

FOR ADMISSION TO A GRADUATE PROGRAM AT BLOOMINGDALE UNIVERSITY I DECIDED NOT TO SEEK ACCEPTANCE TO THIS PROGRAM BECAUSE IT WAS DESIGNED FOR CHEMISTRY & NOT VERY MINISTERIAL EXPERIENCES USEFUL FOR EDUCATORS. AVAILABILITY OF TIME & FUNDS WERE FACTORS ALSO.

During much of my Christian life, I have supported myself in the roll of "tent-maker" while serving the Lord in ways usually not open to most clergymen. I made a profession of faith in Jesus Christ at the age of fourteen and almost immediately became active in Christian work. Joining the Englewood Swedish Baptist Church in Chicago, I became president of the junior young people's society. Later I was president of the intermediate, and twice the senior young people's society. These were invaluable years of both training and Christian service. While still in high school, I taught Sunday school and organized a Bible club for students of Morgan Park High School. Our principal, Dr. Eston V. Tubbs, became our sponsor. The Miracle Book Club in the Chicago area held a large rally, which I was asked to lead. Our speaker was Dr. Torrey Johnson, founder of Youth for Christ. From this early association developed a friendship between Torrey Johnson and myself, which continues to this day. During these early years, I became active in Chicagoland Youth for Christ which met every Saturday night in Orchestra Hall, downtown Chicago. I conscientiously tried to influence other young people for the Lord and occasionally had opportunity to see some of them accept Jesus Christ as their saviour.

Shortly after graduating high school, I directed the senior youth organization of our church. The organization had voted to disband, but I objected. Consequently, I was put in charge. Within two months, we had over a hundred attending our Sunday afternoon meetings, with highs of over two hundred. In the youth organization we attempted to meet many of the spiritual and social needs of the young people while training them for future Christian service. During this time, I was also serving an apprenticeship as a tool and die maker during the day and attending classes evenings at the Moody Bible Institute. We also planned a special week of youth evangelistic meetings at the church with the Youth for Christ team: Torrey Johnson, Bob Cook, and others. The meetings went well, but I was drafted into the Marine Corps just before they started. Also I had been asked to assume the

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presidency of the youth organization of the Baptist General Conference in the Chicago area, but was unable to do so for the same reason.

I was inducted into the Marines on August 22, 1944, after having received two occupational deferments. While in boot camp at Parris Island, S.C. and basic training at Camp Le Jeune, N.C., I continued to keep close to my Bible and witness to my new friends. Eventhough I did not participate in the things many of them did, I was always counted as one of the group. They would tell me that they especially wanted me along in order to keep them out of trouble. Eventually I was trained in <sup>(EXPLOSIVES)</sup> demolitions and mortars. It was during these months that I became associated with the Navigators and spent much of my time memorizing Scripture. We were taken by troop train to Camp Pendleton, California, and shortly boarded a troop ship in San Diego. On board the ship, I joined other "Navs" in prayer meetings every evening on the forecastle. This was a special spot designated for us by the ship's captain. These young men have had a profound influence on my entire life. We landed on Guam, in preparation for combat on Okinawa. It was on Guam that I was privileged to lead my best friend to the Lord. We landed on Okinawa as replacements on my birthday, May 27, 1945. Of all the men in "Charlie" company, Twenty-second Marines, the day we joined them, only three of us went through the remainder of the operation without being wounded or killed. The total casualties for the regiment, we were informed, was one hundred and twenty percent. But long before the end of the campaign, one day, I received the quiet assurance that I would be spared.

We went back to Guam, where we learned one evening of the Japanese surrender. [ Shortly thereafter we boarded a ship for China. I can remember vividly early one morning seeing China and the beautiful city of Tsingtao off in the distance, across the waves. This <sup>city</sup> is known as the "Pearl of China."

Two years before, when drafted, I had requested duty with the marines, with the expressed hope of serving with the China-marines. But subsequent events seem to indicate that it really was the Lord who was involved in my going to China.

Tsingtao was a German city, much like Hong Kong is British. Consequently, the architecture there was largely German and many German people populated it. We were quartered in Shantung University. I was asked by a Lt. Coy to join him in special services, headquarters company. Back on Guam, I had been in charge of a group of carpenters who built an officers' club. Lt. Coy wanted me to construct athletic gear for the command. In addition, I would become regimental librarian. I was put in a position where I would have contact with nearly everyone and would have open-gate liberty (could come and go whenever I wanted). Also I always had a motor vehicle at my disposal. All this, and I was only a private first class.

In Tsingtao I was concerned about the servicemen becoming involved in all the vice of the city. Many of the Chinese regarded the servicemen as Christians since they came from what they thought was a Christian nation. I mentioned my concern one day to the Chaplain's assistant. I said that there needed to be some way of reaching these men for Christ, something like Youth for Christ. In the meantime I continued to pray about this burden. I had seen much combat, and did not feel emotionally capable ~~of~~ attempting some kind of outreach myself. But I did tell the Lord I would initiate something if He would provide me with a song leader. With that, I dismissed the matter from my mind. A few days later, however, a sergeant walked into my library and introduced himself as Earl Ireton. He had heard from the chaplain's assistant that I wanted to start Youth for Christ. He wanted to help. Asking him about his special talents, he said he had had considerable experience directing choirs and congregational singing and had led a Salvation Army band. Naturally, I was speechless. I knew that the Lord had met my challenge, and I knew the next move was mine. So we organized prayer meetings every Thursday evening in a service center located in the Lutheran mission. From this small nucleus of sailors, C.B.'s and marines developed the organization which became known as Tsingtao Youth for Christ. I have no doubt that it was the Lord who brought together talented young men from week to week to bear a

testimony for Himself there in North China. Our pianoist, for instance, was a young sailor who played so well that he reminded one of Rudy Atwood of the Old Fashion Revival Hour. The first <sup>NEW YEAR'S BLUE</sup> rally was conducted in Christ Church, a large German Lutheran church used by the military for divine services. Dr. Frank H. Connely, a much-loved Southern Baptist missionary, was the speaker. The Sixth Marine Division choir sang and a trio of lovely Chinese teenage girls sang. There was a trumpet solo by a navy lieutenant <sup>LT. GARY</sup> and several excellent testimonies. One of the testimonies was given by a Miss Doris Rinell, the seventeen year old daughter of a Baptist missionary from Sweden. It was a good service. But the next week I was called into the office of the senior chaplain. He had not been pleased with our Youth for Christ rally, and evidently was especially angry with me. He said that we were not the official religious leaders of the military establishment and, further, he ordered me to discontinue conducting religious services. Later in the day I talked to Earl Ireton about this matter. My comment to him was that "the Apostle Paul got himself thrown into the brig for serving God, so who were we to stay out." Dr. Connely invited us to use the auditorium of the Southern Baptist mission, which could seat over five hundred. I was reluctant to do this because that church was on a narrow, winding street, in the middle of the Chinese section of the city. We were ministering to American military personnel. However, there was no other place open to us. Subsequent events indicated that God obviously had a hand in the selection of a location for our meetings. In the Southern Baptist church, our meetings continued to grow in numbers until the auditorium was filled to capacity every Saturday night. Eventually we organized Youth for Christ Bible classes in nearly all of the military units of the city and most of the ships in the port, all taught by godly missionaries. Dr. Charles E. Fuller provided us with Old Fashion Revival Hour recordings, which we broadcasted over North China. For this, I have a commendation from Dr. Fuller. The Lord blessed our efforts and many servicemen were saved.

Eventually the American leadership of Youth for Christ was transferred to

the States for discharge. Growing numbers of Chinese were attending the services. At first we used interpreters, but then later we selected a young Chinese pastor as associate director and the Chinese choir director of the Southern Baptist mission as music director. A close friendship grew between ~~THE CHURCH TO MYSELF~~ myself and the Chinese, and we worked together for some months. But the problem of translating everything prolonged the meetings and hindered our effectiveness. So it was decided that Tsingtao Youth for Christ would split into two weekly rallies, one using the English language and the other, the Chinese. Stephan Wang, the young pastor, ~~with the assistance of Walter Wan, the music director,~~ continued the rallies in the Southern Baptist mission. We moved the English meetings into the American Lutheran mission. Both movements continued to grow in attendance. When I received orders to return to the States for discharge, Eugene B. Lee, a marine from Kentucky, became director. About a year later a navy chief petty officer, Clarence Rudd, became director. Clarence and his wife Verbina are now members of the same church as I, and own two Bible book stores in Ventura County. <sup>(YFC INTERNATIONAL SENT OUT TWO TEAMS, ONE TO EUROPE LED BY BOB EVANS (GEN) THE OTHER TO ASIA, LED BY BOB PIERCE)</sup> Immediately after discharge from the marines, I entered Wheaton College as a student. A couple of years later I had the opportunity to speak with Bob Pierce, who had just spoken at chapel. He told me of his visit to the Chinese Tsingtao Youth for Christ during his tour of China. Apparently a significant revival had occurred there. Meetings lasted from early morning until late at night, and continued for several weeks. The church was filled to overflowing and crowds stood outside where they heard the gospel over loud speakers. One of the people saved under Bob Pierce's ministry there was a young lady named Mary Wang, who is now director of the Chinese Overseas Christian Mission, with headquarters in London. Bob Pierce also told me that Stephen Wang had been imprisoned by the Communists for his refusal to deny his faith in Jesus Christ. Recently I received reports that Stephan had been released from prison only about a year ago.]

While a student at Wheaton College, I was again asked to assume the leadership of the youth organization of my home church in Chicago. During

the war years, the young people had scattered and no one seemed available to get things going again. Within a few weeks all was going well and we were able to build an effective organization. During my junior year at Wheaton, two events greatly affected my life. My godly mother died suddenly in October. Mother and I were very close. From my earliest childhood, she used to read Bible stories to me. She prayed me through combat with the marines and I am sure her faithful prayers follow me to this day. Her home-going was not as much a time of sorrow as one of rejoicing. She was with the Lord and we would meet again. Truly we sorrow not as those without hope. Then the following January I was married to Doris Rinell, the secretary of Tsingtao Youth for Christ, and the young lady who had given her testimony at our first rally. We had been going steady in China and continued to "write steady" as she was studying nursing at the Red Cross Hospital in Stockholm, Sweden. When she contracted polio and had to discontinue her training, I seized the opportunity to convince her to come to the States. Both she and her father were born in China. Her grandfather had met J. Hudson Taylor at Bethel Seminary in Stockholm and, through this contact, went to China himself as a missionary. Doris and I were married of Dr. V. Raymond Edman of Wheaton College. Then, during the summer of 1950 another great event occurred; our son, Lennart, was born. Having a masters degree from Wheaton himself, Len is now a missionary in Europe.

After Wheaton, we continued to keep house for my father in Chicago. I completed my apprenticeship in tool and die making, attended Northern Baptist Seminary, and directed the senior youth work at my home church. Our pastor, Dr. Virgil A. Olson, asked me to come on staff as youth director of the church. I declined because I wanted to attend Conservative Baptist Seminary in Denver. Although I wanted to continue to work with the Baptist General Conference, I wanted to strengthen my foundations in conservative theology and establish stronger ties between the Baptist General Conference and the conservatives. Three basis issues found among General Conference Baptist bothered me. One was the fact that they do not take a stand on inspiration and, if anything,

disagree with the concept of plenary inspiration. Secondly, generally speaking, they do not believe in the securing of the believer. Tend to be arminian in theology. Thirdly, they lean toward the amillennial position more than the premillennial. <sup>DESPITE THESE RESERVATIONS?</sup> ~~But all this time,~~ I felt that I should graduate from Bethel Seminary in St. Paul, the Baptist General Conference school. In Denver, I was chosen to be the director of the Christian Service Center, an outreach of the local churches to the airmen of the area. After the 1952 school year, I transferred to Bethel Seminary. A lovely daughter, Meilynn, was born that summer. She is now the wife of a computer scientist, himself a deacon in a Conservative Baptist church. They have two fine boys, who both can quote more Bible verses than most adult Christians. While at Bethel, I worked at my trade and gained preaching experience by speaking for the United Temperance League on week-ends. My father died during my first year at Bethel. He had been a fine godly businessman, a deacon in our church in Chicago. Much of my interest in the theological conservative movement was due to literature he would provide for me. After seminary, we moved to California. I was interested in missionary work in China and had been studying Chinese with my wife for many years. It became apparent that China was not going to reopen. So I made application to the mission board of the Baptist General Conference. We appeared before the mission board at their annual conference, hoping to go to Japan. I was told by the board to wait a while. The question kept coming up concerning my loyalty to the Conference. In the meantime we were blessed with a second son, Carey. He is now doing deputation work to raise support to become a missionary under Greater Europe Mission. At the same time, Carey is in charge of transportation at Azusa Pacific College.

I did not wait for the mission board. I applied for a commission in the navy as a chaplain and was ordained by the Conservative Baptist Association of Southern California. Chaplains' school was located at Newport, Rhode Island. There I received some interesting speaking assignments. One such assignment was to conduct a "high" Episcopal divine service on Easter Sunday at the naval hospital, overlooking beautiful Narragansett Bay. With much fear and trembling

before many high ranking officers. I went through the entire performance without error. But the regular chaplain, who was to be away that Sunday, did give me some coaching. Next I was assigned to recruit training in San Diego. My duties ranged from teaching a Bible class for young officers, to preaching before an assembly of some three thousand recruits. Sunday evenings I conducted evangelistic services in South Chapel. Services were well attended and there always was an altar call. I had made contact with the Navigators and they helped me deal with the men who responded to the invitation at the end of the services. The "Navs" also conducted an excellent follow-up program. We chaplains interviewed thousands of recruits as I took my share of the Baptist young men. This gave me an opportunity to ask each one if he knew Jesus Christ. Some would say, "I've been baptized and ordained into the Baptist ministry" (at about eighteen years of age). I would say, "That was not the question." During my months of working with these recruits, I developed a little tract, "How to Become a Christian," now published by Moody Press. I was assigned to work directly under the commanding officer of the Naval Training Center as his public relations and choir officer. In those capacities, I represented the navy in many civic events. Soon I learned to pack the gospel into the invocations I would be asked to give in many strange places. But expecting orders to a new duty station, I requested destroyers out of San Diego since we had bought a home there. A chaplain friend requested destroyers out of Long Beach. We received orders the same time, but he destroyers, San Diego, and I destroyers Long Beach. Such is the navy! On destroyers, it went well and I continued to get outstanding fitness reports from all my commanding officers. I was the only chaplain for the eight ships of the squadron. At sea I would be transferred from ship to ship by helicopter. The "copter" would hover over the fantail of the destroyer and lower a sling that I would place under my arms. Then I would be hoisted into the belly of the copter. But I would be hundreds of feet in the air by the time I was hauled aboard. While on destroyers, there was a voyage to the Far East. When our squadron arrived at Yokosuka, Japan, a message arrived that informed me that my wife had a baby. We named our lovely



new daughter Carolynn. She is now married to a fine young man and has a daughter and baby son of her own. After destroyers came duty on Taiwan, which I had requested. My heart was still in China. There were many profitable experiences on Taiwan, but I gradually decided that I did not wish to remain in the navy. I had, however, received an appointment to the regular navy and had been selected for a year's graduate studies at Harvard Divinity School. On Taiwan, my divine services were always well attended. We had an especially outstanding youth program. It is interesting to note that the senior Catholic missionary of the area, Father Smith, posted a bulletin at the Catholic Church that recommended that military dependent young people attend the Protestant youth services and activities. We called the organization Tri-C Club, for Crusaders for Christ in China. On Taiwan I also taught a weekly English class for some three hundred Chinese marine officers, using the Bible as my text. My wife was kept busy teaching a class of conversational English for the wives of high ranking Chinese military officers and also a class of midshipmen at the Chinese Naval Academy at Tsoying. She also did an excellent job as superintendent of the chapel Sunday school.

Discharged and back in the States, I went back to my job of experimental machinist at Bendix Electrodynamics in North Hollywood and enrolled in school to obtain a teaching credential. At Bendix I was asked to run for the office of vice chairman of the United Autoworkers local (AFL-CIO). This I did and carried over ninety percent of the votes. This appears to have been God's leading too. Almost immediately I was asked to open every union meeting with an invocation. These invocations became mini-sermons. Then I was asked to write a religious article for the monthly publication of the union paper. I did not "pull any punches," but presented the gospel. This testimony too was well received. It was during this time that President Kennedy was assassinated. The personnel director of Bendix asked me to conduct a memorial service for the President. The employees of all the Bendix plants in the San Fernando Valley area were excused from work, with pay, to attend the memorial service.

All chairs were removed from the auditorium of the union hall and the employees were packed in, many standing outside. After the service the officers of the union were invited to the personnel director's office for coffee. The president of the union mentioned that I had asked about placing Christian tract boxes in the various Bendix plants. Such a practice was strictly prohibited in the Bendix book of rules and regulations, which stated that anyone caught distributing religious literature was subject to dismissal. The personnel director commented that he was not a religious man himself, but he remembered that his grandfather had been a Methodist minister, and he thought a "little religion at Bendix would hurt no one." Thus, a tract ministry was started in most of the Bendix plants of the area. This ministry gave me many additional contacts that led to opportunities for witnessing.

There have been many opportunities for a Christian witness in the public schools. I have been careful to maintain professional ethics as far as student-teacher relationships are concerned. Yet, there are many ways of letting the Christian students know where one stands. These Christian students often have come to me and shared their Christian experiences with me. Some I have been able to direct to Christian colleges. While a guidance counselor at Thousand Oaks High School, I maintained a shelf of catalogues of Christian colleges. Christian kids need Christian colleges and Christian colleges need Christian kids. Also, I kept several copies of evangelical books, mainly from Intervarsity Christian Fellowship, which I would lend to teachers. I was surprised how much in demand these books were. Once I gave the convocation address, making careful reference to my Christian position. I have organized and participated in faculty prayer meetings when permitted to do so. It has not always been easy to maintain a testimony in the public schools. Often there was a price to pay.

Three years ago I took a one-year sabbatical leave from the public school and became superintendent of a Christian school in central Kansas. My purpose for doing this was to determine whether Christian education would be a desir-

able alternative to public school education for myself. Undoubtedly, Central Christian Schools did give me an excellent example of both the desirable and the undesirable featured of private school education. I learned also that Satan works in Christian institutions. For starters, it was discovered that the administrator just before me had left his wife and four children and ran off with his secretary, who also was married and had children. In the months that followed, I came to understand some of the pressures that contributed to his attempted escape from reality. The school was fifty years old, had a student body of two-hundred and fifty (grades K-12), and a school board of fifteen. The assistant administrator was business manager, and also pastored an American Baptist church. His position of business manager gave him considerable power in the school. That of pastor gave him power in the community. His sister-in-law was my only secretary. She would do nothing without his approval. His sister was the kindergarten teacher, but actually dictated policy for the elementary school eventhough there was an elementary principal. One school custodian was his father and the other, his Sunday school superintendent. The teachers were required to agree with him in all matters. He had come to believe that teachers in a Christian school should not be certified by the state and that a Christian school need not be accredited by the state. As if all this were not enough, he was practicing exorcism on the school premises, even with some of the students. His church was charismatic and he was bringing that element into the school through the women's auxiliary. Fortunately, the school board did not agree with him on any of these counts. But they were afraid they could not get along without him. When I arrived at the school, there was a letter on my desk from the state board of education. The letter threatened to remove the school's accreditation unless all the teachers were certified. Immediately, I gave written notice to all teachers that they would have to be certified if they were to be rehired the following year. Then, with board backing, I stopped the practice of exorcism in the school and put pressure on the women's auxiliary to keep their charismatic views off campus. The man in question was pressured to resign during the first

semester. We were able to maintain the good-will of almost everyone concerned and the business manager and I even remained on speaking terms. The teachers picked up the courses needed and were all certified by the coming fall. The state, therefore, granted a one-year extension of the school's accreditation. There was another interesting thing that occurred while I was there. The state of Kansas tried to force the school to pay unemployment compensation to a teacher who had been discharged the prior year for ethical reasons. We fought it, of course, receiving help from the Association of Christian Schools, International. There were many contacts between our attorney, the Association headquarters in La Habra, the Association's attorney in Washington, D.C., and myself. A similar case was finally decided before the United States Supreme Court, and we did not have to compensate the state of Kansas.

The above is a fair representation of the things I have been doing. Presently, I am active in the Bible Fellowship Church of Ventura, California. My main responsibilities right now involve my activities on the mission board of the church and my functioning as adult coordinator in the Sunday school. I am hoping to retire in two or three years from Public school education. Then, the Lord willing, I hope to return to Christian school administration.

September 6, 1981

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