

FORTY YEARS OF MAKING MEMORIES



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August 20, 1955 – August 20, 1995

REMEMBER

when Mom introduced us in the Church of God parking lot on south Reservoir?

when we looked each other in the eye the first time?

when we went for a ride after church and did some finagling to sit together?

REMEMBER

the times we talked long into the night and you had
to get up early for work?
the times you secretly put money in my lap as
you got out of the car?
the times I tried to impress you with
my Central American exploits?

REMEMBER

the day I returned to college and left you all alone?
the evening I promised to tell an old girlfriend I
would never see her again?
the collect phone calls that sometimes ran
an hour or more?
the daily letter writing, audio tapes,
and care packages?

REMEMBER

the Christmas I wanted to talk seriously and you
didn't want anything to do with it?
the night you told me your dad did not
want you to marry a minister?
when you said it wouldn't work?

REMEMBER

that I called you shortly I arrived college?
that I talked with you from a hallway phone?
that I was not alone--friends were around?
that was when I ask you to marry me?
that I would not hang up until you
said, "yes?"

REMEMBER

how hard we worked—you at Potlatch and me
at Sears?

how we planned a wedding with very little
money?

how we went to the TV show Queen
For A day?

how mad you were because I
made a comment about the
pretty girls?

how you rode home
in another car?

REMEMBER

our search for a place to rent just a few days
before we were married?

our first home in a run-down motel?

our kitchenette, joint bedroom/living
room combination and tiny bath?

our tiny closet that wouldn't
even hold our clothes?

REMEMBER

receiving an official greeting from Uncle Sam?

my scramble to find a place of ministry?

my invitation to go to San Antonio

for a Central American mission?

REMEMBER

the way the church came to our aid with gifts
and promises of support?

the way we thought of it as adventure?

the way we were madly in love?

REMEMBER

the hot summer days spent in two back rooms?
the long hours I spent digging the cesspool?
the struggle to preach in Spanish?
the times we tried to sing together?

REMEMBER

the delays in departure for Central America?
disappointment at having plans changed?
the lack of money to buy essentials?
the decision to send us to La Ceiba?

REMEMBER

Our “old” American bus trip through Mexico?
waiting for the plane in Oaxaca airstrip?
the plane bouncing into air several feet?
You said “Do I have to ride that?”

REMEMBER

Tapachula? A village on the Guatemala border?
the little, dingy, sparsely furnished motel?
the long hot showers and sick stomachs?
the eggs, bananas, pineapples, and,
the furry ball you chewed on?

REMEMBER

La Ceiba? That little jewel on the Caribbean?
the picturesque islands just off the coast?
the boat trips, dolphins, clear blue waters?
the trail across Utila, ticks, blue crabs?

REMEMBER

trips on those narrow gauge railroads.
the over-crowded seats along the side and
the long one down the middle?
the pigs, chickens, animals sharing
the same rail car?

REMEMBER

natives along the way selling goods to travelers?
thatch roof huts, ox carts and the jungle?
hungry children, the lack of food, clothing
feelings of hopelessness and inability
to provide material goods?

REMEMBER.....

our visit to the orphanage in Tela?
the unkempt children and missionaries who
were trying to take care of them?
our compelling desire to tell them of
God's love?

REMEMBER

the downstairs at the La Ceiba mission house?
the old kerosene stove, refrigerator, hand-
operated water pump, sway-back bed,
wide, open, screened in living area?
the time you scared me senseless on
the screened in porch?

REMEMBER

the girl who wore the red dress in front of the
army post during the Honduras revolution?
uniformed soldier as he shouted, “Alta?”
man hacked to death near our house?
horseback rider shooting as he
rode down the street?

REMEMBER

the people who attended services in La Ceiba?
the children? and adults?
we introduced children to Bible stories?
how I tried to teach them in Spanish?
midget albino, Capt. Ray McNab?

REMEMBER

trip to El Salvador to obtain permanent visas?
the Bible School? my first Spanish sermon?
peasant uprising and destruction of some
of our more remote country churches?
things we learned from seasoned
missionaries?

REMEMBER.....

our departure from Tegucigalpa, Honduras?
it was Christmas time—we used gift money
to travel to Costa Rica?
my infected toenail and surgery?
the missionaries who sent their
young son to the States for an
education?

REMEMBER

Limon? Months on the back side of the tracks?
sleeping on air mattresses that had to be
pumped up in the middle of the night?
two plates, two forks, two spoons, two cups?
a table made from boards laid across a box?

REMEMBER

our first mission--the front rooms of our home,
across from the “bano?”
Mimeographed and stapled song book?
block of ice you dropped on your toe?
the tear in my scalp from a tin roof
in our monkey’s cage?

REMEMBER

“Tortuga!” the call of a man selling turtle meat.
the old ladies on the street selling peanuts?
the open market where we got our meat,
vegetables, iguana, tepesquente,
helados, water apples, papayas, and
orange-red mangoes?

REMEMBER.....

Black Star Line Hall where we held services?
how we cleaned up beer bottles and trash
before every service?
how we baked cookies and made ice
cream to raise funds?
how ladies embroidered scarfs
and linens for the church?

REMEMBER

the young people who flocked around us?

Earl Goodwin, Delroy Harris, Flora Miller,

Enrique Barnett, Orlando Samuels,

Marjorie Williams and Eustice Allen?

the helpful adults?

Lena White, Miriam McFarlane, Lena Cope,

Victoria Green, Dorcas Allen, Jenny Green

Sarah Fenton, Florence Thomas, and

many more we could not remember.

REMEMBER

our trips up and down the railroad line to visit

mission churches and preaching places?

when I returned with 45 mosquito bites?

the snake that was long enough to

double back over two tracks?

our trips with the kids to

the beach? And of course

our bicycles?

REMEMBER

how disappointed I was that our mission efforts

showed so little success?

our thoughtful and prayerful decision to

return to the States?

how God providentially finances

for our return home?

REMEMBER

West Coast Bible College? Our work with the

students? Spanish class and dormitory dean?

the difficulty in making ends meet?

you had to go to work selling Avon

for us to make it?

REMEMBER

our return to Pomona and your job hunting?
the job offer you had working for a seller
of pornography?
the job you finally found with Bob
Erskine Chevrolet?

REMEMBER

Pathway Christian School? I had to terminate
my job there for lack of enough income.
where you spent many years as secretary?
where our son received his first years
of spiritual and secular instruction?
where we sacrificed for years
to see the school succeed?

REMEMBER

The Youth Training School for delinquents?
I finally began earning enough to live on?
I thought I was having an impact on
young people?
the change from rehabilitation
to incarceration?
I became so frustrated that
I transferred out?

REMEMBER

the birth of our son, Tim?
when Dr. Craven held him up to the delivery
room window for me to see?
his early years at Pathway?
his high school years? girl friends?
teenage problems?
his graduation from college?
his jobs? his marriage?
his first child?

REMEMBER

when problems at the church became so bad
we had to leave? the pain of leaving?
the distress of a church split?
agony of finding a place to worship?

REMEMBER

the vacations we took? the trips to Missouri?
through Wyoming, Montana, and Dakotas?
at Bryce Canyon when Tim laughed?
trip to Grand Canyon, Death Valley?
Cowboy Tim in Petrified Forest?
The Indians at Flagstaff Festival?

REMEMBER

Marvel of Sunset Crater and God's greatness?
the awe of Oak Creek Canyon? the beauty
of Columbia River Gorge? our trip to
damage by eruption at Saint Helens?
our trips to Oregon especially
trip back down the coast?
Hawaii with your sisters?

REMEMBER

Our camping trips to the mountains and deserts?
Tim riding his cycle at Calico Ghost Town
in heat, cold, dust and rain? sitting around
the fire at Big Bear? meteor shower at
Henshaw? sand dunes, buggy rides?

REMEMBER

Yes, I know, you remember more than I. These memories will bring more to your mind. Wonderful Times, beautiful places, extraordinary people—we have covered a lot of ground. We have come a long way. We have been blessed, perhaps even more so than most folks. We have had a great deal of fun together. It hasn't been a normal, everyday marriage. It was made in heaven, nurtured by the Creator of all good things, and guided by His hand. I pray the best is yet to be.

In a few months, we will make another major decision—retirement. I am looking forward to spending the rest of my days with You, the girl of my youth, the pride of my life, my God-given gift, my Sweetie, my Doll, and my very own treasure. Surely I am the most blessed of all men. I will always remember that.

Happy Anniversary, Sweetheart!

Jackie Scott