple of doctors and they told me it was caused by hemorrhoids. I had even been proctoscoped and still told it was hemorrhoids.

In February of 1966, I was back in Boston area for a convention so I decided that Mother and I should go through Lahey Clinic again for a good check-up. When Dr. John Braasch proctoscoped me he found a small tumor in the sigmoid colon. He took a biopsy and found it to be malignant. What a shock this was to me and Mother. The doctor made arrangements to put me in the hospital for surgery. I entered the Deaconess hospital on February 20, 1966. Mother stayed with Russ and Betty in Wollaston but spent most of her time at the hospital with me.

The doctor operated on me on February 23rd. He removed a small section of the colon and then sewed the two ends together. It was a traumatic experience for I was given no food for a week and was daily fed intravenously. I was discharged from the hospital three weeks later. The doctor told me everything was perfect and there was only one chance in ten that it would ever return. I recovered my strength in a hurry and felt fine.

For the next ten months I felt fine. I returned to Lahey every six months for examination.

On January 29th, 1967, Mother and I went to Stevenson's Apple Orchard Restaurant. Suddenly my head became dizzy. I had to hold onto the wall to keep from

falling off the chair. Finally they called an ambulance and took me to Baptist Hospital. Mother had a harrowing experience driving our car to keep up with the ambulance and police car, but she did it.

They found that I had what they called Labyrinthitis, or infection of the inner ear. It bothered me for about six weeks, and occasionally thereafter.

We went back to Boston in March for a check-up. Dr. Braasch said everything was fine with my intestines. I asked to have my ears checked. They gave me several tests and found everything O.K. They said they would like to take an arteriogram but this could only be done in the hospital and I'd have to stay overnight. Again, I went to Deaconess. They did the test on Friday. Everything was excellent but the Doctor was gone over the weekend and I couldn't be discharged until Monday when the doctor returned.

We returned to Lahey again in October of 1967 for another 6 month check-up. When Dr. Braasch examined me he said the malignancy had returned in the area where the intestines had been joined together. He said I would need surgery again immediately. This was a further shock and really shook-up Mother.

We didn't want to stay in Boston for another operation so we asked Dr. Braasch if he knew anyone in Kansas City that he could recommend. He told us about a Dr. Donald Davis who was a classmate of his at Mayo Clinic. We decided to return to Kansas City and contact Dr. Davis.

We saw Dr. Davis on Wednesday, October 4, 1967. He put me in the hospital and operated on me on October 11, 1967. He performed a colostomy and I was in the hospital about three weeks.

Dr. Robert Hamil, an internist, became my doctor also and I continued to see both of them for regular check-ups at regular intervals.

Since that first operation in 1966, Mother and I have traveled around the world visiting our mission fields. We went to Africa twice within an 18 month period. In the spring of 1971, we visited all our fields in the Orient.

As recently as January of 1972, Dr. Coulter and I traveled to a pastors' conference in Buenos Aires, Argentina. Then went to Chile, Peru, and on up to Ecuador to inspect that field as we were just beginning our work there.

In the fall of 1971, we toured the British Isles in a series of missionary conventions. Mother was with me, also Dr. Reza, Elton and Margaret Wood and Rev. Jorge Barros from Cape Verde Islands. Practically everyone picked up a cold. I had some difficulty shaking mine and I continued to have a hacking cough. I went to see Dr. Hamil. He took a chest x-ray and everything was clear. I waited for about six weeks then went to Dr. Davis for my regular check-up with him. I told him about the cough and some hurting around the rib cage. Immediately he became suspicious and said we needed some x-rays and some tests, and the best place to do it was in the hospital. So on April 17th, 1972, I entered the hospital. On the 18th, they took a liver scan and the scan showed a defect in the liver. Dr. Davis said he would have to determine the cause of the defect. He suspected a relationship to my former trouble but said he would have to take a biopsy. If it proved malignant and was just in one lobe then he would remove that lobe but if it were in both lobes he wouldn't be able to operate. He performed an operation on April 20th. It proved malignant and was in both lobes so he couldn't operate.

I was discharged from the hospital on Monday, April 24th. I saw Dr. Davis again on Friday, May 5th and he is going to start me on Chemotherapy Friday, April 12th. We are resigned to accept whatever may eventuate in the future.

This whole thing was somewhat of a surprise for last November I had surgery for the prostate gland and there was no malignancy. The operation and recovery were perfect.

On that day in February when Dr. Braasch told me of the tumor, I immediately went to another part of the Lahey Clinic where Mother was and told her. Together we went back to Dr. Braasch's office.

The world had suddenly stopped for us. We had seemingly come to the end of line in an abrupt stop. No one knows the trauma of such an experience until one goes thru' it.

It is true your life, your plans, your financial situation, all seem to fuse into one great big frustration.

In the hospital I tried to pray but I couldn't seem to get beyond the ceiling. I tried to read but even repetitive readings of the same material just didn't make sense. My mind seemed sort of drugged and I couldn't concentrate.

I do remember reading the Guidepost. In it was an article by Arthur Godfrey and his bout with cancer. This afforded some comfort.

The doctor told me he might have to perform a colostomy. That was a horrible word to me chiefly because I didn't know anything about it. I had known three men who had colostomies, but they were always mentioned in subdued tones. I knew there was some sort of an abdominal bag but I had never seen either a colostomy or a bag. These men had no control over the movement of their bowels. To me it was a horrible thought that I possibly might have one.

I begged the doctor not to perform such surgery unless it was absolutely necessary.

After the surgery they kept me in the recovery room over night. In the morning they brought me back to the room and Mother informed me there was no colostomy. She further told me that Dr. Braasch said everything was excellent and there was no question but they got all of the malignancy.

Eighteen months later when it reappeared in the area where the intestines were united, Dr. Braasch said, "In all probability you'll have to have a colostomy this time."

When Dr. Davis examined me prior to my second surgery he thought there might be a possibility of again rejoining the intestines. By now I had learned more about a colostomy so I begged him to perform one on me rather than rejoin the intestines I'm sure I didn't change his mind for being the top surgeon that he is, he did what had to be done.

It took some time to become adjusted to the colostomy procedure with irrigations, etc. However, I felt much better than I had for years. No more colitis or diarrhea. After a short time I found I could use Hollister's bags, no odor, no embarrassment and soon no more irrigations.

I often said, even if there were no malignancy I would prefer a colostomy to a spastic colon.

For five years Mother and I traveled around the world. We never had any difficulties and never had a sick day in any country.

This second need of surgery really threw Mother. She felt very confident that everything was going to be all right. In the light of Dr. Braasch's report and the lab reports, her mind was at ease. Also back in Lahey, God had given her a verse – "Why art

thou cast down, O, my soul, why art thou disquieted within me. Hope thou in God for I shall yet praise Him for the health of His countenance.”

Now this reoccurrence was hard to accept and harder to understand. But, God did give me, up until now, five additional years of very good health.

Claire Phillips Hendrix

On October 12, 1973 our father finished his earthly race and went to be with the Lord—a life well lived. Our mother passed away November 19, 2001 at the age of 93.