

The Academy Perspective

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Vada Lee Barkley, Editor

TO THE GRANDKIDS' HOUSE WE GO

by Vada Lee Barkley

Two days after the October Academy meeting, Art and I flew to New York. The prop plane we boarded outside at OKC carried us safely to DFW International, but dumped us on the tarmac. A shuttle bus took us to the terminal.

Flagging a cart, we reached our JFK departure gate with time to spare.

Once settled on that plane, we had three hours to think.

Of all the airports I had never wanted to see, JFK ranked no.1. I visualized this huge terminal working alive with people of all races, languages, religions, politics, and attire. This multitude would be dashing pell mell to and fro. News reports I've heard of violence and disaster around there didn't help. Worse still, airport personnel who make announcements try to swallow their mikes. We can't understand their garbled instructions. What if we can't find the kids, I wondered.

"The kids" are Joshua and Karen Guevara and their four children aged 4 to 7. Since Joshua lived with us during his first semester of college some twenty years ago, he calls us his parents and we call him son.

Joshua met and married Karen Roehn at SNU. After graduation, he attended Nazarene Theological Seminary. He graduated from NTS in 1981 and accepted the pastorate of our Brentwood Church on Long Island. Across the miles and years our family relationship has continued. Now we're grandpa and [Cont.-page 3--"Grandkids"]

MEMBERSHIP ROLE UPDATE

Since dues were waived for 1993-94 to encourage donations to the Endow Fund for SNU, a number of us were confused about '94-'95 dues. We are attempting to clarify the issue and update our membership roll.

Article VII, Section 2, of our Bylaws states:

"(a) General: Initiation fees shall be paid in full within thirty (30) days. Annual dues shall be paid by the close of the annual meeting of The Assembly."

"(b) Amounts: The amount of fees and/or dues shall be recommended by the Administrative Council. The Assembly shall establish dues and fees at the annual meeting."

Article I. Section 4 reads as follows:

"A Member is considered to be in good standing as long as he or she has paid all dues and has satisfied any other obligations to the Academy."

At our annual meeting last April, the initiation fee was set at \$15 per person; the dues at \$10 per person. For new members joining after January 1, dues would be waived for the upcoming year. That is, until April of the next year.

The October Perspective listed paid-up members as of May 9, 1994. In that list, however, I inadvertently omitted seven names: Lyle and Bea Flinner, Bronell and Paula Greer, Myrtle Greer, and Paul and Martha Gresham. (I called them and apologized). Including those seven, the total was 72.

Since then we have received dues--as of this writing--from the following: Cantley and Syble George, Thurman Coburn, Bill and Louvenia Jellerson, Shural and Carolyn Knippers, and John Bumpus. New members include Evelyn Downs, Ponder Gilliland, W.T. (Bo) and Nell Dougharty. That makes a total of 91.

Thanks to everyone who helped in this endeavor. Elbert sent reminders to several members. Kathleen Sodowsky, Wilma Troutman, and Bruce Blowers helped with collecting fees and dues and updating or issuing ID cards. And Marvin Peterson took pictures for ID cards.

NOVEMBER MEETING

Our next meeting will be Monday, November 14th at 11:45 a.m. Regular callers will check with you on Thursday, November 10 to get your reservation. Be sure your caller, Elbert or me, get your reservation before 10 a.m. Friday 11/11.

Our speaker will be Bill Robertson, vice president of the Larry Jones Feed the Children Ministries. Marvin Peterson, representing the Community Service Interest group, arranged for this program.

"What a father says to his children is not heard by the world; but it will be heard by posterity."

"Every time history repeats itself the price doubles"

"Always put off until tomorrow what you shouldn't do at all."

**UP, UP AND AWAY TO
DEAR OLD NORWAY!**

by Milton Sonnevik

It was a delight for me this past summer to again return to Norway. I had no intention to do so again in 1994 since I had been there during the summer of 1993. However, back in January of 1994 an invitation came from my old friend, Arthur Salthe, telling me he and his wife were both going to celebrate their 70th birthdays in August. They were calling it their 140th birthday celebration.

Arthur, Kari and I went to the same high school, Sankt Svithun Skile, in Stavanger, Norway. Arthur was part of my "old gang" of five boys, all of us Christians, who gave a great deal of leadership to Det Kristilige Middelstolelag, The Christian High School League. Following high school we stayed close friends and frequently attended church together, went skiing, hiking, bicycling together, and otherwise supported each other during those difficult World War II years. The problems all around us bonded us together and cemented a friendship which is special and unique to this day. I determined I could not lose out on this special event.

Birthday celebrations in Norway are very special events, especially turning 50, 60, 70 and 80. It really amounts to family reunions with much good food, many speeches honoring the recipients. Generally speaking it is a six to seven hour affair. This party was just that kind.

This party was held at Sola Strand Hotel, an old hotel outside Stavanger, sitting right on the beach and close to Sola Airport, which served a strategic function during World War II. The party started at 5:45 p.m. and went on

until 12:30 a.m. It was a typical Norwegian meal with meat, potatoes, gravy, vegetables, numerous cakes with the "kransekake," the tall macaroon cake sitting as a center piece. Between each course the speeches were given, we sang, poetry was read, games were played, and the grandchildren participated in everything. It is impossible to tell you how I felt. The memories were so rich and rewarding. There were about 50 in attendance. I was the only one who came from the States.

True friendships are indeed special. Great distances and years of separation don't mean much. When we get together the bond is still there and we just pick up from where we left off.

Each time I visit Norway I realize again how blessed I was in my younger days to have had Christian associations. The German occupation was difficult, but my friendships were special. I returned home again after only a week's absence thinking how fortunate I am to be living at a time in history when we can go from one side of the world to the other in just a few hours.

Again I thank the Lord for the fellowship of believers.

ATTENTION, WRITERS

We have several writers among our membership. From time to time some have written for the Perspective. I have asked a number of you to report on trips you have taken. I would like reports from others.

Personal experiences, nostalgia, essays, helpful hints, devotional material, seasonal material of all kinds--almost anything you'd like to share would interest the rest of us.

Please send or hand me whatever you think is appropriate. I need it approximately two weeks before our meeting date.

"TO SEE THE QUEEN"

by Wini Howard

During a wakeful time, in our hotel in London, the following Mother Goose parody came to mind.

Dick and Wini, Dick and Wini,
where have you been?

We've been to London to see the
queen.

Dick and Wini, Dick and Wini,
what did you there?

We rode the underground, with
a lot of "shank's mare."

A visit to London has been "high on my list" for some time. I'm afraid that I set this great desire to music. Dick knew how much I wanted to go. (He had been sight-seeing in London many years ago). So when he called the travel agent and learned about the great tickets and said, "Let's go!", I was ready.

Delta landed us at Gatwick Airport. It looked like several hundred Americans had joined us. London is a favorite spot for "us" to visit.

Someone told us. "Carry an umbrella!" I did and I was glad. As we stepped outside at Windsor Castle it was raining so hard I thought we were back in Oklahoma.

Our 3 day visit didn't give us time to see all we wanted so see, but the grandeur of that city has a lasting place in my mind. The magnitude of Windsor Castle amazes me. The London Tower with its instruments of torture and the Crown Jewels is an awe-inspiring place. And at last I have seen Big Ben and Westminster Abbey. My motto is: "Travel all you can!"

"If at first you do succeed, try to
hide your astonishment."

"Italian Proverb: After the ship
has sunk, everyone knows how it
might have been saved."

["Grandkids"--Cont. from p.1]
grandma to their kids.

To my utter amazement, the only people we saw at the end of the tunnel were the Guevaras. What happened to the horde on that plane or those who were there to meet them, I'll never know.

After affectionate greetings, each child grabbed an adult hand. We hurried to the baggage claim area. I couldn't believe my eyes. No crowds. Only one piece of luggage on the belt. Seconds later I saw my suitcase turn the corner, then Art's followed. One at a time! Joshua picked them up. An attendant checked and removed the tags. Within minutes we were out the door, into the van, and headed for Brentwood.

Somehow the crowd that vanished at the terminal entrance must have joined the mob of Long Island commuters. For when we reached Southern Parkway going east, we merged with four or five lanes of bumper-to-bumper traffic. It took us 2 hours to go to Brentwood--about 35 miles. It took 3 hours to fly from Dallas.

Contrary to popular opinion, not all of New York is congested. The Brentwood church sits on one corner of a 5-acre wooded lot. A church nursery school sits on one corner. And the 3-bedroom parsonage sits on another corner. Behind the parsonage is a big garden, the chief support of the pastor's family. There's room for all kinds of church activities in the parsonage basement and outside.

We've heard so much about violence in New York that we're always a bit cautious, even on Long Island. One crisp afternoon Art took a walk. Since there were no sidewalks, he was walking in the street. On the way home he saw two black men coming down the middle of the street toward him. His first thought was: What if they ask for my money. I don't have any with me. They'll prob-

ably knock me in the head or maybe beat me up. The closer they came, the faster Art's heart raced. When they were face-to-face with Art, one spoke up. "Where's your jacket?" he said. It's not like Art to be afraid of anybody. But that's New York's reputation getting to him no doubt.

A Harvest Festival for the nursery school families; a chance to help grandkids with homework; a drive to the wharf where scores of fishing boats docked; a brunch with church ladies; and two services Sunday--all made the time go fast. The hectic pace of that family makes our heads swim.

By 10:30 a.m. Monday traffic wasn't bad. Joshua ate lunch with us at JFK, checked us in, and took us to Gate 18, our departure gate. We assured him we'd be o.k. from there, so he left.

The crowds I'd visualized earlier gathered. Every seat at that gate area was taken. When we all lined up for boarding, everyone stopped. We waited. "Sit back down," came the order. After that we caught snatches of garbled announcements. We heard "a little while," "mechanical trouble;" then someone said, "This flight has been cancelled."

We lined up to see what to do. Fortunately, Art heard "Arthur Barkley" and Vada Lee Barkley" over the intercom. Someone said, "Go to the next gate." We lined up at Gate 17, then 16, and at last got our tickets changed and instructions to go to Gate 6. No problem, we just walked to Gate 6 and waited.

Two hours later we caught a flight to Atlanta and then home.

["Checkers"--cont. from col.3]
schedule. I like checkers, chess, dominoes, tennis, luncheons, dinners, parties, and coffee at Hardees but appreciate the many opportunities to do more than these!

MORE THAN CHESS AND CHECKERS

by Elbert Overholt

Are you satisfied with your schedule of activities? Are you getting satisfaction from your contacts with others? For many of you the answer is positive. For others you may be experiencing a void. I just came from a visit to a friend in the hospital and met Danford Alger as he was visiting the sick. No doubt this is rewarding to him as well as to the hospital patients and their families.

This is a good example of one of our members as he continues to share his professional talent and spirit. I recently received a letter from Dr. Hackler, SNU Language Department, expressing appreciation for the work of the Sonneviks and Betty Falkner for their assistance in a testing project for SNU students. A number of you will be involved in the Excel Auction next week. Although intangible, the rewards are very satisfying in each instance.

I am interested in expanding our Academy activities on the SNU campus and beyond. No doubt you have a wealth of good ideas that are dormant in your fertile minds and are just waiting to be released. Some of you will be involved in the SNU Academic Services before the semester ends.

Our service activities have been varied and extensive. This was evident in Vada Lee's recent president's report. Could we expand out activities to include two-way learning experiences with SNU students, the passing of your knowledge and experiences to each other and to students, as well as personal writing and reading experiences?

This short column is intended to spur additional thinking for non-retiring minds although most of us have a retired work
[Cont. col. 2--"Checkers"]