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Little Creek Newsletter April 1983 "B"

Little Creek Academy

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Dear Ex-Creekers:

Thursday, March 24, was a sad day for Little Creek. The doctors had warned us that Mr. Ed's illness was very serious, but we hoped and prayed that it was not so. He had been to the doctor in the afternoon and seemed no worse than usual but about 9:00 in the evening he passed away peacefully--without much warning. All that loving hands could do had been done and he never had to leave home. His spirit was cheerful and at peace until the very end. We all appreciate the messages you sent him. They brought a ray of sunshine to him. One of the hardest things to watch was Gram Williams at age 96 to bury her son.

The funeral was Sunday, March 27, in our church. Since so many of you were too far away to come, we are going to give you the funeral service best we can.

The bell choir in their robes followed the ministers down the aisle and played Amazing Grace. (Mrs. Ed said that was what he missed most--hearing the students perform.)

Elder Bruce Aalborg, pastor of our church, gave the obituary.

Edward Williams was born May 5, 1915, in Powell, Wyoming. Early he manifested an interest in how things work. Reliability and dependability, steadiness were his attributes.

He graduated from Emmanuel Missionary College in 1940 with a major in Religion. Subsequent years found him actively engaged in church service as a lay leader in many capacities and a local elder of the Little Creek Church.

In 1932, he gave his heart to the Lord, becoming a member of the Seventh-day Adventist church in Indiana.

He met Goldie Jones and they were married in 1940 at Indianapolis, Indiana.

In 1956, he and his wife became an integral part of the Little Creek Sanitarium and School. It was a pioneering, self-sacrificing endeavor. His activities required a multiplicity of talents. Among them were the teaching of mathematics, science and Bible. His experience included general maintenance, plumbing, electrical and construction work. He was an innovator in the making of certain furniture. His widespread interest could be seen in the capacity of flight instructor at Little Creek.

He was beloved by his family and students. Known affectionately and respectfully as "Mr. Ed", he persued his duties consistently. There was a spiritual atmosphere connected with his lifestyle. Always reliable he spoke often of his love of the Lord. He spoke of his hope in the second coming of Jesus.

Those who have been associated with him in the pioneering days of Little Creek School, Leland and Alice Straw, among others, will miss him. Nevertheless he leaves a rich heritage to commemorate his labors of love here at this institution.

Survivors are his wife, Goldie Williams, of Little Creek, his mother, Mrs. Myrtle Williams, age 96, his children, a son Robert Williams from Missouri, two daughters, Mrs. Arlene Ward of Knoxville, and Mrs. Kay Stair of Windsor, Ohio; a brother, Robert Williams of Tonasket, Washington; a sister, Dorothy Killion, from Little Creek. There are six grandchildren. Brother Edward Williams rests in the blessed hope.

Elder Robert Francis came from Collegedale to give the funeral message.

To the bereaved loved ones, there is this Scriptural comfort,

"My grace is sufficient for you..."

"Trust in the Lord..."

Here is your hope. Here is your soothing ointment, your bright prospect.

Christ when He comes will change the period into an extenuating colon;

He will straighten out the question mark into a mark of exclamation.

Just as Jesus trusted in His Father in His hour of extremity, to bring Him forth a conqueror even so you can trust in Christ to restore this dear one from the valley of the shadow.

Our Brother Edward Williams rests in that blessed hope. And what a wondrous prospect it is of that bright omorrow.

There the redeemed shall know even as they are also known.

The loves and sympathies which God has placed in the human heart will there find truest expression.

The pure communion with holy beings,

The sacred ties that bind together the whole family of heaven and earth

--these will help to constitute the happiness of the redeemed.

There immortal minds will contemplate with never-failing delight the wonders of creative power, the mysteries of redeeming love.

There will be no deceiving foe to tempt to forgetfulness of God.

Every faculty will be developed,

Every capacity increased,

The acquirement of knowledge will not weary nor exhaust the mind.

There is grandest enterprises will be carried forward,

The loftiest aspirations reached,

The highest ambitions realized;

And yet there will arise new heights to surmount,

New wonders to admire,

Fresh objects to call forth the powers of mind, and body and soul.

To those bereaved remaining, I urge you to continue on in faith looking forward to the time of that great day,--so soon to come. Our Brother Ed Williams has been a spiritual witness for the Lord. Many of his students have personally told me so. His life has not been in vain.

Those of us who are friends: Let us also look forward to the time when--

The great controversy is ended. Sin and sinners are no more.
One pulse of harmony and gladness beats through the vast creation.

I can witness to the fact that God leads and cares.
And those of us who have lost loved ones know a little bit about how you feel.
We can only commend God's way as the best way.
Stay close to Him!

So shall it be at last,
In that bright morning.

Oh, in that glad hour,
Fairer than day light dawning,

When the soul awakens
And life's shadows flee away.

Shall rise the glorious thought,
My God, I am with Thee.

I ASKED GOD, "WHY"?

I asked God, Why?
My saddened soul
Had oft been anxious with this thought;
Why did it happen, God, to them,
The dearest ones on earth to me?

You've wondered why--
So many times--why?
Your restless heart's seeking still
An answer to its questionings;
Its ache is yet unhealed,
The fountain of your tears unsealed.

I cannot tell you why:
I do not know.
I only point to One
Who hung upon a tree, sinless and pure.
Bearing our sins, forsook of God,
Forced from His lips the awful cry,
"My God, My God, Why?"

No answer came,--that He died.
Yet He had faith to trust His all
Into His Father's hand.
He rose again; He's coming soon.
Then trust Him, for the day is nigh
When He'll give an answer to your "Why".

To close the service the chorale sang a beautiful arrangement of "Shall We Gather At the River".
Leland gave the benediction.

The pall bearers were: Howard Belles, Del Dimick, Stanford Straw, Don Stair, Carroll Wheeler,
Keith Shaw, Bob Scott and Brent Amos.

The casket was covered with a beautiful blanket of orchards (his favorite flower) made by Mrs.
Verna Dimick.

So now Mr. Ed lies resting in our own little cemetery by Grace Church, next to Mr. Mangel. Some
of you may remember that funeral of Mrs. Amy Manous Sheffield's father.

*Yours in the blessed hope,
Alice Straw*