

The Seed Sower



The Life of Darrell Reyman

The Seed Sower

Darrell Reyman

In his younger years as a farm boy, Darrell was a seed sower in the soil of gardens and fields. He anxiously waited and hoped for a good harvest of vegetables and crops to help the family during the Great Depression.

As he grew up, he began to have a strong desire to be a seed sower of the precious Word of God in hearts. As you travel on this reading sojourn, you'll see that has been his life's goal — to plant the Word in the hearts of men, women and young people across the United States.

Please enjoy this journey, awaiting the great harvest when Jesus comes again. AMEN.

Lucille Reyman
April 2014

Links:

Brookings	Married	Las Vegas
Deciding to Preach	Living at Washington Chapel	First Property
Moving to San Jose	Called to Sacramento	Preaching on Radio
Moving to Sacramento	Morro Bay, Turlock	Three-month Trip
On to Ottumwa, Iowa	Reno	Gospel Meetings Listed
Then Came Lucille	Carson City	Special Photos

I have been encouraged to write a little about my life of 85 years. God is sure good to me and my family and He can be depended upon in every crisis or situation that we encounter.

I was born to Charles F. Reyman and his wife Eva, on June 17, 1929 in a very poor farm house in eastern South Dakota. It was located about seven miles east of Aurora in Brookings County. The conditions were not the best. They tell me it was an average hot day midsummer and they tell me I was born early in the morning. I was the second born of twins (Donald Wayne, my twin brother. I was named Darrell Eugene). My mother had no idea that she was going to give birth to twins. She almost "swooned" away when it took place. Donald weighed 2½ lbs. and I weighed 3½ lbs.

Dr. Martin came to the farm house that day and made the delivery, making a family of five children: Cordia (Cordie), Rodney, Harold plus we twins. Dr. Martin told my Dad if he would set up the wood heating stove in the living room and build a hot fire, he would not take these new born twins to the Brookings Hospital; Dad did just that and we were placed in a small baby bed by the stove – one baby placed at one end and the other placed on the other end. We both survived and grew-up larger than the others. God was so good to us all. PTL (Praise the Lord)



Donald and Darrell

My Dad worked hard during those Depression years. He also "share crop" farmed and was a very diligent man. He was very concerned and loved his family. Our sister Lois was born after we twins, making a total of six children.

Later we moved into Aurora, South Dakota. I can recall many instances there as a child growing up and getting stronger. We had some fun times. From Aurora we moved to the east end of Brookings, South Dakota into a large two story house on ten acres. That property also had a barn and beautiful row of lilac bushes. We were getting older now and soon started to school.

It was in 1937 that my older sister Cordie and Jack Sharpe were married.

We lived neighbors to a family named Heslap and we kids had good times playing together with marbles, kick the can, Hide and Seek, etc. I might add that at the age of six, I received a harmonica for Christmas. I practiced and practiced until finally I could play "Home Sweet Home." Soon I could play any song if I knew the tune. The grade school we attended was about a mile from where we lived. Most of the time we had to walk.

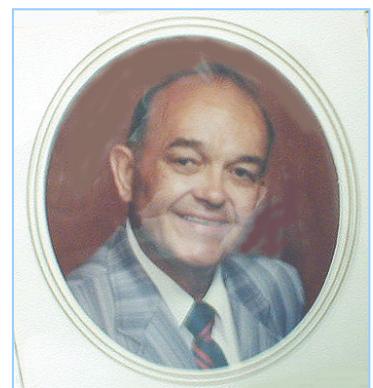
Teachers I recall were Miss Weber, Miss Koon, Miss Anderson, Ms. Brinker and a Ms. Swen. I went there through the fourth grade.

About this time we moved across the street to a small house. A very special event took place there. We were invited to hear Brother Elston Knight, who had recently moved to Brookings from Oregon, with his wife Mary and their little girl, Nancy. He was 24 years old and was the minister there to the Church of Christ for two years. (What an impact he had on the city of 5,000-6,000 population.) Brother Knight was fresh out of the U.S. Navy, very likeable and a dynamic preacher of God's word. All of us began attending the services and the preaching was "down to earth," in language all could understand. Elston and his wife could both sing; she also played the piano. It was Rodney, my oldest brother, who turned to Christ first. What a change in him! Eventually, that year, the entire Reyman family confessed their faith in Christ and was immersed there at the church building, (including us three younger children). Though Cordie also turned, her husband, Jack, never did until about a week before he passed away. We were all so thrilled that he finally yielded his life to Christ! PTL!

Brother Knight also conducted a six week D.V.B.S. (Daily Vacation Bible School) (one of the longest Vacation Bible Schools in the country). Boy, did we ever learn a lot! My mother took us every day (Monday through Friday), each week. She also taught a class of children in that school. It was a real blessing to us as new Christians.



Darrell, Lois, Donald and Mom



Elston Knight

While living in Brookings, my brother, Rodney had firmly made up his mind to go study for the ministry. I believe that was in 1940. It was a tearful morning when Rodney said "goodbye" and traveled to San Jose, California, with a man who had a new Chevrolet. Rod wrote to us on a regular basis and it was a joyous time when the mailman had a letter from California. The school in San Jose (called *San Jose Bible College*) was new and the whole teaching staff was bent on seeing young men go into the harvest fields for Christ. Teachers even took students as they went to preach out of town. Students were taught as they traveled along. AMEN! What a school it was! It wasn't long before "Rod" wrote to Earl Chambers, who wanted to go into the ministry, and told him to get to San Jose; a job was waiting for him. WOW!

Later that year our family moved to a farm four miles south of Brookings, located on a quarter section of land. It had a small house, a barn, a hog shed and a hen house. I was so happy to be back on a farm and in the country again! We had neither electricity, nor indoor plumbing. We had "running water" (we kids ran from the pump to the house with water as needed). Now at home on the "Derdahl Place" were Mom and Dad, Harold, we twins and Lois.

We children all had chores to do – feed pigs, chickens, cows and horses. We even helped with the milking of the cows, carrying water from the pump to the house and bringing in fuel in the winter. Though we were busy, we still had time to relax and play. We rarely ever missed church meetings and we often had the preacher and his wife come for Sunday dinner with us.

We younger children attended a one room country school (District #87). It was located about $2\frac{1}{2}$ miles from home. Most of the time we walked to school, unless we got a ride with someone. The school had about 12 students (1st grade through 8th grade). During our time in the country school, we had two different teachers, namely Miss Erma Potter and after her was a little gal about 19 years of age – Miss Lucinda Williams. Lois was in the 3rd grade, Donald was in the 4th grade and I was in the 5th grade.

One day while at recess, we were playing soft ball. I was next up to bat; however I was standing too close to the present batter – an eighth grader who



Back row: Charlie, Eva, Cordie, Harold. Front row: Donald, Lois, and Darrell on the Derdahl Place.

was very strong; he swung the bat and it hit me in my head and blood went everywhere. My brother Harold, who was working at a grocery store in Brookings, came with my mother and took me to the doctor. The doctor cleaned me all up and stitched the wound and said if it had been even a $\frac{1}{4}$ of an inch closer to my left temple, it would have been fatal. Wow – what a close call that was!

Lois, in those years, was a “cry baby” and when Miss Potter would say something to her she would CRY! One day Miss Potter said “Lois don’t be so everlastingly sensitive.” Of course Lois grew out of it! Potter only lasted there a couple of years.

Then the young pretty teacher came on board, Miss Lucinda Williams. As I have already stated she was fresh out of Normal Teaching School and not too much older than some of we boys. I recall that some of the older boys, who were bigger, would tease and harass her until she would lay her head on her desk and cry. That only made matters worse - they would tease her more! (How terrible!!). But the worst thing about it, I also joined in the teasing of the young teacher. In fact, it was the only time in all my schooling that my behavior report brought bad marks and terrible remarks on my report card.

Well, as it happened, Harold, my brother, took a liking to Lucinda and invited her to church with us. I became so convicted on my actions, that I began taking the teacher’s part and helping do things for her. The new report card had all excellent! Mother was so happy and so was I!

During the country school days, I was privileged to enter several declamatory contests; I had already decided to become a minister of the gospel. I made it known publicly at the *Pierre Christian Service Camp* near Pierre, South Dakota. Here hundreds of young people were enrolled for that week, with preaching each evening. It was a wonderful experience. Bible classes were taught during the day, plus great times of recreation and rest.

I remember my first sermon was made at the Derdahl Place and titled “Take No Thought” (text: Matthew 6:24-34); I was about 12 years old at that time. That summer we would gather friends our age in the neighborhood and meet in the empty granary to play church by the hour and I would preach.

In the summer of 1940 my brother Rodney and Earl Chambers came to see us from San Jose, California in a little 1927 Chevrolet roadster with a

"rumble seat". This was the same car that Donald and I used when we first learned to drive. EXCITING!

In December 1941 World War II broke out with Japan. That spring we decided to plant a "Victory Garden" – lots of everything grew, as well as the weeds. We children had to keep records of the time we spent in that garden. Donald and I got our first used bicycles (\$7 or \$8 each). We had a good time!

Another rather unusual thing I recall on the farm: An old man – we just referred to him as "Dirty Neck Joe" – would stop by in his little old vehicle every now and then to see if we had any aluminum, brass, zinc or copper to sell him. He also noticed we had quite a number of pigeons around, so he said "any pigeons you can get me, I'll give you a quarter for each one." (I believe he would dress them and eat them.) We kids managed to get him a few and we felt like we were rich!

My sister Lois, reminded me of our favorite lunch when we were at home by ourselves. The lunch was mother's homemade bread and butter with a can of Pork and Beans! Yes, it was good!

After graduating from the rural school, I entered *Brookings High School* as a freshman. Besides taking classes that were compulsory, I chose such classes that I felt would help me in my determination to become a minister of the Gospel someday.

Throughout high school I was active in F.F.A. (*Future Farmers of America*). I enjoyed that and I learned a lot. My brother, Donald, didn't pass the 3rd grade and I wanted so badly for us to graduate high school together. Therefore, at mid-term in my freshman year in Brookings, I stayed home and helped Dad with harvesting of corn and other things (we worked fine together).

That Fall we moved to an even larger farm, near Bruce, South Dakota. Don and I drove a team of mules with a hayrack full of stuff to the new place, located about 10 to 12 miles from Brookings. We both started high school as freshman at *Bruce High School* in Bruce, South Dakota (now closed). BUT, half way through that first year, Donald declared he was through and not going to go back again. That was a great disappointment to me.



It was during our time at the Bruce farm that we obtained a brand new Ford tractor (prior to this we had used horses and mules).

During this time, Cordie and her husband Jack (in San Jose, California) were preparing for their second child. Their baby girl was born with complications and lived only a few months. Dad decided to go and be with them. It was at this time Dad wrote to us and announced we would sell out and migrate to California – the year was 1945. Dad told us twins to fatten up the hogs, and that's what we did; it turned out to be the best of the whole auction sales in February. Dad was home and we were all making preparations for the move. We were able to obtain a 1937 Ford sedan, in good shape, and it made the trip all the way to California fine. Rodney had agreed to meet us in Cheyenne, Wyoming and he drove us through the mountains. Driving through mountains was a new experience. Arriving in California, we could hardly believe our eyes – mid-February, green foliage, sunshine, no snow! Wow! We settled in the San Jose, California area on a ranch which Dad was to manage.

Arriving in San Jose, we attended *Roosevelt Junior High School* for a time and then went on to *San Jose High School* as a sophomore. During the years at *San Jose High School* my parents lived on an acreage south of San Jose on Hillsdale Avenue. What a beautiful setting it was! The hillside was loaded with beautiful California poppies each year to see and remember!

The well on that acreage wasn't doing well, so Donald and I had an old 26 Dodge pickup with a silent starter. We hauled water from a neighbor about $\frac{1}{2}$ mile way and put the water in a large wooden water tank above the house. It was a chore, but we had fun. After a period of time we finally moved back in to San Jose. After school there I worked doing lawn jobs, hauling trash, and doing odd chores. I used the little old Dodge pickup then, also. Donald and I also worked part-time for two pharmacies delivering prescriptions and other things. The drug stores provided us with Army jeeps to make our deliveries. It was enjoyable, and we even received tips once in awhile.



Roosevelt Junior High School



My typing teacher's name at San Jose High was Miss Kidder, a middle aged woman. When she saw me playing with Sharon's long red braids, she said, "Darrell, I'm going to tell you something....if you don't stop playing with the girl ahead of you, you are going to fail this class!" I told her, "Well, all I want to get from this typing class is to be able to type for my own personal use". She retorted – "I got news for you; you won't even be able to do that!" Miss Kidder wasn't kidding!

During *San Jose High School* days I worked after school at *Western Union* delivering telegrams. At first I did deliveries on foot, then by bicycle and also by car. Good job! I also worked for a time for *Palace Market* (a Chinese meat market). They always called me "pinky". The final year in *San Jose High* a student got angry with me and threatened my life. I told my parents and they made arrangements for me to live with Rod and Barbara and their two boys in Sacramento (Del Paso Heights); so I did. It was fun and enjoyable.

While living there I attended *Grant Union High School*. I didn't know a lot of kids, but met a couple of Christian youth, who were a part of the *Fig Street Church of Christ*, where my brother Rodney was preaching. The young men were Alton Danielson and Charles Dailey. Charles was in the California Cadet Corp program at *Grant Union*, so I also enrolled in that



Grant Union High School

program. He was very good to me and I'm sure he showed me favoritism by getting me promotions in rank ahead of schedule. He was a Captain and soon was promoted to Major. He also wanted me to arrange for him to meet my sister, Lois. I did make the arrangements, and in time they were married on August 17, 1950 in San Jose, California. They have been married for over 63 years. Charles became a minister, writer and teacher at *Northwest College of the Bible* in Portland, Oregon. At present, he is an Elder in the *Minnehaha Church of Christ* in Vancouver, Washington. Charles and Lois have three beautiful girls and many grand-children.

Let's go back to my *Grant Union High School* days. I took an agriculture class, and the agriculture department wanted to form an F.F.A. (*Future Farmers of America*) chapter. Since I had been involved in F.F.A. previously for three years, and held the position of Reporter, they wanted me to be the President of the new F.F.A. chapter there. It wasn't long until they brought me a paper one day to sign, sanctioning a joint dance with F.H.A.

(*Future Homemakers of America*). I told them I couldn't do that. They said "you have to" – I simply told them "I'm not going to do that!" They informed me that they would impeach me....so they did. It was quite a time!

During my days at *Grant Union High*, I got a job at the *Heights Pharmacy* which I enjoyed. I stocked shelves, ran the soda fountain, and did errands. The owners of the pharmacy were Joe and Mary Spineti – very neat people and a pleasure to work for. Church life at the Fig Street Church was very special! I was able to lead the singing some times. Rodney had to show me a few things about that. We also became acquainted with Ruth Schoonover, who had been a missionary to Japan for years. Therefore, we began going to a little town south of Sacramento, named Florin, California, and conducted a Sunday school there every Sunday afternoon for a year or two, picking up Japanese American children with a seven passenger 1927 Pierce Arrow. What a joy to drive that car! It was rewarding to be involved in that Sunday school.

It was now getting toward two weeks before mid-term at *Grant Union High School* so I stopped by the school office to just check on my credits. Personnel in the office told me I was supposed to be graduating mid-term – WOW! I had to hurry and change my home room for Hi Senior. I did and I graduated in January 1948. (They credited me for three semesters of the freshmen year - GREAT).



Graduation
photo 1948

After graduating from *Grant Union High*, I returned to San Jose to live with my parents. I decided to wait until fall semester to enter *San Jose Bible College*. During those months (January to August) I went to work for *Vierra Construction Company*. They were beginning to build in South San Francisco and wanted me to drive a water truck. I joined the Teamsters Union. It was a new experience for me and the pay was very good! I commuted to San Francisco Monday through Friday and back again in the evening. PTL! On weekends, I became involved in helping establish a Sunday School in the small community of Coyote, CA (about 17 miles south of San Jose).

Many Japanese Americans worked in strawberry camps there. I would go to Coyote on Saturdays and call on many Japanese young people. An American missionary, Owen Still, who had spent many years in Japan and also in Hawaii had a great part in this venture. I enjoyed this very much! At this time, I was considering becoming a missionary to Japan; I even took a year of Japanese language. In time, the Lord had other plans for me.

Enrolling in *San Jose Bible College* that fall was joyous! This is the same school where my brothers Rodney and Harold and also Earl Chambers had gone some years before and graduated. Bob Chambers, Earl's younger brother, and I had many of the same classes together. We attended there for two years. Some of our favorite teachers were Roy B. Shaw, Don DeWelt and V.K. Allison. In time, it seemed to us that the school was going in a different direction and Bob and I were neither one satisfied completely.

Soon two young girls, who had returned from a newly formed college in Iowa (*Midwestern School of Evangelism* located in Ottumwa) came to some of us fellows and told us that is where we belong.

Like I've said, it was new and headed up by three preachers (two of whom I had known, namely – Burton Barber and James McMorrow). The third one: Donald G. Hunt, I had heard of him, but had never met.

These men were young (25 – 37), full of the Holy Spirit and a zeal for evangelism that wouldn't stop! Deciding then to go to Ottumwa, Iowa, I got a group of young

people from Portland, Oregon to agree to ride with me. Not too long before departure, they learned that I was driving a 1935 Terraplane car and with that they told me they decided to go on a bus. The little car was in great shape and I had just insured it. I thought: "Good, I'll sell the car, get my insurance premium back – get a ticket and go on the Greyhound Bus also. I did! What an experience, traveling night and day until arriving in Ottumwa early Sunday morning. I called Brother Hunt who came and picked me up. I was so glad to have arrived.

Though not knowing anyone yet, except the preachers, I attended the a.m. meeting; I really liked the fiery preaching! After the services were over, I was told a little about the school. Dormitory rent was \$2.50 a week. The school met in this large old brick mansion at 5th and Court Streets with three stories and a basement. First floor was school classes, second story was the men's dormitory, and the third story was where Brother Burton Barber and wife, Opal, resided. Brother Hunt and wife lived in a mobile home behind the mansion. The basement had been arranged for the cafeteria and dining area. The meal ticket for the week was \$6.00.



Midwestern School of Evangelism



Burton and
Opal Barber

I soon got a job being a school janitor along with another student, Vickie Colebank. I believe we were paid \$10 - \$15 each for our weekly work . Later I also was employed with *J.C. Penney Co.* part-time. I did well. Classes were conducted Tuesday through Friday in the mornings, making it possible for young people to evangelize in churches throughout Iowa, returning on Monday for school on Tuesday mornings. It was a great arrangement.

All of this was overwhelming to me as I was so homesick! Soon I met students that I knew in San Jose, CA before. This really encouraged me and helped. Some of these students were Don Barber, Charles Conger, Bob Chambers, Gene Boulton, Ralph Johnson, Helen Pritchard and Alton Danielson. The next year Merwyn McMillan, Doris Burton and Pauline Atkinson came...I could hardly believe it! I began feeling right at home!

A fall Gospel preaching rally actually preceded each school year; it was held at Cincinnati, Iowa High School auditorium. This was located about 51 miles away. I went to each service. The rally lasted for three days. Some 250 – 300 people were in attendance. Such singing I had never heard before!! PTL!

The Rally was an outstanding way to begin the school year! I met and heard Brother Marion McKee for the first time. I was so thrilled! He was one “ball of fire!” His suit was wet with sweat, perspiring profusely! At this occasion I got acquainted with Mr. and Mrs. Gee whom I rode back and forth daily for the meetings. The Gees were from Indiana and had twin girls – Sandra and Barbara. We all became good friends. I was thrilled with the great rally!!



Marion McKee

It was a real joy being at *Midwestern School of Evangelism!* Shortly after being in school, all were made aware of the rules and regulations of the Training School. One thing Brother Hunt declared emphatically: “You young people are here to prepare yourself for the great work of the Gospel ...” ALL LIGHTS on FRIDAY PM will be out at 10 pm in the dormitories. The staff here have set aside 4 pm – 10 pm on Fridays for any dates among the men and women. He further stressed the main reason you are here is to get a knowledge of God’s Word; not running around at night. Yes, there were penalties for not adhering to the policies. At first it all seemed pretty “strict,” but it did make sense. Also on weekends, the older men held Revival meetings in small communities around Ottumwa. I went one evening to a meeting held in the

City Hall. A young man preached – several students went that Friday evening also. It was at that meeting that I first met Lucille Brown, who eventually became my good wife. After a few weeks, we began dating each Friday pm. We always had prayer together.

We dated throughout the school year and were married on May 8, 1951. We have been married now for over 60 years. One of our first dates was at a family restaurant named *The Corn Picker*. That day Brother Barber came to me and asked me if I would go with him and his wife Opal to the little town of Blakesburg and lead the singing. He was conducting preaching each night there. I told him of the plans I had made with Lucille Brown to eat dinner at the *Corn Picker*. He replied that he would be glad to stop by there and pick us up and so that's what we did. It worked out fine! Well, we got back to Ottumwa after 10 pm, so I figured he would stop by the girl's dormitory, let her out and we would travel on to the main building. Instead, Brother Barber told me to take Lucille up to her dorm and when you are through, you can come on over to the men's dorm. Wow! We really thought he was a great guy! We were not penalized either.

Brother Barber was the one who had baptized Lucille about 1½ years before, so that made the bond even stronger. Our courtship days were wonderful and memorable. Also, Lucille was from Kirkville; her parents were very "down to earth" and always seemed glad to see us on occasional Friday nights.



Dating in 1950

AN UNUSUAL FRIDAY NIGHT!

One Friday night, Mr. Brown asked me to go raccoon hunting with him. I agreed. Mr. Brown let me carry his double barreled shotgun. (That was a first as he never let anyone touch his gun). Well, we started out...beautiful full moon, the hound dogs ahead of us, Brown with his big flashlight and I trailed with the gun – of all things, I fell in a hole and rammed the barrel deep into the mud and dirt. He came back to see what happened; I told him I fell – he helped me up and laughed as he looked at his prized gun. He said, "We better go back to the house." We did so. When Lucille saw us coming back so soon,

she assumed that something bad must have taken place. Her Dad surprisingly was jolly and laughing. (Lucille was relieved.) So much for a “good first impression!” I might add that Mr. Brown recalled the incident with glee to his dying day.

After just about two months into the school year, Brother McMorrow wanted to talk to me. He told me of a country church northwest west of Des Moines, Iowa that was searching for a preacher. He thought I ought to go and check it out. I asked him what he knew about the congregation. Well, he had only heard that it was a “worldly church;” I then said do you think I could do them good. He said that he was sure I could. The church there had several who had training at *Drake University* in Des Moines – (a modernistic school). I felt very humbled that he thought I could do well. One blustering October Saturday night – windy and cold – two students, Rex James and I began hitchhiking to the north. He was to preach at a little Church of Christ in Woodland, Iowa in the morning. We got a ride with a trucker who proceeded to tell us horror stories of his experiences picking up hikers. It wasn’t long until we told him who we were and why we were going to Des Moines. The trucker felt better after that and he took us to just outside of Des Moines. A man from the Woodland church came and picked us up. We stayed all night with him and his family – Rex preached the next morning. After a noon meal, the same church man said he would take me on up to the country church – about 35 miles away. God did bless! We arrived and I met with Verle Wicks, an elder at *Washington Chapel Church*.



Washington Chapel Building

Brother Wicks told me they had one coming from *Drake University* the next Sunday and asked me if I would come the following week, which I did. To “sum it up” they wanted me to come each Sunday beginning the second Sunday of November, 1950. They paid me \$25 a week and I stayed in a different home each weekend. They had a pre-assigned list on the bulletin board; it was “my home away from home.”

Back in Ottumwa, Brother McMorrow was just buying a new Chevrolet and I asked him if he would sell me his 1937 Chevy – it ran good (most of the time). He sold it to me for \$135. I paid it off in 2 or 3 weeks. Now I had

wheels! Good! I went rain, sleet, snow or sunshine each week on Saturday with striped overalls to meet the well-rounded farmers on their level – sometimes milking cows and sometimes riding the tractor with them in the field. It was fun and they treated me well.

That school year in the spring, Bob Chambers and I conducted a revival meeting in *East End Ottumwa Church*. I led the singing each night and Bob did a great job of preaching. It went on for two weeks and was a wonderful time and attendance was good!



Bob
Chambers

Lucille and I were married on the last day of school, May 8, 1951. The wedding was not elaborate or fancy with Brother Barber officiating. I recall our marriage license cost \$2.00 and we tried to give Brother Barber \$15.00, but he said “no, you keep it for your trip.” We left the next morning in the '37 Chevy, saying good-bye with hugs and kisses from her parents. They made sure we had fried chicken and sandwiches for the long journey. The parting was rather emotional but what a memory! It was a good trip, uneventful, but so much fun. I played the harmonica along the way.

We arrived in Del Paso Heights, California, where Rodney and Barbara lived. (Rodney was in Oregon at the time in a revival meeting.) We asked Barbara if she could loan us \$5.00 to get us on to San Jose, CA. She did. PTL! We arrived in San Jose at my parent's home in the country, south of San Jose. Lucille had met my mother on one occasion, but none of the rest of the family. To say the least, she was a little nervous. It didn't last long – Dad came bounding down the path to our little old car and hugged and kissed her. We went in to the house and it was a joyous homecoming! All was well!

We spent about three weeks in San Jose visiting them and my older sister, Cordie and her husband, Jack. Jack was a mechanic and a body and fender repair man. Being such, he restored the little Chevy, ridding it of all dents and imperfections. Then he gave it 3 – 4 coats of black lacquer paint while we were there. Wow! Did it ever look nice!!



Jack and Cordie Sharpe

Well, soon it was time to return back to Iowa to begin living in the Washington Township area in an old farm house, near Minburn, Iowa. My Dad had decided he should go with us back to northern Iowa and visit his brothers

there. He requested to go with us and he would help with expenses. So we agreed. We had a good time, reminiscing, telling stories and lots of laughs. The trip was good and no trouble. We took Dad to the Sioux City area and we traveled on to our first home.

As we got nearer to the area, we noted lots of clearing of trees, etc. We thought are they going to make a sub-division. Soon, however, we saw a windmill all twisted and on the ground. We determined there must have been a cyclone go through. We began to wonder about our planned farm house. We arrived finding the "out-house" in the large front yard, a well-house destroyed and the iron hand-pump was flat on the ground. Even the house seemed a bit twisted. Some brethren came and restored the "out-house and resurrected the bent-over iron pump". Then we moved in. This farm house had no modern plumbing or running water. We did have electricity. PTL! That summer we encountered some bad winds and lots of thunder and lightning, which I hated! There was a storm cellar or cave; (my wife says I wanted to be there most of the time when it looked stormy). Enough of that bad beginning! Actually, we lived there comfortably. Folks brought us eggs, produce, milk, meat and chicken. They were really very good to us young married people!



Our first house in Iowa at Washington Chapel.

During that stay, a Daily Vacation Bible School was conducted with great success and I published a little paper titled "Washington Chapel News" every two weeks. We met many wonderful people and families.

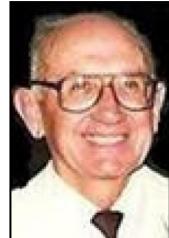
We also scheduled an evening of singing and preaching with Brother Burton Barber. He came and was quite well received. Later that year Bob Chambers and wife Nellie came and Bob preached each night for one week. Bob and I called on many homes, as did Lucille and Nellie. Our handbill had big bold lettering at the top "FARMER RUN OVER" and it caught the people's attention. The rest read "and tell your neighbor about the nightly preaching at Washington Chapel." Bob preached his heart out with fire and enthusiasm, using lots of Scripture to backup what he was saying. A number of people didn't like it – some did. At the last night, Bob announced he had a few more days before his next appointed meeting in South Dakota and he asked if they would like him to stay on for a few more evenings. The men said, "no way – we've had enough!" Bob was saddened and went out the front door weeping.

An older man went out and saw him crying and told him – “you cry baby, if you hadn’t preached like we were a bunch of sinners, you might have continued.” Later after a near fatal accident, this old man was recovering and my wife and I were bringing him communion on Sunday at his house. After a prayer, the man said with tears, “Brother Chambers was truly a man of God!” Yes, “a change of heart!” PTL!

I might add that during that meeting we had some very special guests. Charles and Lois Dailey and baby Bonnie were with us for a night or two. What Fun!!

During that summer Lucille and I attended the “Iowa Christian Service Camp” for a week. It was enjoyable and met many new people. As a result of that we baptized a young man, Richard James, from Washington Chapel. Richard had a great family whom we enjoyed very much. His parents were Paul and Thelma James. They also had a little girl named Faye. Very neat!

In the fall we returned to Ottumwa to go to school. We continued to travel to Minburn (Washington Chapel) for the next four or five months, and then I resigned at the end of 1951. Brother Warren Vasey came after we left and he ministered there for two years. After Brother Vasey left, Brother Charles Conger came to Washington Chapel and had a ministry there for 21 years. Lucille and I traveled and spoke in many different congregations after leaving the country church. Some of the places where we ministered on weekends were Baring, MO; Island City, MO; New Boston, MO and I also filled in at times in Cozad and in Lexington, NE. It was an enjoyable time. In Ottumwa we rented a small two room apartment on Baker Street. It was cozy and, of course, fun. The landlady was a nice older widow named Mrs. Carter. Our rent was \$40 a month including utilities.



Warren
Vasey

During this time, we prayed concerning getting a different car, the '37 Chevrolet had served us well over many miles – it still looked pretty good. At the Chevrolet Garage and Auto Sales, we noted a 1940 two-door Chevrolet, with only 40,000 miles. It was like new inside and out. We prayed and asked the Lord for direction and decided I would go see them with our '37 model. I told Lucille “if I come back with the pretty blue 1940 Chevrolet, it’s because they agreed to take our old car as a down payment including taxes.” Guess

what, they did exactly as we had planned and we had a car payment monthly of \$27.00. What a good deal! We thanked God and drove that car for a number of years. During the school year, Lucille worked at Woolworth's and I worked at Penney's there in Ottumwa. I always figured "I found a million dollar baby in a 5 & 10 cent store!" In March 1952, my brother Rodney wrote and asked if we would come and lead in beginning a new congregation in South Sacramento. The church on Fig Street in Del Paso Heights had several who were traveling from that area to attend in the Fig Street congregation. The Fig Street Church had begun to build a small building on a lot that had been donated by one of the brothers. PTL! We wrote back and said that we would be honored to do so.

I announced to Brother Hunt that I would not be returning after the close of the school year. I still lacked a few credits to reach graduation, which I earned after a few years of service in California and Nevada. Brother Hunt said he would have made the same decision.

We didn't have many possessions, so we packed the car at the end of the school year in May and headed for a new adventure in Sacramento, CA. As we traveled, we didn't know where we would live. As God blessed, the Fig Street Church was able to rent a little one bedroom house right across the street from the new building being built. Yes, God does provide. We were treated like royalty and worshiped and worked with the Del Paso Heights congregation until the building was completed by the end of December. I was ordained to preach in South Sacramento in mid-December and the first Sunday service was December 28, 1952. The first Sunday we had planned an all-day preaching rally. Speakers at that rally included: Rodney Reyman, Charles Dailey, Harold Buckles, Joseph Lagier and myself. It was well attended and the singing was also wonderful!

I worked at Signal Depot in the warehouse department during this time to support ourselves. We had a great time in this new adventure – met many new people and taught some in evenings.



Here is what we looked like back in those days.



Fig Street Church in 1947

After some months, the owners of our rental house decided they wanted to move back to Sacramento, so we had to find a different place to live. We talked to a mobile home sales lot and the people there were so very gracious. We even thought we could put our car in as a down payment on one of their used mobile homes. They reasoned with us that we wouldn't have any transportation. She suggested: "you ought to rent our house!" They had a beautiful huge mobile home in that sales park. I asked, "Well, where would you live?" They informed us they had a home off Stockton Boulevard (not too far away). Two bedrooms – EVERYTHING FURNISHED. We went to see it. We thought we could never afford this. They knew we were starting a new congregation and they asked us how much we were paying now at our present place. We told them \$55.00 a month. They said, "Fine, you can have ours for the same amount". We couldn't believe it! We said, "Well, we'll pay the utilities besides." They refused the offer informing us that they had a gardener who took care of the lawn and flowers. \$55.00 was all we paid each month. Wow! God really paved the way, so we moved in!

During a revival meeting with my brother Rodney, a man came to our home after the service. I answered the door and there stood Gilbert Smith, emotionally undone and could hardly talk. He finally said, "I am tired of serving God on the installment plan and I want to be real Christian!" After a time of visiting, I called Rodney across town and he prepared the baptistery – we traveled there and Gilbert Smith was immersed for the remission of his sins. What a Thrill!! Just a few nights later, Esther Smith, Gil's wife – attended and she responded. We took her to Del Paso Heights and she was immersed that night. Lucille and I had no children and she asked if we would go to their home with her until Gilbert (working a night shift) came home. We did. The Smith's had a little farm south of Sacramento. Esther fixed a meal with a place for four people. As soon as we saw Gil's car coming down the driveway, Esther wanted us to hide behind the bedroom door by the kitchen. Gilbert came in and saw four settings at the table and asked "who's here?" Then he looked at her wet hair and exclaimed "you did it!" and he hugged her with joy. Then Lucille and I came out from behind the door. We ate and then sat and taught about the Christian life until dawn. Gilbert became an elder and Esther has continued very faithfully. Gilbert has now passed away.

A young married couple who had just moved from Oklahoma attended the church services. After a period of time Wanda Walker, Muriel's wife, came weeping to confess her faith in Christ and was baptized into Christ. Muriel

didn't turn for sometime. But one night after everyone had gone home, including the Walkers, they came to our house and Wanda was crying tears of joy as her husband finally made his decision. We took him to Del Paso Heights for baptism into Christ!! Yes, many wonderful contacts were made in the few years we were there.

I had a chronic ear infection which ultimately grounded me as they performed a radical mastoidectomy and removed the mastoid bone and most of the left inner ear. It had drained for months prior to surgery. The surgeon said that the chance of it becoming a dry ear was only about 25%. PTL! It became dry, but of course there was no hearing (not even with a hearing aid).

After a time, we decided to move to Morro Bay, California to recuperate for a time. Brother Dick Tucker was then called with his wife and family to minister in South Sacramento. He ministered with the church there for 25 years. What a great warrior for God! It was hard for us to leave Sacramento and our many friends there.



The Church at Morro Bay

In Morro Bay my brother Rodney had begun a new congregation and we were able to help in the work there whenever we could. Lucille and I adjusted and we both worked in San Luis Obispo, CA, 13 miles away. Lucille worked for a time at *Mission Linen*. I worked at *Wickenden's Men's Wear*. I investigated an ad for selling hospitalization and health insurance with *Beneficial Standard Life Insurance*. Soon Lucille remained at home phone calling and making appointments for me in the Morro Bay area. It served us well and we did well. At the church, a Dr. Lloyd Hileman and his wife Helen turned to Christ in belief and repentance and were immersed into Christ. They were both very faithful until death. Praise the Lord!

After being in Morro Bay several months, we received a call from the Turlock, CA *Eastside Church of Christ*, asking if we would be able to come and minister to them as they needed a preacher. After some deliberation and prayer, we did move to Turlock, CA. Many wonderful friends were found there and the fellowship was great.



Turlock Church of Christ at that time.

During that time, I worked part-time in the insurance business.

We had an opportunity to adopt a 6-week-old baby boy (private adoption). After traveling to San Jose, we went to see him. We were excited to say the least! We brought him home on Wednesday and named him James Darrell. At prayer meeting that evening, people were shocked when they saw this little baby in Lucille's arms. They wanted to know whose he was. Lucille answered "Ours!" The ladies had a baby shower for the little "tyke." How Wonderful!!

In Turlock we met many wonderful people and it was rewarding! During our time there, we had a great preaching rally with speakers from various places. We also conducted a Vacation Bible School with lots of children. In the fall that year we invited Brother Bob Chambers and wife Nellie, along with their little boy, for a gospel meeting. Bob and I prepared flyers about the weeklong nightly preaching and challenged the people that we would give out more invitations than all the people put together. We all kept track of our invites. The outcome: Bob and I outdid them all! It was a great meeting! Brother Balfour Bigelow, a veterinarian in the congregation, made contact with a farmer, Mr. Babakin and his wife. They were from Bagdad, Iraq. He came and heard Brother Chambers preach. Mr. Babakin was thrilled and remarked, "This is the first time I have heard the gospel of Christ!" He didn't become a Christian at that time, but was very interested. (I hope he did later.)

At the end of that year of serving in Turlock, I resigned.

After our time in Turlock, CA we went to San Jose and I held a couple weeklong meetings, one at San Jose, CA and the other at South Hayward, CA.

My brother Rodney approached me and said, "We need churches in Nevada." In February, Rod and Barbara and their two boys, plus Lucille and I left for Reno to explore the interest in that city for a New Testament church. (We left our little boy with my parents; he was now one year old.)

In Reno, we met with many different people: teachers, churches, city officials, plus we canvassed various area of the city to determine what interest there was among the residents. It all seemed good and "ripe," so we made plans after much prayer to prepare to move to Nevada. We vowed we would stay for no less than 10 years, regardless – 10 years came and went and increased to 50 years plus. Lucille and I moved with our little one in March. Rodney, Barbara and boys moved in May.

We sold Bibles to support ourselves and families. *The Hertel Blue Ribbon Family Bible* was a powerful product and very saleable. We sold in Reno, Sparks, Carson City, Fallon, Yerington, Gabbs, Hawthorne, Ely, Battle Mountain, Elko, Las Vegas, yes anywhere there were people; Amen! (Garages, restaurants, barber shops, "honky-tonks", and the like.) I'm sure a book could be written about VARIED incidents we encountered selling the Bibles. WOW!!



In Reno, we first met in a community hall free of charge In Reno, Rodney and I continued selling Bibles. I worked part-time for *Sears* in Reno. After a year or so we located a corner lot in southeast Reno at Kirman and Apple Streets. We eventually broke ground and had *Fredericks Construction Company* build a building. I believe the cost was \$10,000. Friends and congregations contributed all the money needed. PTL! It was so good! Many contacts were made and a Vacation Bible School was conducted in the summer. The building seated about 110. GOD was on His throne!!

After a Bible selling trip, a business man called and wanted me to come to work for him in a wedding chapel he owned. I called and told him he really didn't want me because I would not marry everyone who had a license. He still insisted and so I went to a little coffee shop where he was. I chatted with him for a little time. He persisted though I told him what I would do and what I could not do. He finally said he wanted me to operate his wedding chapel as you would if a couple came to the church. I told him, if there is a meeting at the church, I won't be here. He retorted, "That's good, just put a sign that states: 'Minister has gone to church.'" I could hardly believe it...a man owning a commercial wedding chapel.

Well, we moved in furnished quarters, all utilities paid and he would pay me well besides. It went along very well! In the spring, Mr. Mylan, the owner wanted me to go with him to Carson City and look at a piece of property that was for sale. It was an old mansion on a corner, right behind the courthouse. I went with him. The property had a price \$18,000. He bought and remodeled it and we moved to Carson City, NV. We continued to work with The Church at Reno each service. Things went well until that Fall when Mr. Mylan questioned me as to "why I turned a couple away." (He had promised not to do that.) So we resigned that day and spent a day or two with Rodney and family. On Monday we went to Carson City and talked to a real estate agent with a duplex for sale. He wanted \$1,000 down (which we had saved). We bought it

and the monthly mortgage was only \$101 per month. We lived in $\frac{1}{2}$ the duplex and remodeled the other portion for a meeting place. Wow! Again, God blessed! We made pews and we could seat 35 people. With city permits granted, we began holding services by the end of 1961.

Brother Bob Wiles and Marlene, his wife and their little girl, Susan, moved to Carson City in July 1962 from San Jose to help in the new work. They were a great help to us. Marlene played the piano, Bob led songs and also taught.

Many good contacts were made – it was enjoyable! I also had begun a janitorial business, *Sparkle Janitorial Service*. It served us well. People of the town wondered how a little church could support a preacher. They said, “We see him in the daytime at the hospital” (They didn’t understand I worked at night). Bob and I worked hard cleaning business offices and also took on residential cleaning. Some of the early contacts in Carson City were: Mr. and Mrs. Milton Jones, Mr. and Mrs. Darrell Cole, Mr. and Mrs. O’Brink, Grace Palmer, Mr. and Mrs. John David, to name a few.

Lucille and I were wanting to adopt a little girl and applied through the *State of Nevada Welfare Agency*. It wasn’t long before we were approved and soon they located a little 1-year-old girl in Las Vegas. We set up a date to travel to Las Vegas to see her, then made the trip, though it was very hot and sultry. When we arrived, it was like stepping into an oven. “Whew!”

We got a motel room – and the next day went to the welfare agency. They took our little 7-year-old, James Darrell to see her and bring her back to us while we waited. Here they came with a little one year old. She didn’t have many clothes or shoes. The staff at the agency suggested we stay one night to see how things were going to be. We did and the next day went back to the agency telling them we would like to have her. We signed the papers and went to *J.C. Penney* and bought her some clothes.

Then we started home to Carson City with our family of four. That evening she took her first steps. We were thrilled! We named her Julie Anne. As she grew, she was very outgoing. People would come through the door to our “duplex building” and she would wave and say “Hi!” with a big smile. Rodney came down from Reno and conducted



some nightly services. This was a great blessing and help!

As time passed, we looked for property. The properties we had looked at were four or five in number. We took a tour after a Sunday morning service – came back and had all the properties listed on the blackboard – numbering each one. All those present took a piece of paper and listed by number their choice. The climax was reached. Everyone had the same property (unanimous). With prayer and blessing of the Lord, all wanted the corner property located just two blocks to the east of the duplex; a large corner vacant lot and a nearly new two bedroom house next to it. The total price was \$18,000 with \$8,000 down.

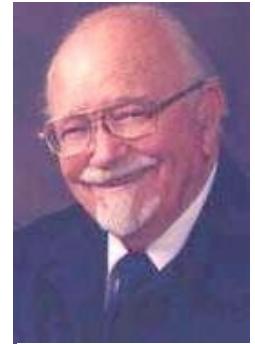
Brother Howard Taft, a long-time friend of the Reyman's, lived in San Jose, CA. One day when visiting him in San Jose, he said to me that he wanted me to take him downtown to a certain bank. We went to town and to the bank. He told the teller he wanted to withdraw all the money from one of his accounts. He told me he wanted to donate it to the work in Carson City, NV. I was so filled with gratitude! It was a little over \$8,000. The people of the church were filled with thankfulness as well.

This was in 1964 that we began to build. Everyone was so excited! In the meantime, we moved into the neat little 2-bedroom house next to the building and worked on the project. The building was finished that year. What a blessing! We built pews also and made a special baptistery under the platform. A steel tank was placed there and the platform was hinged and the tank was plumbed for water and drainage. Many confessed their faith in Christ, turned from sin and were baptized in that special spot...yes, men, women and young people. PTL!

Exact years fail me, yet I would like to mention a number of men and families who came to labor with us besides the Wiles. To name a few: Alton Danielson and family, Harold Reyman and family, and Don and Miriam Spencer and family.

In 1965 Brother Bob Wiles decided to move to Reno along with his wife Marlene and family. Brother Spencer and family went to preach in a Concord, MN Church of Christ. Brother Danielson and family also moved to a new place. In 1965 my mother moved to Carson City and was there until after we moved in 1974. My dad, Charles Reyman, passed away in 1964. My mother moved in 1974 to Reno to be near Rodney and his family.

The church continued to grow, with home Bible studies and local visitors. It was quite rewarding. Throughout the years, a number of revival meetings were also conducted. I will try to recall a number of preachers who came: Don Jessup, Dick Tucker, Rodney Reyman, Earl Chambers, Archie Word, Carol Lankford, Lafe Culver and the *Gateway Singers*. I'm sure there were others but time has a way with recall. We also had gospel rallies, also some meetings jointly with the Reno congregation. A Men's training class was conducted weekly in Reno and a number of men traveled each week to be in those classes. A number of the those men developed into good speakers and workers for Christ.



Archie Word

Rodney and I were very close and with only 29 miles separating, we made contact almost daily and often would meet half-way between the two cities for lunch or for a coffee break.

During my time in Carson City, I was appointed as chaplain to the *Civil Air Patrol Cadets*. Each Tuesday evening I was able to share some scriptures and guidelines for the young people.

Also on Sundays we were asked to come to a convalescent home and conduct a service. Our Sundays were pretty full back then.

In 1973 a great Thanksgiving Rally was held at a hall at *Stead Air Force Base* north of Reno. After eating, all the preachers got together and decided there needed to be a congregation established in Nevada's largest city – Las Vegas. Who could or would go? Each preacher was questioned on their possibilities of going and each had their reasons why they could not go.

In the final analysis it was determined that Darrell Reyman and his wife Lucille should move to Las Vegas and be supported financially for a period of time by a number of congregations in Northern California and Nevada. Soon some of the brothers would travel to Vegas and explore what the possibilities were in such an undertaking.

In the meantime, there were about three families, one older man, one widow from Reno and Carson City churches who had moved there, plus a few



friends we had met. In January it was decided to meet on Sunday PM in a restaurant named *Mr. Saturdays*. They gave us the room free. PTL! Some who traveled there with me on Sundays were Don Spencer, Wayne Cobb, Dick Tucker, Rodney and possibly others.

We also met in homes sometimes and in a *Sizzler* on North Decatur. By the time we made the move to Las Vegas in April, we had secured permission to meet each Sunday at 6 PM in a downtown public library. That worked out pretty well for almost a year. Backing up a little bit, in March 1974, a joint service was conducted at the Reno church building to set apart me for the work. Both Carson City and Reno congregations were involved. It was quite an emotional time. I had gone to Las Vegas and finally found a 3-bedroom house, ready to move into for \$280 per month. It was on Monday, April 1, 1974 that a large truck was loaded with our belongings. Several from the two congregations helped in the procedure. The next morning, two brothers from Carson City along with two younger boys traveled to Las Vegas, approximately 400 miles.

Traveling by car were Barbara Krause and her baby along with Lucille, James, Julie and myself. We arrived in the afternoon and set up a few beds...there we were in Las Vegas! Stuff everywhere, but with the help of those who came, it was pretty well in a livable condition after a few days. We praised God for the safety and care!

Some friends we had met came over and brought us groceries. How nice!!

The Krauses flew back to Reno after about a week and we began to settle in. The city was so huge compared to a little town of 10 or 12 thousand population. (To our surprise, the Reno Church came with canned goods for us. "God bless them!")

A very special couple, Brother Don Stanley and his wife Doris and son Randy, moved to Pahrump, a town about 70 miles from Vegas. This dear couple, along with Don's parents, came and were a great blessing each Sunday PM. Yes, we continued to meet at the Library on Sunday pm. On Sunday mornings we visited many churches in the big city. We went to a Church of Christ on E. Flamingo Road. They were meeting in a large house. Though they didn't use a musical instrument, they were very cordial and happy to have us with them. After the service that morning, the preacher and his wife were to go

on vacation for a couple weeks, he asked if I'd be pleased to preach and teach in his absence. I consented and we met many there who became dear friends.

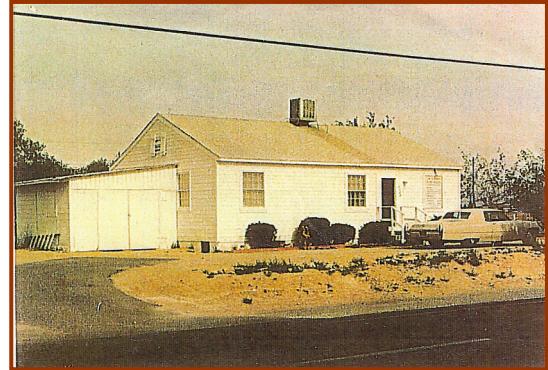
Other churches we attended were Christian, Methodist, Lutheran, Presbyterian, Assembly of God, Foursquare, Baptist, and many non-instrumental Churches of Christ. Concerning those churches, it was quite an education for our son and daughter, ages 18 and 12. (Primetime visiting).

One interesting church we attended the minister actually came to visit us. I was not at home so Lucille visited with him. The minister said "he knew we were Christians." Lucille asked how he knew. He stated, "Because you carried your Bible with you to church; our people do not generally do that." He further said "it's actually a matter of trust." My wife then told him that I was a preacher and we meet on Sunday at 6 pm, presently. He was very cordial and he was the only one from the many churches we visited who responded with a personal call.

We met in the downtown public library until the end of 1974. We were then able to rent a little auditorium at the *Lorenzi Park Garden Club* building. We had to clean up a little each Sunday AM because they had various functions there on Saturdays. While meeting at the library on Sunday PM, I was involved in being a part of *Dale Carnegie Courses* that were being taught by Rex and Fern Gifford, whom I had met in Carson City. They had recently moved to Las Vegas to teach those courses. I met a number of folk and was able to teach the gospel in some of their homes. The Dale Loveall family was taught and they obeyed. Dale was a *McDonald's* hamburger store manager. The Loveall's also led us to a Lutheran couple who also obeyed the gospel, Tim and Lynn Mosher. Another middle-aged couple was were anxious to learn and they also obeyed the gospel, after being taught in their small travel trailer. They were Buzz and Shirley Lehman. During these months we also had a Bible study in our living room on Tuesday PM. Soon the living room was full! PTL! By this time Rex and Fern Gifford and their 5-year-old grandson united with us. The Gifford's had become Christians earlier – it was a joy to have them with us! Another couple, previously with a Christian Church, came to unite with us. They were Chuck and Vi Strun. Several others were attending and to say the least – WE WERE EXCITED!

We were told of a 3-bedroom house on a corner near South Decatur Boulevard and Spring Mountain Road in southwest Las Vegas, a main thoroughfare. It was now fall in 1975. We talked to Douglas and Adel Bellas

who had just purchased this property. It was very unkempt, dirty and unfit. We asked them if they would like to rent it. They simply said, "Who would want to and what for?" I told him we would and when we told him we'd like to put a church in it...Doug responded, "You can't put a church in this place!" (An old septic tank was always running over). In the back was a deteriorated orchard with a lot of huge oleander bushes (the property was just under $\frac{1}{2}$ acre). A deal was made for \$150 per month and we would give them a \$100 tax write-off because we were a church. This couple was very good to us! The most we ever paid in rent was just under \$600 per month. They weren't ready to sell us the property, so we rented it for 25 years.



During that time, they permitted us to do some remodeling. Before we had services in this location, everyone in the church body joined in with heart and hand to scrub, paint and clean carpets. We painted inside and out and had some hand-rails installed by the steps coming into the building. Our first Sunday service was held August 1975. We also cleaned up the old orchard and removed the oleander bushes. Next door to us on the north, was *Sedillo Landscaping* business. They helped us greatly in clearing the old orchard and bushes. Pat Sedillo and Rosie were so very good to us! Another remodel was done when *Dick Birmingham and Sons* came. A lean-to garage was removed and a double entrance was made. We also put a steeple over the entrance and steps and many of the house windows were covered. It was looking more like a church building. Over the years we have seen many taught and baptized into Christ. Also a number of folks came to unite with us. It was rewarding!

One of the remodels took place in 1987 with the *Reyman Brothers Construction* did a major remodel job, including installing a laminated beam, so that there would be no support pillars or posts in the auditorium. They also removed some more partitions. During this time we were blessed with permission to meet at a local *Golden Corral* restaurant for a Sunday AM service of communion and the preaching. I believe we met like that for two weeks only. *Reyman Brothers Construction* came from Reno. Steve Reyman and J.R. Pinon did a lot of the carpenter work. Mike Reyman also had a big part in the overall construction. What a blessing it was to us.



Dan and Joanna Smith and their two little children arrived to help us in the work here. Dan had just finished his training at *Midwestern School of Evangelism*. They arrived here in June 1977. We then had a piano player again and a preacher to assist in teaching and calling. Brother Dan got a job with *Safeway* store with Sundays off. This couple was a tremendous help to the work here! I was gone periodically in revival meetings and Dan carried the many responsibilities in a fine way. New visitors attended during this time. It was a sad time when Dan was called to preach in Jefferson City, Missouri. Midst tears of sadness, Dan preached his farewell message to us on a Sunday in January 1978. The next morning he left with his family for the Midwest. We have missed them!

In October of 1978, we were privileged to go on the air with Lotus Broadcasting Corporation. This was a real blessing. We named the half-hour program *The Gateway Gospel Hour* and we used the Gateway Singer's music. Our Theme Song was "You Can't be a Beacon if Your Light Won't Shine." We had some conversions from the broadcast and have many who listen faithfully. My brother Rodney has been a guest on the broadcast over the years. Also Brother Earl Chambers and numerous others. It was the longest running live broadcast in Nevada, totaling 35 complete years.

Brother Earl Chambers has conducted many revivals here; his first one was in 1979. Brother Marion McKee also conducted numerous revival services with us. One outstanding revival was when we urged all those who had an RV to come. RV's were parked all over the lot and of course we had a full house every night. What a great blessing it was with singing, special music and preaching. "Praise God for whom all blessings flow." Brother Earl Chambers preached powerfully each evening!

We have had many special guest preachers come over the years here, by this time: Brother and Sister Ed McSpadden, Brother Clarence Shaffner, *The Gateway Singers*, Brother and Sister Don Stanley, Brother and Sister Earl Chambers, Brother Bob Lentz, Brother Bill Pile, Brother William Paul and possibly others.



Earl Chambers with Darrell at the
radio station.

By this time our average attendance was around 50 with other families uniting with us in the work: The Dee Baird family, Diane Crawford, the Bob Adams family, and Ruby Laine, to name a few.

In 1986 my wife Lucille and I, feeling a need for a break, took a leave of absence from Las Vegas for three months. We left on August 30th 1986 – returning on December 2nd. It was quite an undertaking to schedule preachers to come for a week or more at a time and carry on the work here in our absence.

I also scheduled a number of speaking engagements along the way from Los Angeles, CA up and down the California coast and then from Oregon on east to as far as Vermont and New York.

We traveled in a 1974 Pinto Hatchback with our clothing, books and the like for three months. Altogether we traveled 11,400 miles with virtually no real problems. I was privileged to speak 82 times. Our final speaking engagement was with the church in Phoenix, AZ where Brother Fernie and Sister Virginia Castillo have labored for many years for Christ. They had scheduled a rally centered on “The Home.” What a blessed fellowship it was! We stayed overnight and returned home on December 2nd grateful for all the good things that took place and happy to know that all things were cared for here. PTL! Some of the preachers who came here while we were away were: Jim Brown, Bob Lentz, Rodney Reyman, Don Stanley and Dave Miller. (There may have been others, but my memory fails me.)

In 1998 I was privileged to go with Richard Merrill and a group to the Republic of Belarus (bordering Russia) for just over two weeks. I taught English by using the scriptures and also did some preaching. What a rich blessing to enjoy another country and meet those wonderful Christians in other parts of the world. Upon my arrival home, a funeral needed to be planned for a dear sister in the congregation.

2001 found us celebrating our 50th wedding anniversary. It was arranged for Lucille and me to fly to Hawaii for a week. What a good time! On the weekend we island-hopped from Honolulu to Maui where I preached to the Central Church of Christ (minister: Andy Malinnag).

2002 found us having to move from our house because of a freeway expansion. We moved to 5422 Palmyra Avenue, in the area of the church building. It was a blessing to be closer than the seven miles that it was before.

2005 was our last and present remodeling of the church building and property — what a great improvement. In September the John Racine family moved here to help in the work. They have been a wonderful and blessed help.

In 2006 it was discovered that I had serious heart problems which resulted in quadruple bypass surgery. It slowed me down and incapacitated me for a time. I am doing fine now.

In November 2007 a 50th Anniversary Rally was held in Reno with a good participation. Brother Rodney also preached. It was his final sermon. He passed away in a little over one month in December. WHAT A LOSS!!

Sunday, October 6, 2013 concluded the 35 years of live radio broadcasting. The Lotus Broadcasting Corporation decided to continue the radio broadcast as the *Solid Rock Broadcast*. John Racine continues with the program each Sunday at 7 AM.

I have conducted numerous nightly meetings over the years. I'll try to recall some of the places: (* indicates more than one time.)

Arizona:	Phoenix*, Tuscon, Prescott Youth Camp
California:	Sacramento*, Stockton*, Fremont, South Hayward*, San Jose
Colorado:	Loveland, Berthoud, Denver
Florida:	Orlando*
Hawaii, Maui:	Church of Christ
Illinois:	Collinsville
Iowa:	Ottumwa*, Oskaloosa, Hamburg*, Centerville*
Minnesota:	West Concord
New York:	New York City
New Hampshire:	Youth Camp
Nevada:	Reno, Yerington, Carson City
Oklahoma:	Lexington, North Platte, Nebraska City, Gering, Scottsbluff.
Oregon:	Myrtle Creek*, St. Helens*

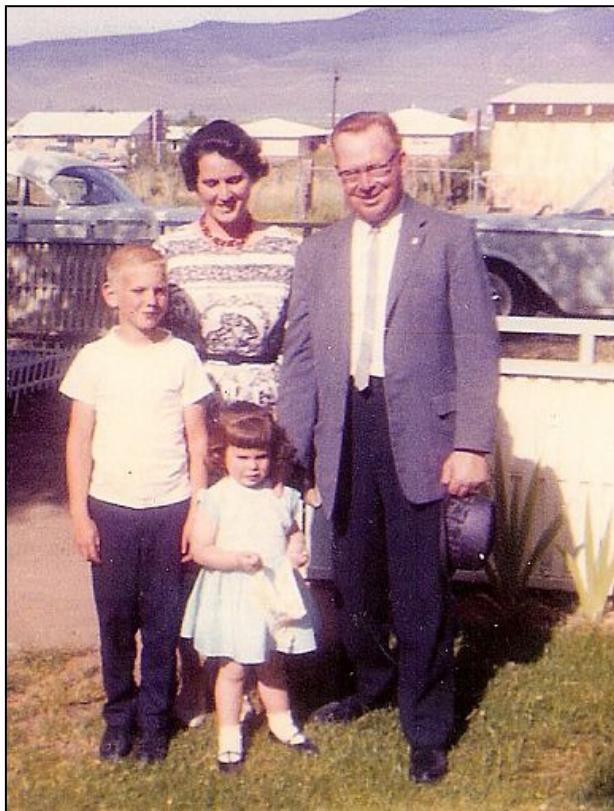
Pennsylvania: Nemacolin
Wyoming: Wheatland
Washington: Vancouver, Spokane*
Vermont: Rutland

In all, there were approximately 55 or 60 all together.

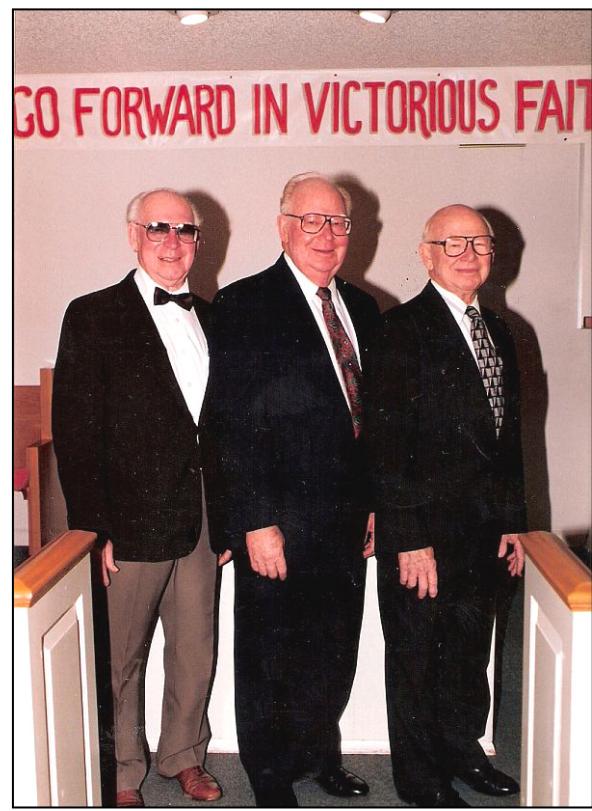
We hope you have enjoyed reading about my life which brings me to 85 years this year of 2014. This pretty much sums up my life and I await the final harvest and the reward of being a "Seed Sower."



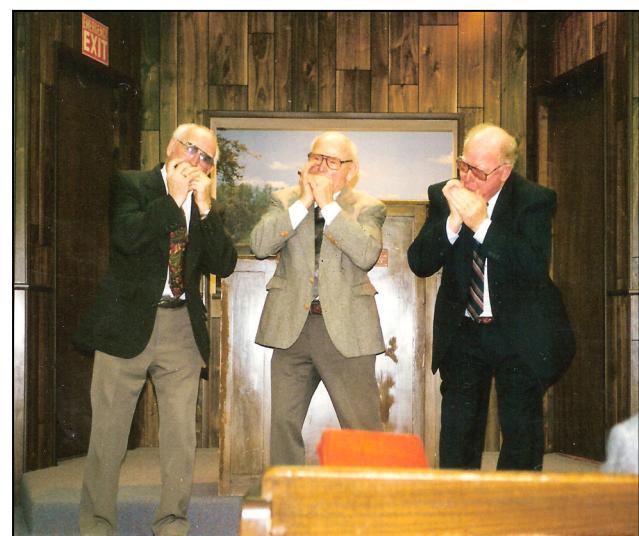
Darrell, right, graduating
as Carnegie instructor

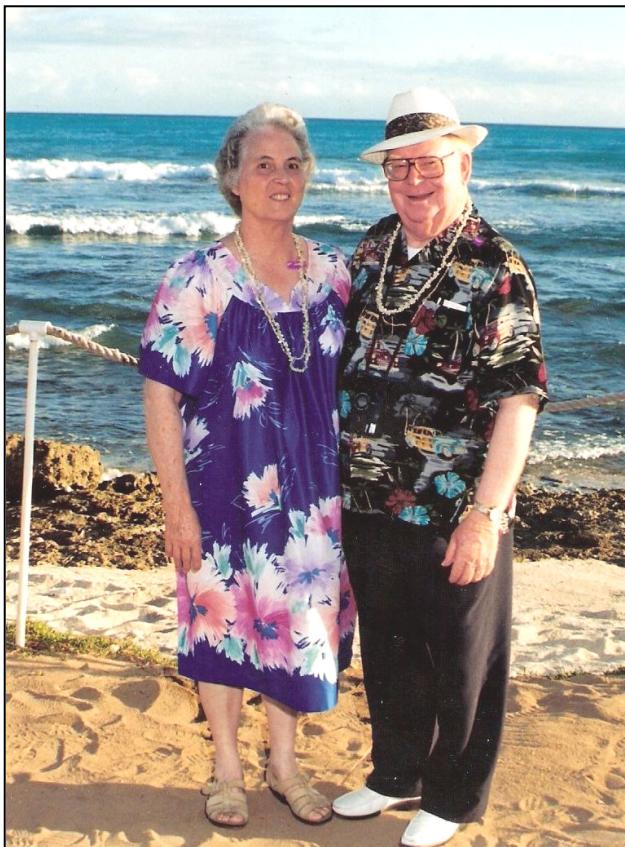


1965



Harold, Darrell and Rodney

Rodney, Darrell, Lois, Cordie
and Harold at Reno in 1988Harold, Rodney and Darrell were
frequently asked to play.



Jerry and Helen Zach, Darrell and Lucille and Bonnie Watkins in San Jose, California.

Hawaii



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