

My Thoughts On Bev

Tim – 30 September 04

My thoughts on Bev. First, Bev would tell me to sit down and not talk about her. She was always very modest and was embarrassed when people talked about her. So if she were here physically I would already be in trouble. I feel honored and privileged to have been married to Bev for almost 26 years. She was a person who lived her life through who she was. There was never any pretense. She was quiet, modest, godly, elegant, honest, patient, loving and forgiving. Bev's faith and trust in God is what set her apart from so many people. It was what attracted me to her before we ever met. While in seminary I worked at a Christian camp. Going through the applications of the female applicants for counselor positions, I was struck, not just by the beauty of her picture, but in reading her application in which she described the trials she had been through with her health, but it wasn't the trials that stood out, but her view of how God had used those trials. After reading the application I couldn't wait to meet her. She was everything I thought she was through her application.

In everything Bev did, whether as a camp counselor, a teacher, a therapist, a wife or a mother, she committed herself to doing the very best at it. She believed that God had a purpose in everything that she experienced, good or bad, and that purpose would bring glory to him. Bev wrote, "Romans 8:28 is a well-known verse regarding all things working out for our good according to God's plan. 'And we know that in all things God works for the good of those who love Him, who have been called according to His purpose.' Often times we use this verse to reassure ourselves that everything will be OK, that God will turn a situation around and restore our circumstances to our good. The good God has in mind, however, described in the next verse is conforming us to the likeness of his Son. 'For those God foreknew He also predestined to be conformed to the likeness of His Son, that He might be the firstborn among many brothers.' (verse 29) This may mean circumstances aren't turned around and made good again. His sovereign plan will allow whatever it takes to mold our character and will into the likeness of Christ. And He may use the circumstances of our lives to conform others to His image as well, as they are affected by our afflictions. To an unbeliever all this must sound like we are just trying to talk ourselves into believing that God loves us and is working things for our good when circumstances are bad!

“Bowling to God’s sovereignty does not imply that we are to accept the adversity because God has allowed it. What God wants us to accept is His plan. I remember in a conversation with our friends whose nine year-old daughter died of leukemia, her dad said they never quit fighting the disease, viewing it as an enemy of God, just as death is His enemy. But at the same time, they were able to accept God’s timing of her death as being part of His sovereign plan for her life. They never gave in to the cancer, but they gave in to God, bowing to His sovereignty in their lives.”

I watched Bev grow as a person, and my love and admiration for her grew as well as I saw her mature. She brought me along with her, and taught me what it meant to truly love, how to have patience, what to do with anger and hurt, how to have faith and trust when both seemed impossible to do. One of my most enjoyable memories of Bev was a camping trip we took to the Black Hills one fall. It was cold and we were in the tents, one for the boys and one for Bev and me. We had told them to get bundled up because they would be cold, around zero degrees, but they of course laughed at us, told us they were tough and we weren’t. By midnight they were screaming that they were cold and wanted to go home. We crawled into their tent with them to help warm them up. She didn’t want to stay in a motel the next night--she wanted to continue camping. We were very busy the next three days, fishing, visiting tourist sights, laughing and having fun, and all the while she was battling the cancer in her lung. She loved life and lived it to the fullest.

As a mother, Bev loved her sons, and spent time with them, playing games, doing activities, going on special trips to the zoo, or park, to sports events, spending time with them on school work, helping them learn to play musical instruments, praying for them and praying with them. She shared the gospel with both boys and they accepted Christ as their Savior through her guidance. Her commitment to them could be seen as they spent time with her. The last three days of her life they spent time in her room, holding her hand, reading to her, giving her water on a sponge to keep her mouth wet. In a difficult time they didn’t hesitate to return the love she had given them. Her last intelligible words were Thursday night when she said “Good night Jonathan, good night Robert, I love you.”

Thank you Bev for all you have done for me, and for our sons. I look forward to being with you in heaven.