BILL' S MEMORIES



These are memories of Bill Boehm of the years he was at Hylandale and published in his book "God Still Moves" (used by permission.)

Mary's dream

One spring Sabbath afternoon we had two couples come over to our house at Stoddard for lunch. We often have different families come over and eat with us. There seems to be something special about eating. When you sit down across the table from someone they open up and you get to really know someone deeply. I have found that this is a great tool in spreading the gospel.

This afternoon the two couples were from our local church at La Crosse. It seemed like the Spirit of God was closer that day than usual. When we had vespers at the close of the Sabbath that evening and got down on our knees, we prayed very fervently and asked for God's leading in our life, that wherever God wanted to lead us, we were willing to go. We just wanted His guidance. The language in this prayer was not unusual but the fervency of this prayer and the feeling of the closeness of God was. It was much greater than normal.

A day later one of these men, we'll call him George, called me, , and said that just thirty miles down the road was an Adventist self-supporting academy called Hylandale. They were having a board meeting that Wednesday and discussing whether to close down the school. "Why don't we go to it?" he asked. "We could see if we could be of any help with some

volunteer work-bees or maybe give some advice. Let's just see if we could help."

I agreed with him and so on Wednesday night we went to their meeting. As I walked into the room Judy Olson, a woman that I knew slightly but respected highly, said, "Praise the Lord, our new principal is here!"

I quickly replied, "Hold on there, I have come to this meeting just to see what is happening with the school and to offer some short term volunteer help. I didn't come to be any principal. We just want to see what is going on."

Nothing more was said about that . The meeting proceeded with the business at hand. Unknown to us they had already made the decision to close the school earlier. This meeting was to decided how to go about the closing and what to do with the assets.

The meeting finished. On the drive home, George and I talked about how we could help them. Any move on our part to go there and live would be a very difficult one. The academy had a large debt and no income and what vehicles and buildings they did have were old and broken. It was a maintenance nightmare.

When I got home, I talked it over with Mary and we decided that we would pray about how we could help the school, but we were still not thinking about going there. It did seem a coincidence though that this problem just came to our attention right after we had prayed so strongly on Sabbath. Several more times that week George and I would talk over the phone about this situation. This problem was weighing very heavily on my heart.



The following Sabbath evening, as I was kneeling beside my bed praying I said, "Lord, if you are really directing us to go there we will go. We need to be led by Your Spirit but you

will have to show us clearly and especially my wife, for I know that it will not be easy for her to leave behind this home that we love, and all the stability it represents." And as a kind of an afterthought I said, "And it would be nice to give her a dream."

I climbed in bed and quickly went to sleep. This is one thing that I have always been able to do, fall asleep quickly almost anywhere. One time, my young bride wanted to talk in bed, but I just went fast asleep. She pushed me so that I would wake up and she said, "Honey, it is starting to rain outside and my swimming suit is on the clothesline. Please go out and get it." I dutifully went out and retrieved it and came back to bed and fell fast asleep. She had counted on the fresh air to completely wake me up, and then we could talk. But that didn't work on me. At 3:20 in the morning Mary woke me with the statement, "I have just had a dream. And it was about us going to Hylandale." I know that it was that time for I got right up and wrote down all that she told me about the dream.

"In the dream, honey, I saw the three couples kneeling and praying about going to Hylandale. The Lord was speaking to us with a very beautiful voice, but I don't recall what He said. When I opened my eyes at the end of the prayer Sister A was gone. Sister B was just leaving, to go see her favorite TV show. I asked Brother A what he was going to do and he said; 'Now I am going to do what the Lord wants me to do.'"



"You and I, Bill, got in our car and drove off toward Hylandale. That's all." Right then, we decided that God was calling us to go. We would tell the others of that dream but they had to make their own decision. They had to know on their own if God was calling them. But as for us, we would go.

I put in my two weeks notice a the Trane Company and told my coworkers and church family that we were going on a missionary adventure,

for I felt that many of our schools overseas couldn't be much more of a challenge than this place would be.

Many of our friends questioned our decision to go, "How will you pay the bills? Your salary will be only about one-tenth of what you are making now. How can you survive on that? What about medical insurance? What about - - - -?"

My response was, "I don't know, but God does. We believe that He has called us there and now we are going to follow His leading. Those are His problems." And so we went.

I want to say something about dreams here. I have found that I dream about things that I have been thinking about or concerned over. When I was 17 years old I worked at a gasoline filling station. This was back before there were self-service stations and we would come out and not only fill the gas tank for any customers but clean the windshield, check the oil, and sometimes even check the tire pressure as well. We were having a price war in Oconomowoc and the price was only 19 cents per gallon. We had so many customers that by the end of the day I was totally exhausted. At home I would go right to sleep as soon as my head hit the pillow but I would dream that I was still pumping gas.

I tell you about this because in knowing the Lord as my Savior for over 27 years now, I can only recall one dream that I have ever had in which God or the church is involved. In that dream I was in Mexico and being persecuted for my faith. It was either give up worshiping God or death. I woke up greatly rejoicing, for in that dream I had not denied my Lord.

When Mary had that dream it was of such a nature that we believed

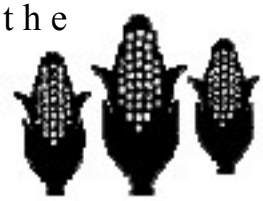


that it was not an ordinary dream, not just an overactive mind, not just too many pieces of pizza the night before. We believed that it was of God and we acted on that belief. We dedicated

ourselves that night to go and reopen Hylandale.

Corn Freezing

When we first came to Hylandale we had about a month to prepare things, then the students (ages 14-18) began arriving. Each year one of the church members that lived in the valley would provide the school with sweet corn. He planted about five acres of sweet corn for the school to put up for the winter, which he gave to us free, and we in return would give him frozen sweet corn for his family. The corn would ripen about the first week of the school year. So each year we would have about one week of school and then all the students and faculty including me, the principal, would take off about three days just to freeze corn. You would have to pick the corn, then husk it, blanche it in boiling water, cut the kernels off the ear, put it in freezer bags and then run them into town to quick freeze them. We would put up about 1000 pounds of frozen corn this way. So if we didn't have much else to eat during the winter we would always have sweet corn.



This first year I did it, we got the corn picked and we were ready to start when our maintenance man, Darrell, came into my office and said, "Bill, we can start but I don't think we will get very far because the propane tank is empty. The needle reads zero. Without gas we won't be able to blanche the corn. Can you order some gas?"

I talked to Blanche, our treasurer, and there was no money in the till.

"Darrell, do you have gas to the stove right now to get started? Can we get a fire under the pot?"

"Well, right now we do" he said.

"Ok, let's start and see how far we can go."

And so we worked all that day putting up corn and the fire never went out.

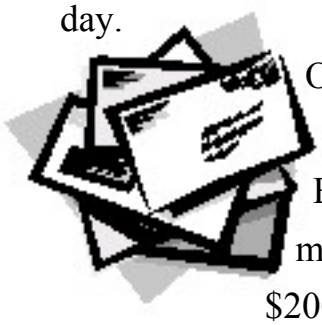
The next morning he came back to me, "Bill, it still says empty."

"Is there still fire in the stove?

"Yep."

"Well, praise the Lord, lets keep going. As long as the Lord keeps the propane coming we'll keep working because we still have no money."

And we did, and God kept the gas coming all that day and all the next day.



On the morning of the fourth day Darrell came to me and said, "The fire just went out."

But just at that moment Blanche came in from getting the morning mail and said, "There's a check in the mail here for $200."

"Great, Blanche, call the gas company and order some propane for the stove. Our God has kept that stove going just until we would get money to pay for it."

At prayer meeting that night the students and faculty rejoiced together that God had done this miracle for us just like He had done thru the promise of Elijah to the woman of Zeraphath in 1 Kings 17:15, "The barrel of meal shall not waste, neither shall the cruse of oil fail, until the day that the Lord sendeth rain upon the earth."

God still moves. God still moves. In the hearts of his people God still moves. He still moves mountains of difficulties out of their way as well. In our own strength molehills become mountains but in His strength mountains become molehills.

Truck won't start

Because of our very limited resources at Hylandale, you might even say that we were poor (although many in third world countries would debate you on that), I would never fill the gas tank up full in the old pickup. I was always on the bottom quarter of the tank. I didn't want to spend that much money to fill it, even though gas at that time was only about 50 cents a

gallon. So because of that, I ran out of gas more in that three years than in the rest of my life combined. I did get to meet many of our neighbors this way though, buying a gallon of gas from them.

One time I took the truck up to the top of the hill to a small store there and put in my usual $2 worth of gas. After paying for it I went to start the pickup, but it wouldn't start. As I sat there in the truck, I thought of the text, "In everything give thanks: for this is the will of God in Christ Jesus concerning you." 1 Thes. 5:18



So I stated, "Lord, I thank you that this truck won't start. I don't know why it won't start; it should start. But I thank You that it doesn't start. Amen."

I got out of the truck and opened the hood. I wasn't sure what I was looking for but I figured this was a good first step. I pulled the oil stick and it didn't show any oil. I went into the store and bought three quarts of oil. These brought the oil level almost up to where it should be. I went around to the cab, turned the key and that truck started right up. I sat there in awe. "Thank you Lord for not starting this truck."

You see, if that truck had started before, it wouldn't have gone very far before the motor would have seized up and been ruined from low oil pressure. But this was no coincidence. I've never had an engine refuse to start just because it is low on oil. In fact I had one that kept on running with no oil; it had a large hole in the side of the oil pan. But very quickly you knew that engine was shot from the clanging noise.

I was thankful that the Lord had done this and that he had given me that verse in scripture that by faith I could "In everything give thanks: for this is the will of God in Christ Jesus concerning you."

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Sin Button

One day, while I was teaching chemistry, a student of mine raised her hand. "Yes, Dawn, what would you like?"

"Mr. Boehm, I need a calculator for this problem, and I don't have one. Can I use yours?"

"Well, sure, Dawn."

I handed her my calculator. She looked at it and quickly exclaimed "Mr. Boehm, what is this on your calculator? There's a sin button. Why do you have a sin button?"

On engineering calculators there are buttons for sine and cosine and tangent functions. These buttons are for figuring angles in triangles among other things. On this calculator the sine button was abbreviated as 'sin'.

When Dawn said that I just smiled and jokingly warned, "Dawn, don't touch that sin button.



She returned my warning with, "Why Mr. Boehm?"

"Just don't touch it. Don't do it."

Looking very seriously, she said, "When you tell me not to touch it, that makes me *want* to touch it."

And so it is with each of us. Sin has that allurement that when God says don't touch it, our carnal nature wants to. We want to touch it. We want to taste it. We want to do it. What we need to do is trust God saying, "I don't know all the reasons why but I do know You. I trust You enough not to touch it, and I know that someday You will reveal all the reasons why." That is called faith.

Haven't we touched sin enough yet? Haven't we read enough of the graffiti on the walls of bathroom stalls to know that it is all garbage and not fit for the ears of the Holy Spirit? And so it is for other things that our God says "Don't touch it". Sister White puts it this way "Guard well the avenues to the soul." These are what we see, hear, and taste. Oh, what a battle there

is to be won over self! Yet with Christ "All things are ***possible*****."**

Swear on the Bible

One fall day I had a strong suspicion that one of my students was smoking. This school was a Seventh-day Adventist academy and smoking was against the rules. I wondered what I should do. Should I sneak around and find out? Try to catch him in the act? I was pretty sure of where he smoked in the woods. Should I wait for him there and catch him red-handed?



But then I was impressed to do something that I had never done before. I confronted him face to face and as we sat down together I said "Place your right hand on this Bible." He did. "Now do you swear to tell the whole truth and nothing but the truth, so help you God?"

And looking me straight in the eye he said, "I will."

"Have you been smoking?"

"Yes." He confessed.

"Are you still smoking?"

"You know this is against the rules, and you will have to be punished. Now, why did you tell me the truth?"

"Mr. Boehm, I could easily lie to you, but you made me take an oath on that Bible and I just couldn't lie to God."

Friends, that day is coming soon when we will all stand before the judgment bar of God. We will not be able to lie then either.

"My son, did you love me?" God will ask.

And while all heaven is still, the answer He is waiting for is "Father, you know all things, You know that I love you."

God will see the image of His Son in our face and say, "Enter thou into the joy of the Lord."

And all heaven rejoices with music and praise that almost makes our

hearts burst. Remember this, that the day Jesus returns will be the best day of your life. But the following day is even better than that, and each tomorrow, as God unfolds His love to us, is better than the day before. For all eternity!

Choir Trip

Have you ever thought about or even prayed for the latter rain of the Holy Spirit? The outpouring of power that will be greater than Pentecost when 3000 were added to the church in one day, possibly one sermon. My heavenly Father allowed me to get a small taste of this experience.



One of the greatest blessings to our school at Hylandale, was our choir trips. Since we only had eleven students, all of them were in the choir along with several of the faculty. We weren't very good. When we would tape our singing and play it back we knew that we were not very good. We would practice and practice. The songs that we sang were not complicated; they were just simple songs of the love of Jesus. There were really only two of our group that had pretty good voices but the rest of us were very mediocre. One thing that we did have was that we did love the Lord.

After one of our practices we decided to go visit some churches in Illinois. Some of our students were from the central part of the state and their folks had invited us to come down to sing at their churches. We contacted five churches around the LaSalle and Bloomington area and set up one weekend in March to go sing at these. We took our big, white diesel bus and went down early Sabbath morning to sing at the first church for Sabbath school. Now we were scheduled to sing at the churches at the following times: on Sabbath 9:30 a.m.; 11:00 a.m.; 2:30 p.m.; and 7:00 p.m. and the last one at 7:00 p.m. on Sunday.

Before we sang we would always gather the choir together and pray

for God's blessing. We did this before any concert and so we did for this one. As we began to sing at this first church we noticed that the people began to openly weep. And more and more as the service went on. This was new for us. People normally enjoyed our singing, but were not moved like this. These people were clearly touched by the songs we were singing. And watching them moved us. As we finished and got on the bus to go to the next church we spoke about this to one another and when we prayed for this second service we prayed with much more fervor.



We got up and sang at this church service and again the people were weeping, clearly deeply moved while we sang. We knew then that God was doing something marvelous before our eyes. And so it went through the third, the fourth and the fifth churches. The same experience, the people were moved and we were deeply affected.

The third church group was really at a small store. So the congregation was only about four feet away from us. By this time our mildly untrained voices were beginning to tire and we wondered if we would make it through all five concerts. But the Lord gave us strength and this too surprised us somewhat.

This was the closest I had ever been to the outpouring of the Holy Spirit. I believe the Lord gave us a small taste of this. I have to reiterate that when we listened to ourselves on tape we were not very professional at all. It was definitely not our singing ability that was blessing these people. You had to be there to really believe what was going on. The students were clearly moved. They were excited by what God was doing thru them.

Sunday night after the last service closed I turned the old bus north toward home. It was late at night and everyone was tired, so I thought I was the only one awake. And I was wide awake. I was too excited in the Lord to even be sleepy. Out loud all the way home I praised the Lord. I wasn't

shouting or even very loud but I was just praying and praising out loud about what was in my heart. Later several students told me that they couldn't go to sleep either and they just sat there enjoying listening to me pray.



We arrived at Hylandale about 4:00 a.m. and I told everyone that they could sleep in and that we would get back to regular classes after lunch that day. At lunch though they all said, "Mr. Boehm, we don't want to go right back to classes yet, we just want to praise the Lord and study His word and sing." Actually I felt the same way. I didn't want to go back to life as usual. And so we did just that, for the rest of that afternoon and the entire next day and even some of the next day. Finally Wednesday afternoon we got back to Math, English and those other necessary subjects.

That experience went deep in the hearts of those students. I had not one disciplinary problem the rest of the year. The students were free as if there weren't any rules at all. I could let them do anything. The love of Christ was constraining them. They were so excited about God. I was amazed by it all.

Over the summer other young people saw that excitement and wanted to join our school. So when school started in the fall there were 22 students. Eleven of which had not gone through this experience. They saw that there were no rules to speak of and took great advantage of it. So out came the rule book and gradually more and more restrictions had to be placed on the student body. The first eleven didn't like this. They had enjoyed the complete trust but they also understood why these things were happening. This was a living example of the ten virgins where only five took oil with them.

The first students could tell the others about this rich experience they had gone through but they could not give them that experience. Only God

could.

You have to taste for yourselves. Many of us think it's too scary to trust God with everything and so we stand on the sidelines and watch others "taste and see that the Lord is good". Psalm 34:8

On another choir trip that we took, the driver made a turn onto the onramp to the interstate highway. He was too far over to one side so that the right side wheels went off the pavement and sank in the deep, soft sand. We got out to look at this predicament, decided that it was in way too deep, but we might as well try with the entire group to push it out. As we gave a push the bus almost jumped back on the pavement. It was so easy. We got back in and started down the freeway. About three miles down the road we came upon a very recent accident, a gasoline tanker truck had tipped over on the highway. As we went wide around him and on our way, we felt that God had slowed us down in that sand just long enough to keep us out of that accident. We were so thankful for our guardian angels. I believe they will have many more stories to tell us of their protection for us when we meet together in heaven.



At the end of that first year none of the eleven students were going to graduate; however we thought we should have something like a graduation ceremony anyway. Some sort of a nice service that we could invite parents, alumni and school supporters to. So we did. I was thinking about whom we should get to speak for this service. I called up Ron Crary, who had been in self supporting work for many years, and asked his advice.

"You should give Brother Ralph Martin from Oak Haven a call to see if he is willing to come."

So I did call up Brother Martin. "This is Bill Boehm. I know that you don't know me but we would like for you to come and speak to our young people at our service closing the school year. Give them a message from

God, something to chew on."

And this is what he said, "Sure, I'd love to come."

"Well, great." and I gave him the directions to the school and the date and also explained that this was for our non-graduation, graduation and what that was all about.

When that date came he did come and speak. If you've ever seen Brother Martin speak you can visualize him with a big, black leather case backed with Spirit of Prophecy books. As he would preach he would pull out first this one and use a quotation, then pull out another and read that statement. Together with texts from the Bible he would present some vital living topic about Christ and His people.

My students were so high on God that they would drink in every word that would bring them closer to their Savior. Ralph Martin was amazed that they were interested to learn. He spoke for three different meetings.

Then Sabbath evening the choir gave their last concert. We had sung at many different churches but not at our home church except for a song or two at a time. As we sang, our own church members and parents were weeping for joy over these simple songs of Jesus that we sang.

At the end of our singing Brother Martin got up and told us a story. "I have to tell you the truth, that after Bill called me to come here to speak, I got second thoughts about it. I argued with the Lord for weeks over it. 'Why did I say yes, Lord? I don't want to go there. I don't know those people and besides those young people probably won't want to listen to me and my case of books. Those kids will probably just want to be entertained by some cute story.' and I thought about how I could get out of it.

"On the afternoon before I was to come, I was out splitting some wood and somehow fell and broke my ribs. When I fell I heard them snap. I lay on the ground in great pain but this was on my mind, 'Now, You know Lord, that I can't go.' And there was a sigh of



relief in my heart even thru the pain.

"I was helped into the house and went to bed. I figured the hospital couldn't do much for me so I didn't go. Over time I would heal. I woke up in the morning and I felt my ribs - no pain. I got up, walked around, stretched, absolutely no pain. I could do anything that I normally did. Right then I knew that God had healed me and taken away my excuse not to come. I must go

"I thought I was coming over here to give you some inspiration, but you have been the inspiration to me. How you young people gobbled up the Living Bread, every morsel of it! I was amazed. But especially your singing. That has really touched my heart. Now I know why the Lord had me come; because I needed the blessing. He had it just waiting for me and I didn't want to come. Thank you so very much."

The service was over. The school year was over. That experience was over. But God gave me a taste of His latter rain power of the Holy Spirit. I will never forget it and I will pray for more.

Bus Trip to Montana

After our first year at Hylandale, we had such a great spiritual year; we decided to take any of our students who wanted to go on a field trip to help build a church at Livingston, Montana. The trip should cost us only for the fuel, because we would be staying at the home of one of the school supporters who lived right on the border of Yellowstone National park. All of our eleven students decided to go and several of them had never visited anywhere out of the state in their whole life. Traveling across country was a big adventure for them.



We had that big, old, white diesel bus that should have taken us out to Montana, but it only made it

halfway. In the middle of South Dakota in 105 degree weather, the engine lost its coolant, overheated and stopped dead. We had a wrecker take us to the closest garage that could look at it. Their diagnosis was that the motor was shot. It would take about $4,000 to repair it. There was no way that we could afford that. Now what should we do.

While we had been waiting for the repair shop to check over the engine to see if it could be fixed, we had rented two cars, packed everyone in them and went sightseeing. At Mt. Rushmore we called back to the garage and they told us that the engine was no good. While deciding what to do, we met a couple of retired folk what were traveling in a motor home and going out West thru Montana. They offered to take half of our group with them. Now we could return one of the rental cars and only have to pay for one for the ten days we would be gone. This seemed like a workable plan.



So the entire group went on except me. I went back East to the town where we had rented the cars and turned the one back in. I stayed overnight there and caught the Greyhound bus the next afternoon for Montana. I'm not sure why, but the bus route first went east for two hours, then north for two hours, then finally turned west to travel to Livingston, Montana. This made it about a twenty hour bus trip with several stops.

You know how sometimes when you travel you're tired and just don't want to talk to anyone. Well, this was not the case here. I had gotten a good nights rest and I was anxious to talk to someone about Jesus. The boy next to me on the bus was reading a Star Wars book, and so I said, "Do you know about the greatest battle that was ever fought?"

"No, what was it?" he asked.

"It was between Christ and Satan and - -"

Before I got anything else out he was done listening to me and had turned away. Two rows back there was another boy about 15 years old who

said, "What is that you're talking about?"

As there was an empty seat next to him I got up and moved back there. And for the next four hours I told him all about this Great Controversy between Christ and Satan. He drank it in as fast as he could and at the bus stop where he got off, he introduced me to his mother with, "I had the greatest time learning about Jesus from this man, mom." As I got onto a new bus for the next leg of the trip, I heard him telling his mother all about it.

Well I was pumped up now in the Lord. I prayed, "Lord I'm the first one on and I'm going to sit right here in the middle of this bus. You bring right to me someone that you want me to talk to, someone I can tell about your wonderful love and power to save." Right after that prayer, in walked a mother with her two small children and their grandmother. Now you have to understand the bus was still empty except for me, but they walked right over to where I was and sat around me. For the next 12 hours, except for some sleep in the middle of the night, I told those children Bible stories and personal stories of God's leading in my life. Finally the kids fell asleep, and then their mom turned to me and said, "What is it going to be like when Jesus returns? How can I be ready? We spent a couple hours talking about Jesus' return.

What a glorious bus trip. Instead of a long, boring trip, it was one of the most memorable 20 hours that I have spent. You think that I was excited before; I was really pumped up now. I could hardly wait to tell my students what the Lord had done. There was to be no self-glory in that story. I had simply been telling people what a great God we serve.

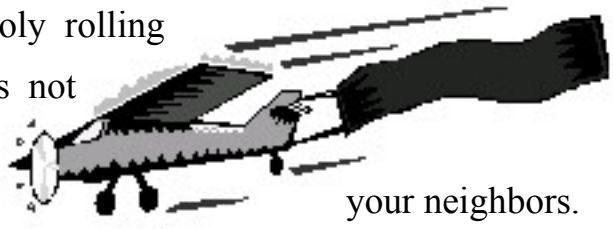


Do you want an exciting life? Be bold for God!

People go to the Packers football game for excitement and they jump up and down and scream and paint their face green and gold but this is nothing. It is very short lived. They need the next fix quick, the next

adrenalin rush. "Quick, bring on the next entertainment, and it better be more startling, more revealing, more violent than the last one!"

And the church is trying to compete with this. So we try louder, faster music, louder faster sermons. Some Christian churches scream in the spirit, have what they call holy laughter or holy rolling down the aisle in the spirit. This is not God's plan.



Be bold for God. Go witness to your neighbors. Look and pray for opportunities to reach others for Christ. Turn off the TV, get off the couch and go help someone. When? Now! If you don't know where, call your mother, she'll know. Or look in the local paper. There are dozens of people in each issue that need our prayers. Find a soldier to write to. You have no idea what mail call means to soldiers.

Be a soldier for Christ. Go out and conquer territory in God's name. Go in faith.

What do you think Matthew 11:12 means? "The kingdom suffereth violence, and the violent take it by force." I like the NIV version of the Bible on this verse, "The kingdom of heaven has been forcefully advancing, and forceful men lay hold of it." God wants men and women of force, not spiritual wimps to go forward with the gospel to the whole world. That includes your family and your neighbors. There are people around you that no one can reach better than you because of your close connections. Be bold. Read about Gideon and his 300 men in Judges 7, and about King Jehoash and Elisha in 2 Kings 13.

Read about Uriah the Hittite in 2 Samuel 11. Contrast King David, who stayed home in the spring when it was time for kings to be out to war. This idleness led to sin. And Uriah, who after being called back from the battle by the King, would not even go sleep with his own wife. This was something perfectly legal according to God's law, but Uriah had his eye on

the victory. This was a man of force. This is what God is calling you and me to be.

Read this from S.D.A. Bible Commentary Vol. 5 pg 1089.

"With the great truth we have been privileged to receive, we should, and under the Holy Spirit's power we could, become living channels of light. We could then approach the mercy seat; and seeing the bow of promise, kneel with contrite hearts, and seek the kingdom of heaven with a spiritual violence that would bring its own reward. We would take it by force, as did Jacob. Then our message would be the power of God unto salvation. Our supplications would be full of earnestness, full of a sense of great need; and we would not be denied. The truth would be expressed by life and character, and by lips touched with the living coal from off God's altar. When this experience is ours, we shall be lifted out of our poor, cheap selves, that we have cherished so tenderly. We shall empty our hearts of the corroding power of selfishness, and shall be filled with praise and gratitude to God. We shall magnify the Lord, the God of all grace, who has magnified Christ. And He will reveal His power through us, making us as sharp sickles in the harvest field."

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MORE THOUGHTS

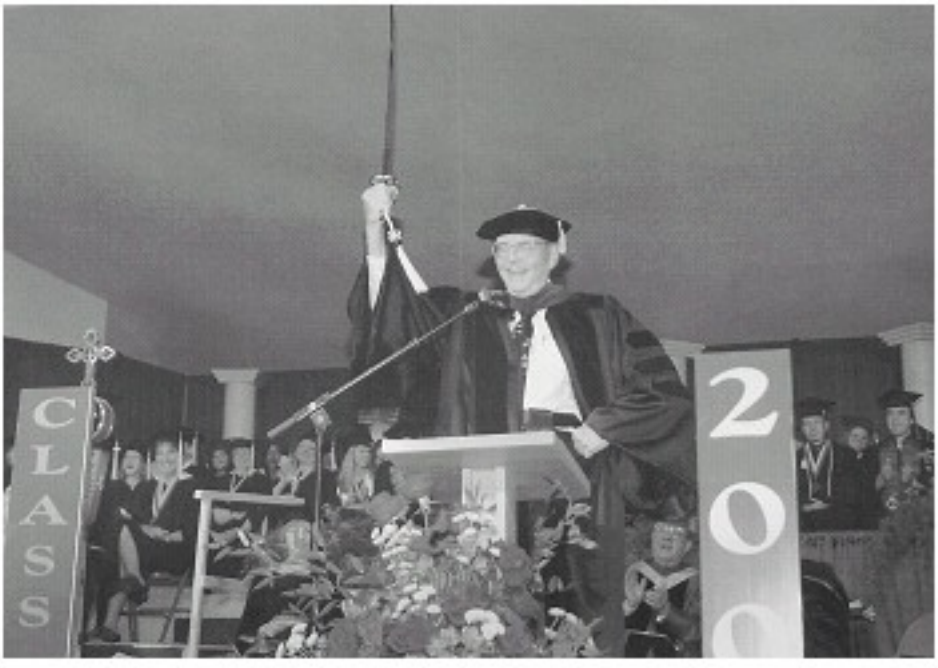
A Note From Charles Mason von Henner, MD

Charles Mason von Henner,M.D. is one of Hylandale's native-born sons (October 27, 1921). The picture shows him giving the Commencement address at Southwestern Adventist University on May 8, 2005 to the swishing sound of a Navy Captain swinging his sword over his head, challenging the 3,000 people attending . They also gave him an Honorary PhD in Humane Letters.

He and his wife had one child, adopted three others and now have 8 grandchildren.

He also writes that: During the last 50 years, God has blessed them with a worldwide interest in building schools and churches - on an average of one a year.

The lives that were touched during those tender years at Hylandale have spread in blessings like the ripples on the surface of a pond when a stone is tossed.





Are You Ready?

Were you ready for that siege,
that came rolling from the sea?
Devouring home and business,
and all your property.
'Twas a mighty gale-
of which you all were warned
Birthed deep in the mighty ocean,
that came to light one morn.

Swirling with momentum
while approaching shore
Citizens, get out of her path-
need I tell you more?
Many did NOT heed the call
to flee away from it-
Now you can only read of them,
in the obits!

Life is like this lesson,
to be learned along the way-
'Tis our abiding conscience
hoping we'll obey.
It is the HOLY SPIRIT,
if you'll just ask him in-
Saving us from the destroyer
who wants us all to sin.
Now we must be decisive
on whose side we'll stand
Taking JESUS salvation for us-
securely by the hand.
Be sober, be vigilant.....
1 Peter 5:8

by Lucille Crowe 9/1/05





The melody of praise is the atmosphere of heaven

Ed. P. 161

CHURCH SCHOOL



Our Church school was bought into existence back in 1916 just like the academy. It has had many varied and wonderful teachers through the years and also probably just as many places to meet. The first year was taught in the granary building which came with the purchase of the farm. Then they built the little log cabin out of logs they salvaged from one of the other buildings they tore down. This was used for many years. They met at the Health Home, Percy's living room, and the store building. For a couple years we even moved off campus to the old Fish Creek school house a couple or three miles down on "J" as there were no rooms available at Hylandale, Also we had our own school house down on a piece of Ralph Jones' land for many years but always we have continued to have school—sometimes with small enrollment, sometime larger, This year (2005-6) marks the 90th year of school with no interruptions and we are meeting in the main building in the room which most folks will remember as the library room. Danielle Lawson, a former student and daughter of Marjorie and David Lawson graduated from Southwestern Adventist University and is now our teacher. We are happy to have her continue this fine record

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Our Church School

by Floyd Peterson

Floyd was mayor of Loma Linda, California at the time he mailed this to us. He wrote this as one of his memories while he lived here and went to school. His father was our farm manager.

It's been an interesting week here in the little church school in Advent Coulee. Mrs. Churchill, our teacher, has been having us memorize all the states and the names of the capitols of each

state. Our own state, Wisconsin, of course is easy to remember with its capitol at Madison. We once drove there on our way to see Aunt Esther and Uncle Frank. I remember my dad pointing out the great dome of the capitol. My Aunt Esther is my mother's sister and she lives on 57th street in Milwaukee.

The oldest student in school this year is Richard Kopitas. Richard is the most popular student for a number of reasons. See, being a friend with someone who's last name is Kopitas, which mother says sounds Greek or something like it kind of gives one an attachment to mysterious far away places. And besides, Richard looks Italian and can play the piano. Richard's mother lives in Chicago and she has sent Richard to stay with Grandma Hallock where he can attend the little church school here in Advent Coulee. And it has been quietly mentioned among the adults that Richard's mother is divorced. I say quietly because divorce is not something you talk loudly or in public about in our society. None of us kids can ever actually remember of having seen a divorced person. That only happens in places that are worldly. Richard's mother is rich - anyone who is divorced and living in Chicago must be rich. And this week her wealth has been verified because she came to visit Richard and she has brought him a brand new green Schwinn three speed bicycle.



None of us had ever seen a three speed bicycle before; we had heard about bicycles with several gears but we had never seen them. This bicycle had a little lever on the handle bars with a wire running down through a series of cables to the back wheel which allowed it to be shifted when one was riding along and Richard was very careful to tell us that every time you shifted you had to peddle backwards about half a peddle to keep from damaging the gears and he did this very seriously.

It had a front and a back brake with levers on the handle bars which allowed you to put the brakes on. It had very narrow skinny tires with a

pump which was attached to the frame so you could stop and pump up your tires if you needed to. It had shiny little fenders and it had a headlight and a tail light that had wires running down to a generator which you could flip over onto the back wheel and as you rode, the back wheel turned this generator and made this little humming noise which lit the lights - the tail light and the head light. And it had a saddle bag which hung behind the seat into which you could put your sandwich because these bikes were made for long trips at great rates of speed and one would certainly need to carry a sandwich on trips like that. On the front handle bars was a little leather case that held a wrench one could use to adjust various things on the bicycle which needed to be adjusted on long trips.



We would watch during recess time — we would stand along the road and watch Richard riding his bicycle up and down the road, shifting up and down when necessary looking very serious because to ride a bike like this with gears and wrenches and brakes and a generator took a lot of attention and one didn't have time to kinda look at all the scenery along the road or think other thoughts; you had to keep your mind on your business when you were riding a bike like this - this was serious business.

Then the teacher would ring the bell and we would all go in and sit and try to memorize the states and all their capitols but we were really sitting there wishing that we had a rich divorced mother living in Chicago who would bring us a green Schwinn three speed bike with a saddlebag into which you could put your sandwich. And we would watch the clock and wait - until it was recess time again and we could all go out and watch Richard ride his bicycle again. Then we could stand and watch. Those were exciting days at the Hylandale church school!

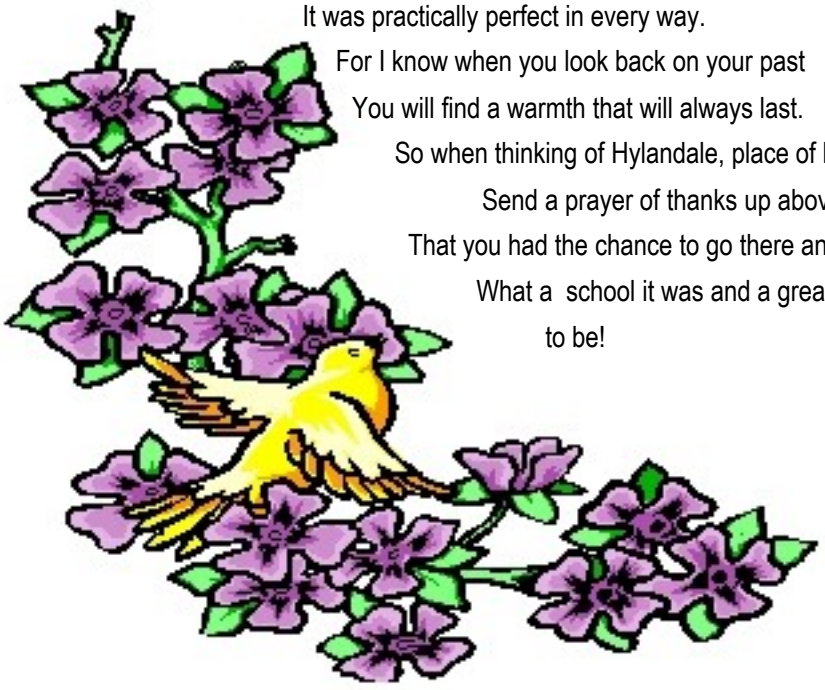
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This was written by Danielle Lawson
when she was an eighth grader
in our church school

HYLANDALE

Hylandale, Hylandale a place of love
'Specially looked at from above.
A place where dreams and hopes were found
Never to be buried or put in the ground.
A place where special memories were made
That always will glimmer and never fade.
For who could forget those times of cheer
When school time came around each year.

Hylandale, Hylandale - what else can I say
It was practically perfect in every way.
For I know when you look back on your past
You will find a warmth that will always last.
So when thinking of Hylandale, place of love,
Send a prayer of thanks up above
That you had the chance to go there and see
What a school it was and a great place
to be!



School Song

There is a school down in vale,
Hylandale, my Hylandale
To which there leads a winding trail,
Hylandale, my Hylandale.
There's beauty rare on every hand,
The cooling spring, its pebbled sand,
The fairest spot in all the land,
Hylandale my Hylandale
The hills like mountains tower on high,
Hylandale, my Hylandale
And fleecing clouds sail 'cross the sky,
Hylandale, my Hylandale
The shady hillsides form retreat,
For weary souls and wandering feet.
There God with us doth oft time meet,
Hylandale, my Hylandale.
The graceful oaks the slopes adorn,
Hylandale, my Hylandale
The fairest robe by nature worn,
Hylandale, my Hylandale.
From morn till night the bright birds sing
O'er hill and dale the echoes ring,
The Whippoorwills at evening sing,
Hylandale, my Hylandale
The students too are fair and true,
Hylandale, my Hylandale
With visions of a work to do,
Hylandale, my Hylandale
May all grow stronger day by day,
Continue on the King's highway,
Trust God though skies be blue or gray
Hylandale, my Hylandale.

Principals of Hylandale Academy:

1916-1951 Mr. A.W. Hallock

1951-1958 Mr. Percy Hallock

1958-1959 Mr. Mullins, group from Andrews

Mr. Jackson 1959-1960 and lst half of 1961

Ben Glanzer 1961-1962

Percy Hallock 1962-1969

Mr. Lawson 1969-1978

Don Pratt 1979-1981

Anita Jones 1981-82

Bill Boehm 1982-85

Mike & Jane Brown 85-86

Interesting Facts

Original Dormitory built 1916 burned 1935?

Boys dorm turned health home built around 1920

Main building built 1927-30

New Girls Dormitory built 1938 ?

Boys dorm south of main building 1942-

Fire burned main building Nov 22, 1961

Nov. 17, 1964 Started pouring footings and wall for new building

1969 New Building Furnace Installed in December.

1970 School in the new Administration building

Health Home

Mrs. Kingman started early 1952, Mrs. Donald Olds, Sr.

Mrs. Calkins Mrs. Alder

Mrs. Rouse Mrs. Leon Perone

Mr.& Mrs. Boyd Jones.

Thankful Heart

by Leburta Guthrie Nash '38

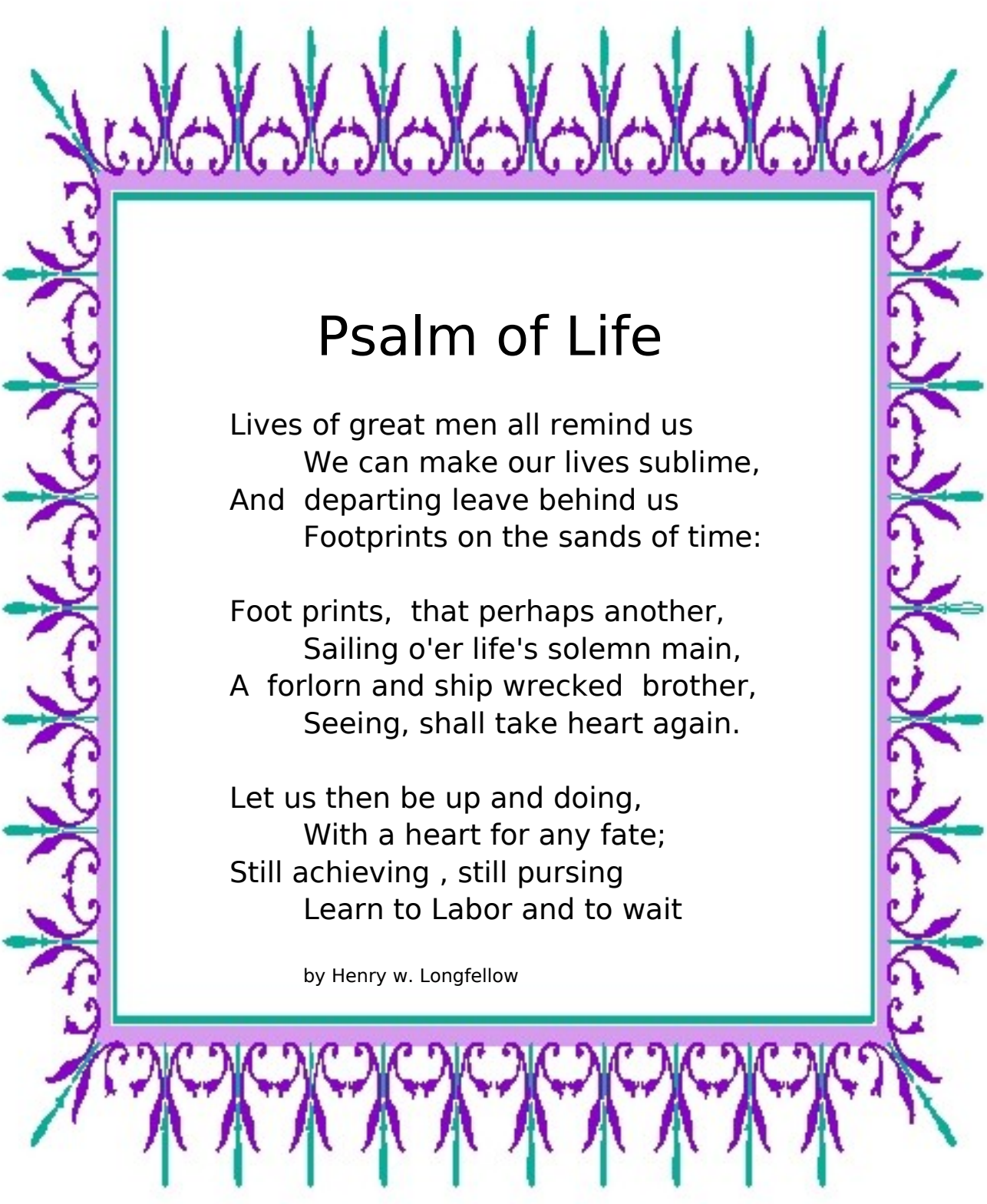
The story is told that I will relate - -
A beggar man sat at a rich man's gate
He begged for alms and every day
A gift was shared with him that way.
This went on as the beggar chose
Until an emergency arose

Help was needed. Would the beggar share
In gratitude some help in there?
The beggar stood tall and made it plain
That he begged alms and he'd refrain
"Go find the man who wants to work
And let him not his duty shirk."

Some treat God the very same way
With never a thanks for a good life each day
Always begging for a little more
And never a thank you repertoire
Perhaps that's why when Christ healed ten
Only one returned and thanked Him then.

Our blessings exceed most every care
We should tell God in thankful prayer
For friends we love and food we eat,
For shelter when the storm winds beat
For air to breath and water pure -
Without these naught could long endure

Thanksgiving is the grandest way
We reminisce each happy day.
Each day to praise and thank the Lord
A way all men could well afford.
For thanks too often fades away
Yet God still loves us every day
So every day give thanks and share
With a loving God your grateful prayer.



Psalm of Life

Lives of great men all remind us
We can make our lives sublime,
And departing leave behind us
Footprints on the sands of time:

Foot prints, that perhaps another,
Sailing o'er life's solemn main,
A forlorn and ship wrecked brother,
Seeing, shall take heart again.

Let us then be up and doing,
With a heart for any fate;
Still achieving , still pursing
Learn to Labor and to wait

by Henry w. Longfellow