

While busy in the work I felt myself growing restless and that too not many young people of my generation were privileged to go to college, I felt an urge to go. I sent to my number of catalogues from colleges of which I had heard and finally decided on Coe College in Cedar Rapids, Iowa. It was a supposedly Christian, Presbyterian. But I was offered a scholarship, and having no funds available, I went to Coe in the fall of 1930.

I chose a Physics major, major not being my goal set - only having a liking for things scientific. Our physics professor, Dr. Percy Weld, was a ~~strenuous~~ competent teacher, having written the text we used, but a very fine Christian gentleman.

I did not take four successive years at Coe, but used a couple summer sessions to ~~finish~~^{secure} my graduation requirements, I graduated with the class of 1936, tho I still had a few credits to make up during the summer which I did.

It is difficult to evaluate the value of one's life. The years in Northern Minnesota were very fruitful in two or three ways as I look back on them now. We were able to plant behind us two churches, one of which has prospered thru the years. Many lives were blessed, ~~and~~ ^{many} in coming to know the Savior ~~and~~ and in being strengthened and supported in their Christian faith. For myself, they were years of growth mainly in my own spiritual development. It was there when I was alone, (After going to Harper) that many days were marked by a spiritual darkness. I have wrestled with depression all my life. But tho I have never felt a complete victory over the ailment, still it has had benefits for me. To that when one does not feel like it, - the find comfort in the Scriptures and in prayer, and to keep going - These I have in some measure learned. I have often reflected on those years - wondering if they could have been more fruitfully spent. But I was there with the inner conviction the God called me to it, and I stayed till He lifted the cloud.

The time came, in the Autumn of 1940 he received a call to the E.F.C. of Oakland, Calif. and felt led to accept it. We decided to leave Minnesota in November. We arrived to begin our ministry the first of December.

We were there in the family now. God had so graciously given us our first son, David Wallace, born April 5, 1940. He was not large of bone, but filled with an unusual liveliness, always on the move and in motion when awake. He was a great joy to us, and has remained so thru the years. Rachel was confined to the Walker Hospital where Dr. Ringley practised. She remained there for at ~~least~~ least a week, her whole confinement and the David's birth costing us in the area of \$75 for the whole.

It should be mentioned that the great storm of domesticity day in 1940 delayed our departure a few days - but we arrived in California toward the end of November. We left winter behind as we crossed the Sierras into balmy and sunny California where the flowers bloomed and the birds sang. The E.F.C. of Oakland gave us a gracious welcome,

"California, here we come". The ~~excitation~~ excitement we felt in anticipation of ~~our~~ future residence in California was stark to experience. We travelled the middle route — across to center of our country, ~~west~~ crossing over the Sierras at Donner Pass. We drove a 1939 Buick Chev. 4-door. ~~For~~ ~~particular points~~ all went well. The ~~at~~ one time we travelled on precarious roads. That was, as we were approaching Rawlins, Wyo. Mike was falling on us, the roads were icy, like glass. I don't know how we managed it but we got into town, found a motel and food and a good Mike's rest.

From the Sierras we dropped into beautiful California. However, when blooming, the temperature was mild. It was a wonderful day for us when we arrived in the Bay Area toward late afternoon. We did not go directly to Oakland, but stopped in Berkeley where Rev. Paul Cassel was pastor. He had served as Rachel's pastor in the St. Paul church. We had a delicious meal and a time of good fellowship, thinking of past days and looking forward to days ahead.

We arrived in Oakland to find a large group of folk at the church to welcome us. So many were our own age. I don't think any pastor has been more enthusiastically welcome by his new congregation that we were. The church gave us their full support from the beginning to the end of our ministry although then ten years later. We stayed with the Victor Nelsons as our hosts until our furniture arrived which we had shipped by freight from Walker.

The parsonage in Oakland was one of the most adequate of any in the San Francisco county wide. Two bedrooms, bath, dining room and kitchen gave us all the room we needed. We were there. Thelma, Rachel and I and David. In to that home were were eventually to welcome three more children:

Paul in June 10, 1941 Elizabeth Rose in Nov 3 1942 and Thomas Lee in April 30, 1945.

Occasionally my mother (Jennie Johnson) stayed ~~to~~ with us. She had sold her home in Kenosha in 1940 and following that, she made her home with us three the years, and with Edwin and Esther.

The years we served the church in Oakland ~~we~~ included the years of WWII. I considered entering the chaplaincy, but decided against it. Our ~~work~~ service consisted of a ministry of hospitality to the many servicemen who visited us, sat at our table, slept in our home, attended our church and shared their lives in fellowship with us. Our home was the last one many of the servicemen were in before shipping out from the Bay area to the ports in the S. Pacific.

The FPC of Oakland was never a large church. Its chief characteristics were its warm cohesive fellowship, its youthfulness, and its genuine spirituality. The services were always filled with a warm tenderness. Messages from the pulpit were always received with open hearts. They were a church who loved their pastor and supported him always.

We remained in the Oakland church for ten years - ten momentous years. In Dec, 1941, America was drawn into the war raging in Europe by the attack on Pearl Harbor by the Japanese. The day of attack was Sunday, 12/7/41 morning. We shall never forget our feelings when coming

home from overseas we turned our radios on to hear the news from our President Franklin D. Roosevelt. It was a news to be forgotten day — a "day of infamy" as our President called it. Thus began the ten years which were to end finally with the dropping of the nuclear bomb on Hiroshima Japan.

The Bay Area was active with troops shipping out — shipping of supplies + munitions for the forces, and aircraft always filling the skies above us. Flying Fortresses flew over our home daily on their way to the Oakland landing field. I was intrigued with the P-51's — their double tail — flying with such speed and maneuverability in the skies above us.

Thousands of servicemen passed through the area, and many many of the Free Church men visited with us. Many friendships were formed which have blessed our lives these many intervening years.

It seems to us that the ten years we spent in the pastorate in Oakland were years of ministry to people — The

letter was an invitation from the church to
become their pastor.

members of the congregation and the
service men and women who come
to worship with us. We were not a
large church. But a warm spirit
prevailed and we found great
joy in each others presence.