



DONNA'S STORY

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My parents Harold Ray Danser and Anna Eileen Elliott were married March 25, 1929, in Clive, Alberta. A Baptist Minister performed the ceremony, he and his wife were the witnesses. Since my Mother was only 18 years old, she had to have her parents' consent.

Both her parents were too far away, and she was able to get an affidavit from a local jeweler. It stated that she had been self-supporting for many years. This document cost one dollar. The marriage license was five dollars, and my Dad bought Mom an 18-carat gold wedding band for twelve dollars. How's that for an inexpensive wedding.

They moved to a farm four miles south of Clive where they lived for the next two years. My sister Kathleen Marie was born March 12, 1930. In 1931 they moved to another farm close by, and on August 14, 1931, I was born.

My Mother said as a baby I got a very bad cold and Grandma Elliott put raw onions on my feet, and I survived. I read in later years that 1931 was the worst year of the depression, so I guess I had tough beginnings. Donald Mervin was born September 16, 1932. Our family (my parents and three children) moved once again in the spring of 1933 by CNR boxcar. There were no passenger trains at that time. We settled on a farm seven miles south of Forestburg, Alberta.

By then my Dad was 30 years old and Mom was 22 years old. The terrible Depression didn't make life easy. Dad farmed in the summer and worked in the coal mines in the winter. Forestburg did not have good farmland and rain was scarce, so the crops were not productive. While Dad was working in the mines 2 1/2 miles away, the hours were very long so he stayed there through the week. In those days mining was done with pick and shovel.

Our Uncle Hudson, my Mom's brother was staying with us in this old house. He was 18 years old, and born with club feet, and a heart condition. A pane in the window was broken and it had a piece of cardboard in it, which the wind blew onto the wood stove. On October 21, 1934, Mom awoke at 11 pm to find our house was on fire. Although she was six months pregnant, she managed to get us three kids and her brother out through a window.

There was a vacant teacher home close by and Mom was able to get us there and start a fire to warm us up and get a lamp lit. A Minister passing by that night came to our rescue and took us to Galahad Hospital. Mom was quite seriously burned as her hair had caught on fire, and her arms were badly burned. I had just turned 3 years old in August so don't remember details, but my eyes are full of tears just thinking of this disaster.

Mom stayed at the hospital for 16 days, I'm not sure who took care of us during those days. The Rainforths came and brought us back to Clive. My brother Donald Mervin died 3 days after the fire from smoke inhalation and exposure. My Dad came every day to the hospital, but neither he nor Mom mentioned Donald, as it was too painful, and Mom was in and out of shock some days.

Dad continued to work at the mine, and we stayed in Clive until December when we returned to Forestburg to be with Dad. We had nothing to begin housekeeping and stayed in a miner's shack. People were very compassionate, and we soon had enough furniture, bedding, clothes and cooking utensils to get by. A group of people from Clive collected \$380.00 cash for us and that was a lot of money at that time.

Audrey Eileen was born January 15, 1935, and was delivered by a midwife. Mom recalls it was the easiest delivery. In the spring of 1935, we moved back to our previous farm where the house had burned. We joined a granary and the teacher's shack together and that became our home.

My First Remembrance:

In 1936 we moved back to the Clive district 7 miles northeast of Clive. We moved on May 1st, and the old log house was a total disaster. The roof leaked and Mom's feet went through the rotten floor. I don't believe it had been lived in for some time as there was no chinking between the logs. Log houses in those days were not planed on two sides as now. There were quite the spaces between the logs, this is where chinking came in. Sounds gross, but we would mix fresh cow manure with straw and plaster the spaces between the logs. The main reason for the mixture is that mice do not like to dig through it.

Before the snow came, we would bank lots of straw and manure around the base to keep the cold out. That spring Grandpa Danser came up from the States and helped Mom re shingle the roof while Dad worked the farmland.

One thing that was nice about this farm was that we were only a mile or so from Chain Lakes. Dad had a small boat, and we often went fishing there, and also went ice fishing in the winter.

One time I went with Dad, and he was sitting with his legs over the ice fishing hole. All of a sudden, a muskrat surfaced, which brought some very startled words from him.

On the farm we always had horses, pigs, cows, chickens, so we had plenty of food. This area was also plentiful with wild berries. My Mom's aim was at least 100 quarts of berries and saskatoons canned, with rhubarb and blueberries solid in the jars. This made wonderful pies. We also had peaches, pears, and plums.

At this same farm, Harold Eugene known as Bud, was born - October 3, 1936. Kathleen started school at age 7 at Easter, as my parents didn't want her going alone almost 4 miles in the bitter winter. I started in the fall at age 6, and we both rode one horse bareback. In the winter the road would drift in with snow so deep we would go through a neighbor's field.

In later years when there were more of us in school, we had a buggy in the summer, and a covered cutter in the winter. Once in winter the cutter tipped over on the drifts, so we all climbed out, lifted it back up and went on our way. Even though we went so far ,and, in such weather, we loved going to school. Otherwise, we were confined in the old log house in the winter. I remember one time going all that way to school and the teacher didn't come. It was so cold, so we had to go home again. I remember the thermometer registering minus (-) 52 degrees F. one time in the winter.

Albert Dale was born January 11, 1942, and I believe late that year we moved to what we called the Haskin's place. The house was quite new and was right across from the Wrestling School. What a luxury to finally run over to school, and we would come home for lunch. There was also a small ravine by the house, and we would do some skiing in the winter.

At the beginning of the school year and Christmas my Mom would make the girls a new dress, and new clothes for the boys. Our big Social events were at the school or community hall. The Christmas Concert with plays and songs always brought the Community together. At the end of the school year there was a community picnic which was fun

for the whole family. I always enjoyed playing baseball at school, especially being the Pitcher.

Adele was born February 19, 1944, and she was Mom's biggest baby. I would have been 13 years old, and I remember Mom getting really thin and tired and finally she went to the Doctor. They found she had a goiter and it had to be removed. While she was away, us girls were trying to cook and one day we thought the gravy was like water. While we were eating, we got the giggles so bad that Dad said, stop giggling or leave the table. I think we finally did leave the table!

Dad didn't usually show much emotion, but I believe he was seriously worried about Mom and had us really cleaning the house and having things nice when she came home. Her health improved rapidly, and she was soon her energized self. I had some good friends, and one of them was Martha. Her Dad was the Pastor of the United Church. Sometimes Martha would invite me to attend church with her family, so I did.

In the spring of 1947, the owner of the Haskin place raised the rent and Dad felt we couldn't afford it, so again we moved 2 miles north to the Robertson place. Wayne was born April 2, 1947, during the time we were to move. So, Dad and us kids had to do the moving, and there was a fair amount of confusion. Kay and I had to go to Clive School for grade 10, and it was about 6 miles away. We rode bikes in the good weather and had horse and buggy and cutter in the winter. Mom would heat flat stones in the oven, for foot warmers in the cutter.

For grade 11 my cousin Marie Randall and I shared an upstairs room in Clive, and for grade 12 we shared an upstairs room in her aunt's home in Lacombe. On weekends we went to Marie's parents' home and sometimes went to the Lacombe United Church with them. I had a heavy load of subjects for grade 12, and due to that and freedom for more enjoyable things, I dropped a couple of subjects. As a result, I did not graduate with 100 credits. I believe I had only 91 credits.

ON MY OWN AT LAST

In June of 1949 I finished grade 12, took July off and on August 1st I started work at Ponoka Mental Hospital PMH. The Matron told me they weren't supposed to hire anyone under 18 years old, but because I would be 18 before my first pay cheque, I could start August 1st.

Our uniforms were provided. We lived in the nurse's residence and ate in the cafeteria. Our rooms had two single beds, so we shared with another Ward Aide. Actually, there were two girls from Clive area which I knew and soon had many friends. Life was good, I enjoyed the work and it felt so good to be earning some money.

During the year I worked at PMH, I heard of a government course being offered in Calgary. It was a 10-month course, the classes were held in the army barracks on 16th Avenue and 10th Street. The course involved (I believe 6 months) in the classroom, then 6 weeks in two hospitals for practical experience. I was sent to Three Hills General Hospital and then to Central Alberta Sanatorium in Bowness. Then 1 month back in classroom for exams.

I graduated a Certified Nursing Assistant the end of June 1951. The government paid our expenses, accommodation was arranged, and uniforms were provided. I've been very grateful for that experience. I took July 1951 off and on August 1 I started working once again at PMH as a CNA. The Matron spoke to me more than once to go back and upgrade my school and enter the hospital's Nursing School and become an RN. I choose not to and have no regrets.

Kay and I rented a basement suite and she worked at the PMH as a ward aide as her husband was with the Air Force and stationed in eastern Canada for training. I worked one year as a CNA, then went to the Ponoka General for 4 months. That was interesting and a good experience. A friend convinced me to come back to the Sanatorium at Bowness, just west of Calgary.

I enjoyed it there and we had bus service into Calgary and were always on the go. Towards the end of that year, I was put on the children's ward and worked 7 pm to 7 am. I worked five weeks without a night off, and then got five days off. When the year was up, I had three weeks holidays, and then transferred to a small mental hospital in Claresholm. It was unique, almost seemed like a three-story house, lots of stairs to climb, and we had a small residence on the property.

I kept in touch with several friends during my travels and when holiday time came in summer of 1953, three of us decided to rent a cabin at Sylvan Lake. It was a small log cabin with a wood stove and believe me there wasn't much to Sylvan Lake at that time. Little did I know at the time that this holiday would change the rest of my life.

One day I was trying to get the stove going (ever the domestic.) My friends decided to walk down to the beach and see what was going on. Sometime later I looked out and they were outside with 2 guys, throwing a ball. One guy was really tall and handsome, so I stepped outside and said, “ Is there a Boy Scout in the crowd?” Unfortunately, the handsome man did not respond, but his friend came and helped get the stove going.

Wouldn't you know, these two were Life Insurance Salesmen. We three girls were their prospective targets. They came in for tea and whatever, and before they left that evening had us all signed up. Mr. Handsome proved to be Max Solbrekken and soon became the love of my life. We corresponded for about one year, during which time he had taken a job as a Salesman for Swift Canadian and was transferred to Kimberly, B.C.

Max and I were married October 8, 1955, at Saron Lutheran Church in the Wrestling district, northwest of Clive. Our reception was held in Wrestling Hall in the same vicinity. It was mostly family and neighbours from the area which helped with the luncheon, and it was a happy and joyous affair.

Before we left, I went to say goodbye to my Mom, and Dad was standing outside. I said, “ Thanks Dad for giving me away.” He was not a very emotional man, but I'll never forget how he put his arm around me and held me. I cried later, happy to be married but thought I'm really on my own now. I'm not Daddy's little girl anymore.

Since Max had a company car, he did not have one of his own. We rode to Calgary with his brother Martin and his wife Ruby after our wedding. We stayed at a hotel in Calgary that night and on Sunday evening we took the train to Kimberly, B.C. It was Thanksgiving weekend and we had Monday off. Tuesday, Max was off to his sales job, it was a short honeymoon.

The small house we were to rent was not available until sometime later in October, so we stayed in a small motel until then. The house was a new experience for me as we had a wood stove and wood furnace, and a dirt basement. I found it very scary to go down there. One day there was a block of wood standing at the bottom of the stairs, and I thought what looks so different about that wood? I crept closer and there was a big toad draped over that wood. Well, I was up those stairs in a hurry.

We had a washing machine but no dryer, so Max was on the back step putting up a clothesline. Foolishly on my part, I said, “Are you trying to put up a clothesline?”, and he said, “I’m not trying, I’m doing it!”

So, life began in Kimberly. In December I was offered a job in the Bay candy department for the Christmas season. I was so cold and didn’t feel very well, and it finally dawned on me that I must be pregnant. Connie Marie was born August 19, 1956, in the Kimberly Hospital.

At Christmas that year Max was transferred to Prince George B.C. He dropped Connie and I off at my Mom and Dad’s while he went on to his job. He found us a cute, but small duplex in Prince George. Later he came and picked us up.

While in the duplex I was washing clothes with the old wringer style washer. I was hanging some clothes on the line and Connie decided to climb up and get her hand in the wringer. It pulled her entire arm in, before I was able to trip it. It really bled under her arm pit, so we got her to the Doctor. They decided to leave it and the blood slowly dissipated. Her arm looked a little mangled for some time, as I’m sure muscles were damaged.

In the spring of 1957, Max, Connie and I travelled with Max’s brother Martin and his wife Ruby and daughter Joy to Norquay, Sask. We were going to visit Max’s parents. Martin had accepted Jesus in his heart and was filled with the Holy Spirit. We stayed overnight in Prince Albert, Sask. and Martin asked Max if he would accept Jesus as his Saviour. Max did that night.

Their family had been brought up attending the Lutheran church and took catechism classes. Max left that behind when he went on his own. Well, we proceeded on to Norquay, and they were very happy to see us. Ruby and I made pies and helped around the house.

Max's Dad had been listening to Oral Roberts on the radio and had received a profound spiritual experience. Before the day was over, they were praying for Max to be filled with the Holy Spirit. This was all so new to me, and I think Ruby as well. I didn’t know how to accept all that was happening. (In fact, I thought they had all flipped out.)

Holiday over, we came back to Prince George and life went on. We started attending the Pentecostal church, but it still seemed too much for me. On May 21, 1958, we were blessed with our second daughter Linda Maxine. Where Connie had been a chubby 6 lb. 9 oz baby, Linda was 6 lbs. 1 2.5 oz, but quite thin. I remember my Mom and brother Wayne coming up to Prince George for a visit. It was nice seeing them.

During this time, we purchased a lot at 210 Johnson Road and were in the process of having our first house built. None too soon, as it was finished before our next arrival Kenneth Allen, August 23, 1959. We had a Mrs. Dolittle caring for Connie and Linda while I was in the hospital having Kenneth. I'm sure she did a great job but had left some devilled eggs and salad in the fridge. I was hungry, ate it and became very ill, vomiting and in the bathroom. I assume it was too old and made me sick.

Ken appeared to be healthy for 2 weeks or so, when he started bringing up everything including water. The Doctors told me I had to burp him better, but nothing helped. One day probably at 3 weeks old, I took him to the local health clinic. As soon as the nurse saw him, she said this child is extremely dehydrated. Get him to the hospital immediately.

He was on intravenous for several days and diagnosed with Pyloric Stenosis. (This is hardening of the Pyloric valve, which lets food leave your stomach.) I had to fly him to Vancouver General Hospital for surgery. Max and the girls took us to the airport, and they were very sad, so was I. It was a scary adventure for me as it was my first time on an airplane, and Vancouver yet!

An airport bus delivered us to the Vancouver General Hospital. They had promised me a bed for the night, but it turned out that there were none available. I spent most of the night being questioned by interns about Ken's symptoms, etc. I believe I was just at the hospital one night and needed to catch the bus back to Prince George the next day. Max had to be back to his job.

Money was scarce so all I had was a Family Allowance cheque to pay for the bus home. Unfortunately, the bus depot would not accept the cheque. It was Saturday and the banks were closed.

As I sat in that grubby depot in tears, a kind man asked my problem. I told him I needed the cheque cashed so I could pay for a ticket.

It was only \$17.00, and he said he would take it and give me the money. Thank God for kind, caring people.

I got the ticket and rode the bus all night. Max had to leave for work soon after I got home. I was so tired; I fell asleep for a short time. When I awoke Connie and Linda had macaroni and coffee grounds all around the kitchen. I guess they were hungry.

On the following weekend, we drove to Vancouver to pick up our precious baby boy. He was doing well and we were a family together again. On our way back we stopped in Vernon and took in a church meeting of Clifton Erickson. By this time, Max was a salesman for McCormick's and so we had our own car, which was a nice change.

In August of 1960 I was expecting again. We had a young lady by the name of Alice Rice come help time a few weeks before the baby would be born. Ken was so heavy for me to carry by this time, and I was so big. I was having a difficult time. Max was away on his job when I went into labour. The Pastor had agreed to take me to the hospital. Things were happening fast, and before long Diane Ruth arrived-August 25th.

While I was in the hospital (we stayed about 5 days after delivering a baby), Alice's sister Ila Rice came to help Alice. Ila was about 13 years old and living in Prince George with a family from the Pentecostal church. Her family lived out of town, and Ila attended a special class in school that was offered only in Prince George.

When it came time for Alice to leave, Ila loved being with us and our 3 little ones and did not want to leave. So, we fixed a place for her in the basement, and she proved to be a great blessing to our family. There was a school close that offered the special class for Ila, so she could walk to school. So much happened, and life was so busy that dates and events are hard to remember.

During the early 60's, Max left Swifts and took a position with McCormick's, so we had to buy our first car. His job had him away from home a lot. People often would ask if I'd like a ride to church, but I found lots of excuses. However, when I heard that a lady Evangelist by the name of Eunice Meyer was coming to the church, I actually called a friend for a ride.

Eunice Meyer played the accordion, sang well with a raspy voice. When I entered the church that day, I felt something I had not experienced before.

It seemed like I almost floated down the aisle. At the end of the sermon, they invited those who wanted to come into the prayer room. It was an amazing experience for me, and I was gloriously filled with the Holy Spirit. Finally, I understood what gave Max such zeal. I was totally delivered and set free at last.

Between 1957 and 1958 we went to Norquay a few more times to visit Max's parents. His Mother was a sweet lady. Just before leaving their place, she said, "Magne (his Norwegian name), It will not always be easy for Donna. I want you to be very good to her and help her all you can." I found that very touching as some Mothers would have said, "be good to my son."

Anyway, Max has always been an awesome Husband, Father and good provider. We would have liked him home more, but first his jobs, and later the call to the ministry took preeminence.

Sometime in the early 60's as well as working for McCormick's, Max was selling bread making machines. They were a cabinet type with a large fiberglass bowl and kneading arm. They easily made great bread, but one day I did a foolish thing and caught my hand. I turned the machine off but was unable to get my hand free.

Diane who was probably 3 years old was with me. I said "quick, there's a hammer under the sink. Get it for Mom." She got the hammer, and I hooked the hammer claws on the bowl and cracked it. Out came my hand. The muscles and nerves were so damaged. It was about 6 weeks before I could use my hand. That was the end of the machine, and the company went out of business. I still made bread by hand after that.

Somewhere at this point in my life I still did not have my driver's license, largely due to the fact that the company car could only be driven by Max. Anyway, I often said one day I would get it, and Max responded that I was like Diefenbaker, always procrastinating. I didn't say anything, but in my mind, I thought I'll show you; I'm not procrastinating.

Not long after that Max had to go to Vancouver for a sales meeting, so I took the bus downtown and wrote my driving test and passed it. I inquired about taking the driving test and a fellow asked if I'd be interested in a couple of lessons. I said come up this afternoon and I'll take a lesson. I took that lesson and another lesson the next day, I wanted to surprise Max when he came home.

He came home earlier than I expected. I already had the Driver test appointment, so he and girls drove me there. We had the station wagon, and I would use it for the test. Max said he and the girls would sit in the back seat, but the instructor said no you won't. Nobody is allowed in the car during the Driving Test. Max was a little miffed, so I had a personal chuckle over that.

I was nervous, but I did alright. The instructor said if there's an opening when we come back, I want you to parallel park. In my heart I said, Lord don't let there be an opening and there wasn't. When I drove around to the back the instructor sighed and said, this was your lucky day. I got my Driver's license that day.

I didn't have much chance to drive the car until December 1963. Max chose to go into full time Ministry, and we moved to 1360 Best Street, White Rock B.C. Ila wanted to come too, but we thought maybe she should stay as her family was there. She was determined to stay with us, and so she moved with us.

It was a total miracle how we came by the house in White Rock. It was owned by a man we knew from Prince George. We ended up trading our home in Prince George for this home in White Rock. It was busy, happy, and crazy years there. Max was already on radio KARI and we had an office in the basement of our house. For some time, we had several ladies employed in the office.

We enjoyed our home there, it was older and had 2 bedrooms upstairs, and two down. The living room carpet was worn to the backing and once lovely drapes in shreds from the sun. I took them down. Lack of time and money never allowed these improvements, but who cared. There was a laundry chute from the bathroom to the basement. The kids loved jumping down it. They had good friends and it was a happy time for us.

In 1965 we purchased a property on the King George Highway. It had a bungalow, which proved to be perfect for our offices. I was very happy to finally have the house to ourselves. One winter it snowed, and Ken put on his skates. I had to go for the mail down a very steep bank and Ken wanted to come with me. During that short time, it rained and froze so we could not get up the hill. So here am I with Ken in skates, walking home on these icy roads.

Life was endless meetings, radio programs, kids in school, you name it. Max took one around the world trip in 1966 and was gone 3 1/2 months. He often went to Norway and on one occasion my Mother came and cared for the

children. I flew to Norway and met Max. Our car had power brakes and my Mother had never driven a car with touchy brakes before. It was a hilarious time for the children every time she stopped too fast.

On October 17, 1965, Betty Anne was born. Connie was 9 years old by then and was a great help, as she loved her little baby sister. On February 19, 1968, John David was born weighing over 9 lbs. While I was expecting him, Max would say over the radio program, or in his travels that we were having a son and we would call him John David. That was real faith on his part, I thought if it's not a boy. What then?

During these years in White Rock Ila worked cleaning at a Baptist Nursing Home. Later someone she met asked her if she'd like to come and work at Government House in Victoria. During her time there, Prince Philip and the Queen visited, and Ila waited on them in some capacity. Her job was setting tables, some cleaning, and she said endless polishing of the silver.

Some friends Max had met in Edmonton while holding revival meetings, told him of a dance hall that was for sale. They said it would make a great church. He agreed and on October 26, 1969, it became the Edmonton Revival Centre at 149 street and Stony Plain Road, Edmonton.

So, on the move again, we sold our house and office building and in December 1969 we moved to St. Albert, Alberta. Our house was available when we arrived, but the moving truck broke down somewhere in B.C.

So here we were with six children and no furniture. Kind people gave us some foam mattresses and bedding and electric pots, etc. The children and I pretended we were camping, and it was fun. I believe it was three weeks before our belongings arrived. The holidays were over, and we set up housekeeping.

THE 70's:

The decade of the 70's was one of many new beginnings. The Edmonton Revival Centre rightfully named was soon filled. We brought in Muriel Heppner as our pianist and organist. Margaret Graham who had been our office Manager in White Rock also came to Edmonton. Pastor Keith Driver and family came as our assistant Pastor.

We built a choir of 53 people, called the Sered Singers. In 1972 we started Canadian Bible Academy, a three year

Bible course, bringing in Pastor Grayden Giles and family from Newfoundland. Pastor C. Franco and family came to join us from Trinidad. House of Refuge Mission was started downtown Edmonton.

Sometime in the early 1970's we took over the Ukrainian Bible Camp at Sandy Beach. It was well equipped with kitchen equipment, supplies, dorms, two cabins, a large church tabernacle with wooden benches, and had served many people. We held camp for many years, starting in the middle of July for three weeks. It was an old-fashioned Bible camp, including outdoor toilets.

New showers were installed and other improvements. People came in great numbers for the services, and to camp in the dorms, in trailers and tents. I worked in the kitchen, organizing volunteers and ordering food in bulk from MacDonald's Consolidated Warehouse.

I remember one day coming back to the Bible camp with our station wagon loaded down with food supplies. It had been raining and the road after Morinville turn off was muddy and slick. The vehicle's back end slid toward the edge of the ditch. Before long a truck with some Alexander First Nations men stopped and attached a towing rope to the end of the vehicle. They straightened out the car in the centre of the road, and I was on my way again.

At the Bible camp we cooked three meals a day, and hotdogs and hamburgers for after evening church meetings. Some mornings I'd be there at 5:30 or 6:30 am to get the kitchen going and end the day at 1:30am. It was amazing how volunteers just showed up. Some of the faithful's were Katie Kutryk peeling hundreds of potatoes and washing dishes. Helen Cotnam cooking and always having a great laugh. Katie Biffert so pleasant and willing to tackle hard work, Dollie Schuler and so many more.

Some Sundays we cooked six large turkeys and made enormous amounts of potato salad that was mixed in a large plastic can. There was a snack shop that sold candy, chips and frozen treats. Many people accepted Jesus Christ as their Saviour at Bible camp and were water baptized in the lake. People came prepared to attend long services filled with songs, worship and praise, preaching, altar services and rejoicing. It was a very busy time, hard work, but also very rewarding.

In 1974 we placed Pastor Driver in charge of the work and moved to Rutland, B.C. (just outside of Kelowna.) We had holidayed in the Okanagan and thought it would be a great place to live. However, we found our stay short lived as circumstances had us moving back in the summer of 1977.

Since the Giles family were living in our house in St. Albert, we moved into an old two story on the church property. We lived there for one year. The Giles family moved on, and we came back to St. Albert. We discontinued the three-year Bible School and offered a 10-month Bible school course. During the 70's Max travelled to many countries preaching, including India.

My nursing training and knowledge was very useful as a Mother of six children. One day Betty got a gash on her head. I called the Doctor's office and asked what they would do, if I brought her in. They said they would cut her hair two inches around the wound, then stitch. Betty had long hair and I thought, no I'll just stitch it myself. I sterilized my needle and thread, stitched the wound and she was good as new.

In January of 1978 our daughter Linda and Merv Jeske were engaged. Max was announcing the exciting news everywhere he ministered. We decided that anyone who wanted to attend the reception had to sign a book, as the reception hall only held so many people. May 27 the rain stopped, and it was a sunny day for the wedding and reception at Kirk United Church, Edmonton.

On April 4, 1980, my Dad passed away from a massive heart attack. This was a very trying time for me, as he was very special to me. Our second wedding was October 10, 1981. Ronald Beaudette and our Connie were married in Faith Cathedral, with the reception in the Fellowship hall. Diane and Gary Lallemand were married in Edmonton on December 27, 1982.

With the new church finished, the older part was used for children's church. We also held fellowship coffee times, baby showers, and even catered to some wedding receptions. A daycare opened in the overflow area.

Ila Rice came back with us doing janitor work and operating our printing press. Our staff grew and it was a beehive of activity. I worked in the layout room assembling our magazine in the old "paste up method", before computers. I really enjoyed the creative part of that work.

In 1979-80 Ken took a six months semester at Bible College. In 1982 he took another year of ministry training at Christ For the Nations, where he met the lovely Lena Gustafsson and they were married in Sweden in 1984. Max and I travelled to Sweden for another enjoyable wedding. In July of 1984, Ken and Lena co-pastored at Faith Cathedral, and were there for about five years.

THE 80's:

During the 1970's and 1980's we organized eight charter tours to the Holy Land. Max and I went on five trips (I believe), with our assistant Pastors directing the other 3 trips. In 1980 feeling that the existing building was inadequate we decided to build Faith Cathedral. It was a beautiful building, but the economic depression that hit at that time did not make life easy.

Max travelled a lot in evangelistic ministry, and we had quite a large staff. Somewhere in the 80's Mrs. Graham retired as office Manager, and so the job automatically fell on my shoulders. Through trial and error, I managed the bookkeeping and even struggled through learning the old floppy disc Micom Computer. It was old and finally beyond repair. I had lost interest in trying to learn the new computers, so continue to do 3 sets of bookkeeping and pay bills by cheques. John and Carole were married in 1988 in Faith Cathedral Edmonton.

Through the years I have travelled to many countries with Max on preaching trips. South Africa, Philippines, Norway, Africa, Jamaica, Brazil, USA, Portugal, Spain, Ukraine and Australia. For many years we have treated ourselves to a winter holiday in Hawaii. Max also ministers in a Philippino church there when invited by his Pastor friend, Dr. Michell Kanakoa

THE 90's:

On October 26, 1991, we amalgamated Faith Cathedral with People's Church. We sold our home on Grandin Road and bought one in Heritage Lakes. As Max was away in ministry, every day I brought home boxes and boxes of

books, files, and reel to reel and cassette tapes of 24 years of ministry.

Ila was such a help, and a precious girl. She continued doing Janitor work for People's Church. Unfortunately, she died an untimely death at the age of 48 in 1995. This was a tremendous loss to our entire family. It's touching that our grandson and his wife named their first child after her.

Our daughter Betty continued doing our secretarial work from our home office. She would bring their son Braeden with her and I would look after him while she worked. On November 25, 1998, Betty and Grahame Farge were blessed with twins (Kendra and Tanner). I feel fortunate to have taken care of them as babies, while Betty worked in our home office.

Three days after the twins were born my precious Mother passed away at 87 years of age. She was concerned until her last day that we would be freezing in the cold the day of her funeral and burial. God bless her memory!

My brother Bud passed away suddenly April 25, 2000. He had worked for years in the oil field, in Canada and Kuwait and lived in Canada and England. John and Viveca were married on October 29, 2005, in Edmonton. My sister Audrey passed away on November 30, 2015, after some years of heart problems. She leaves 3 children.

In 2009 we bought a house in Saskatoon, SK from a pastor. Our plan was to renovate and spruce it up for resale. Our son John came, and we spent many weeks on that job. I pitched right in and helped where I could. Before long the Pastor wanted to sell the church (across the street), and we ended up with that as well.

The Lord miraculously provided the finances. So once again John was the foreman on a major renovation job. Christ the Healer Gospel church was once again an attractive building for church services and the glory of God.

As if we didn't have enough to do in our retirement years, we obtained and salvaged an old Moravian Church in the New Sarepta, Alberta area. Once again, another major renovation, we hired John (the renovator) and rescued another church building. We had to totally gut the basement, put in a new heating system, electrical up to code, and cosmetic work to the upstairs area. This was the same little country church where Betty and Grahame were married years previous, witnessed by Merv and Linda.

A friend of ours heard of some nice pews in Estevan, Sask. so we replaced the chairs and have a lovely country church called 'The House of Prayer.' We also put in a cistern for water supply and have 3 acres on the property. There is a mobile

home there which we trust will someday be home to a caretaker couple. We have had tent meetings beside the church for a few years now as well.

So here Max and I are, in our eighties with 17 grandchildren, 10 great grands, and just celebrated our 61-wedding anniversary on October 8, 2016. So where do we go from here? Our lives in the hands of God and we know that we are safe and secure in His love, mercy and grace. All glory and thanks to Him through Jesus Christ our Lord!