

Chuck's Memories of Bev

Bev and I always had a special connection because we shared a birthday. We called ourselves twins, even though we were 9 years apart. But circumstances of life kept us apart a lot. I don't clearly remember when she went away for high school, but Bev was gone during most of my grade school years.

Sharon and Kelly would probably confirm that I was a fairly obnoxious little brother, but because we saw each other infrequently, Bev and I didn't have a typical sibling relationship. She was more like a favorite aunt that I didn't get to see often enough. We would see each other every Christmas in Mexico and every summer in North Dakota. Some of our closest times were driving to North Dakota and camping as a family.

During my high school years we got to spend more time together, since she was home for a year, and since I worked for Tim at Pine Cove camp for two summers after she married him. Then I went away to school and got married, and the last 14 years that we have spent as missionaries ensured that visits continued to be infrequent. But we would take every chance we could get to see each other, and that deepened our relationship.

We had an especially good time at a family reunion in California 4 years ago. We even enjoyed a hike in the mountains together – she was remarkably tough in spite of her chemo. But it wasn't until recently when Bev shared some of the things she had written through the years that I got a glimpse of who she was deep inside, and what I had really missed all those years.

But one thing that was obvious to all was that Bev was always kind, thoughtful, and loving toward others. Even before I married Chris, Bev accepted her as a sister, which was very meaningful to Chris. When we were here in Fairbanks in March, even though she was very sick, her biggest concern was that we have a good time and not get bored. Concern for others was a characteristic that she manifested throughout her life, but she would be upset with me if I gave her the credit. The credit belongs to Jesus Christ, who began the work in her life when she was very young when she accepted him as her Savior. She had confidence in the love of her Savior, and the assurance of eternal life. She had that hope as an anchor for her soul, firm and secure, and that is what gave her the ability to look beyond herself and her suffering with concern for others.

I'm sure that Jesus welcomed her saying, "Well done, good and faithful servant." Bev, we love you and will miss you.