

*Presented To*

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*By*

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*“See What I Can Do”*



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## *Dedication*

*This book is dedicated to God, who gave us life;  
our children: Soren, Liselotte, Sara, Frank;  
our grandchildren: Teesha, Tegan, Cory, Andrea, Jessica,  
Chad, Benjamin, Vanessa, Katrina, Michael,  
Philip, David; our great-grandchildren: Landon, Emma,  
Aiden, Austin; and future generations.*

*We love you all!*

## *Foreword*

It has been my privilege to have pastored Arne and Eva, and their family, for more than thirty years. For the past twenty-six years they have been part of the spiritual backbone of building and shaping Kelowna Christian Center. Faithfully, they have sat behind my wife, Carleen and me in church, interceding for our leadership, praying that God would grant us wisdom in the flow of every service.

*“See What I Can Do”* is a testament to what God can do in and through the lives of two people completely surrendered to His will. Saying *“yes”* to God starts us on a spiritual journey, and leads us into the adventure of a lifetime. Our faithfulness to the call produces an incredible testimony.

Each story Arne and Eva share paints a picture of interaction with the most important Person in their lives: Jesus Christ. Each story is like a thread woven into a tapestry that is both wonderfully complex and unique, revealing a little more about their lives together, but also, a little more about the Lord.

Each story is another piece in the puzzle that will ultimately reveal the whole picture of the ways, workings and purposes of God. He works all things according to His purpose, and what He has produced in their lives has been beautiful.

I have watched Arne and Eva yield their lives as clay into the Potter’s Hands. They have both faced the difficult challenges of their lives with grace and dignity, and they have lived with confidence to see the goodness of the Lord in the land of the living.

This book will be a wonderful blessing to their family, as their lives have been expended to leave to generations a gift, a spiritual legacy. We who know them have also been honoured by their lives, and we receive this record of their personal journal as a special treasure.

I believe you will enjoy this read; the story of a man and a woman, their family, their God, their church, their journey, and their legacy.

*Pastor David Kalamen*



“*See What I Can Do*” is a true story of the journey of two people who have walked out the Word of the Lord in their lives.

You will laugh and you will cry as you immerse yourself in this wonderful testimony of how two have walked together in a covenant marriage; surrounded by the covenant of God.

Arne and Eva Lonnqvist can now say, “*See what the Lord has done.*”

It an honour to know this couple, personally, and to have read their story this far.

The Lord bless you and keep you.

*Reverend Kathleen A. Aylward*



*"You will show us the way of life, granting us the joy of your presence."*

Psalm 16.11 (Living Bible)

*Dear Eva,*

*A few words of thankfulness to God for my wife, who has been faithful to me for almost 60 years we have been married.*

*In spite of all the financial problems we have been going through, you never once have thought about divorce. No, the opposite has taken place. In times of hardship, we have been getting closer to each other.*

*When I was hospitalized after I punctured a lung and broke three ribs, the only time in my entire life in the hospital, you came every day and visited me.*

*I am so thankful to God for the wonderful gift that He has given me.*

*May God bless you with many years of physical health and spiritual wealth. With much love,*

*Arne*



*Dear Arne,*

*Who would have thought that when we married fifty-seven years ago that we would write a book. God knew what He was doing when He put us together. We are so different in our temperments.*

*I want to thank you for these years. You have been an excellent provider. Many times you have helped me in the practical things—sometimes big and sometimes small.*

*What I appreciate the most is your spiritual life. There have been times when we have had crises in our lives and you have said more than once, “Now I am going to fast and pray until I hear God speak to me.” I have felt very secure because of that.*

*The Bible says, “The wife is to honour her husband.” Arne, because you have taken the leadership role when it has been hard, it is easy for me to honor you.*

*Proverbs 14.26 says, “Reverence for God gives a man deep strength; his children have a place of refuge and security” (Living Bible).*

*Arne, I want to thank you and I love you.*

*Eva*

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Lonnqvist Family

*First row: Barbro, Gittan, Mom, Miriam, Dad, Ulla, Arne*  
*Back row: Aina*



Kald Family

*First row: Mamma, Eva, Knut, Pappa, Levi*  
*Back row: Jakob, Isak, Emmanuel*

## Our Beginning

### *Arne*

On June 25, 1926 at three o'clock in the morning the population of Uppsala, Sweden increased by one. My parents, Svante and Anna Lonnqvist, were thrilled that their first-born baby was a healthy boy. That same joy blessed them over the next several years as seven other babies arrived: twins Aina and Tage, Barbro, Gittan, twins Ulla and Miriam, and Solveig. Tage, the only other boy, died when he was a teenager. The girls outnumbered me from the beginning.

We lived about thirty-eight kilometers from the city of Uppsala where Dad owned a thriving grain mill. He was a well-respected, successful business man. The mill was originally wind-powered. After I was born, Dad switched it over to electricity.

Our home was surrounded by several other farms. Some of our closest neighbours lived from one to two kilometers away.

Both my parents were strong believers in God and in living a good Christian life.

## Eva

My arrival date into this world was January 3, 1931 in Vasa, at that time the predominantly Swedish-speaking part of Finland. My Mother and Father, Mia and Vilhelm Kald (pronounced Cheld), finally had a girl. It was a miracle. When the doctor asked Dad how many children he had, he responded sheepishly but proudly, “*Five boys.*” It seemed that was all he produced. Mom told me it was a medical miracle that Dad could father any children.

My Mom was forty-five years old when she gave birth to me. She told me that even before she married, she said that if she had a girl her name would be Eva. Some people said she would never have a girl, talking like that. Mom spoke it into being.

My five other siblings—Emmanuel, Jakob, Isak, Levi, and Knut—now had a baby sister to fuss over. The youngest boy, Daniel, died when he was two years old from inflammation of the brain. Sadly, I did not get to meet him.

My Great-Grandfather was Peter Stormans. He was the first person living in the Swedish-speaking part of Finland to be baptized in water by emersion in the Baptist movement. My Christian roots were indeed very strong. ∞

## Childhood Memories

Eva and I were so blessed to have grown up with such large wonderful families. To share with you all of our childhood memories would fill up many pages in this book; however, there are some very special moments that are too noteworthy to be overlooked.

### *Arne*

Our home had electricity, but no water or sewer. Mom wasn't blessed with disposable diapers as we have today, and her babies were coming one after another. On one occasion I decided that I would help Mom re-wash the clean diapers, so I dumped them all into the drinking water. I was about three years of age at the time. I thought it was funny, but Mom was definitely not that amused.

I was quick to run, even as a small child, and I would often escape down to the road. One day Mom caught me and dipped my head into a ditch full of water. That unexpected dunking promptly cured any future ideas of escape.

We often had a preacher come to our home. I was left-handed, but he wanted me to use my right hand. He tried to bribe me to change hands, but it didn't work. Maybe I was too stubborn to change.

After completing the first grade, one of my aunts accompanied me to my Grandparents' place. My little feet pedalled my bicycle the gruelling twenty-five or thirty kilometer trip to their home.

My uncle frequently smoked a pipe. He was in his room over lunch one day, resting, and left the pipe in his bedroom. I saw the pipe and thought I would try it. I got the smoke right deep in my lungs. I was so sick. I was lying on the bed praying that I wouldn't die. Thankfully, that was the only time I smoked.

While I was at my Uncle's place, I had a fellow playmate. My Uncle said that we could catch a bird if we put salt on his tail. We couldn't catch any birds. My Uncle laughed and laughed at our naivety.

While I was home, a preacher was over at our place. One day he sat in a chair and showed us how to swim in the water. I was visiting my Grandparents and I proudly said, "*I can swim,*" because I had seen the preacher do that.

There was a small swimming hole near our Grandparents' house, so I thought I would try out what I had learned. My aunt put a life jacket on me so I wouldn't drown. I was terribly afraid. It was nothing like my land swim. After that incident, I didn't do any more swimming at the water hole.

I loved to be an airplane and pretended I could fly like one. I wanted wings like a swallow.



*Childhood Memories*



*Arne and his Grandpa Arvid*

We had a lady's bike at home. I couldn't reach the seat because I was too small, so I stood up all the time. When we went to church, we always biked the ten to fifteen kilometers from our home.

When I was eight or nine, I would playfully switch the lights on and off at home. This upset Dad. One day I was performing my usual tomfoolery when I saw Dad coming to the house from the mill. My idea of fun and games soon turned into fear, so I flew up the stairs to escape the enemy.

But I couldn't outsmart Dad. He quickly found me and, almost as quickly, my very sensitive behind was painfully wearing some branches that he had picked up on the way from the mill. I never touched the light switch again.

Dad spanked me when he was angry, but a day or so later he would always ask me to forgive him.

Many farmers came to my Dad's mill. When they left, I sometimes climbed aboard one of the wagons for a ride. My parents were never concerned about my whereabouts, though. My hair was so blonde that they could see the top of my head, even at a distance.

Being the only boy brought its challenges and joys. At times I didn't have anyone to play with, so in the evenings I followed our closest neighbour out into the field when he was cutting hay. In those days two horses were used to pull a hay cutter. It would be about ten or eleven o'clock at night, but it was still quite light outside. I had a boy's natural curiosity about how things were made and worked. I was never bored, that's for sure.

My sister and I often played together. I had a little wagon and pretended it was a car. The steering wheel was all in my imagination. Even though I was older, Aina pulled me. I told her which way I wanted to go, and she followed my orders. That was not an easy task. She had to look at me carefully to see which direction I was heading. I was about five or six years old at that time. Aina was a year younger. She was so kind and obedient. *“Thank you so much, Aina.”*

Aina and I also played in the chicken coop until both of us ended up wearing something Mom didn't want to see: lice. Poor Mom. She worked so hard to get rid of them.

My parents owned another smaller house on our property. The evangelist used to live there. The house had a big living room with benches in it, just like a small church. Meetings were conducted there almost every Sunday night.

I was a hypocrite at that time. I would quietly sit amongst the young people on the bench. When they were praying, I pretended that I would bow my head and pray. I strategically placed my cap, inside out, on my knees. When they looked at me they thought I was praying, while non-Christians thought I was reading the label on my cap. My, my, my!!!

I loved to fish, so Mom and I made a deal. She bought from me whatever fish I caught. I thought that was a good deal. One had to be inventive to make money in those days. The transactions were early bookkeeping lessons for me, as I kept track of all the monies that flowed through my hands.

My friend Bernt and I picked mushrooms on the way home from school. We soon found a buyer for them; the local storekeeper. However, our hard earned money was quickly spent. We were always so hungry that we bought a loaf of bread for the two of us. The storekeeper generously provided the butter.

Before I got saved, I caught a baby bird one day. It was barely flying. I severely injured the bird, but it flew away. Shortly after that incident, I had some ugly sores appear on my hands. It was contagious. Dad asked me if I had been mean to any birds. He didn't know what I had done. I felt so convicted. I never confessed to Dad about the bird. It was a life lesson to me that our sins come back to haunt us.

On a spiritual note, my sisters and I often played church. We imitated people speaking in tongues, because that is what we had heard. May God forgive us!

In 1937 my Dad bought a Nash car. It was huge. There was enough room in the car for seven people. Dad had taken some driving lessons, but he was still not totally familiar with the rules of driving.

One beautiful clear day Dad decided to take the car, plus me and my sisters, out for a spin. We were just going to turn into our driveway, which had a sharp curve, when Dad suddenly pulled one of the levers on the dashboard. He had no clue what it was.

The car suddenly increased in speed. Dad couldn't make the turn. He steam-rolled over a small tree, then into the ditch. I fell over him, so he lost control of the steering wheel. He soon found out that the unknown gadget on the dashboard was a hand accelerator which made the car go faster. Dad thought he was taking the

car for a spin. The Nash surprised Dad and took us for a spin.

One of the farmers graciously came out to the mill and Dad used his horses to pull the car out of the ditch. The accident could have been more serious than it was, but I still get a chuckle out of it.

I was probably seven or eight years old when Dad read *Pilgrim's Progress* to my sisters and me. It was written for adults, but we enjoyed hearing about his travels. I am so thankful Dad took the time to do this.

## Eva

My Dad was the head machinist at the water purifying station for the city of Vasa. We lived in the country, so I had much freedom to run in the forest. I was like a young deer prancing about. I loved it.

I attended Sunday school at the age of three. I was usually asked to sing at our annual Christmas pro-



*Water Purifying Plant in Vasa, Finland*

grammes; however, because I wasn't very tall, I would be moved like a statue onto a chair—even as a toddler, this girl had great promise.

The sound of music echoed in our home. There were guitars, violins, mandolins, and an organ. I was about five or six when my brother, Levi, taught me some cords on the organ. For some reason, I never liked the black keys.

We had cows, chickens, and a horse at home. In haying season, Mom took coffee and fresh Swedish bread out to the workers. I included myself in that industrious group.

Dad kept a big bottle of pop outside in the hay shed. It was usually much cooler there. I was always very thirsty—not only because I worked very hard (well, not really that hard), but I just wanted to drink the pop. After all, I was a growing girl.

I did work, though. Dad made sure I helped out by giving me a rake with my very own name carved into the handle. It was nice to feel special.

Even at the young age of five or six, I desperately wanted to be fashionable. When the chicks hatched in the spring, my parents would thread what I called “*pearls*” on a thin wire. That wire was placed on the hen's leg so my parents knew that the chickens were from the same batch.

Being fashionable required much creativity, so I decided to make a necklace out of the “*pearls*.” Once that feat was meticulously accomplished, I stood in front of the mirror and admired my artwork.

I remarked to Mom, “*You can be a Christian and be in fashion at the same time, can’t you?*” It was like I asked her, but also made a statement.

My parents usually bought me a beautiful new dress for the Sunday school Christmas programme. Sadly, that wasn’t the case for many girls. Getting anything new was simply out of the question when there were many mouths to feed and clothe. I enjoyed a privilege that many others were denied.

This one Christmas, several girls were discussing who had the nicest dress. One girl, “*in the know,*” said that this particular girl’s dress was the best. It was nice, but I didn’t think it was that nice. I wanted them to say that I was the belle of the ball.

I was still pre-school age, so I would usually be at home. Mom was busy doing the chores one day when I heard her say out loud, “*Dear Jesus. Thank you, Jesus.*” I thought I would say that, too. Somehow, though, I never quite remembered to do it.

One morning I was sitting with a young girl who was helping Mom. She was gently combing my hair, so I thought I should repeat what I heard Mom say. Out of my mouth I blurted, “*Dear Jesus.*” This girl and my brother laughed so hard. No one ever laughed when Mom said it. I didn’t know she was praying.

The language that parents use is vitally important. Children listen and copy very easily and quickly.

I was about six years old when I learned a poem called *Good Morning*. I knew it by heart.

The first verse started out with “*Good morning, Mom and Dad, here I am.*” The second verse, “*Good*

*morning, you lazy big brother.*” And the final verse, “*Good morning, birch tree.*”

One day I was thinking quite a bit about the poem. I thought that because I had memorized it, I should practice it. After all, practice makes perfect.

It could have been about five o’clock in the morning when I woke up. I thought to myself, “*Now is a good time to say the verses.*” I quietly moved around the house, because everyone was still sleeping.

Initially I crept into Mom and Dad’s room. Mom was half-awake, but Dad never heard anything. Then I trooped to my brother’s room and read to him. To my horror, I later found out that I had read to the wrong brother. It didn’t matter, though. Whoever was in the bed was asleep and didn’t hear me.

Lastly, I stood outside in my pyjamas and greeted the birch tree that grew outside our kitchen window. Thankfully, it was summertime; pleasantly warm and light outside. To me, it was such a solemn occasion.

Once I had made the rounds with my poem, I tip-toed through the house to my future sister-in-law’s bed, Sigrid, and pulled a page from the date calendar. Then I went back to bed for my beauty sleep.

I later overheard Mom and Sigrid talking about what I had done. They didn’t know what to make of my high-spirited behaviour.

I was not a morning person. How I woke up that early in the morning remains a mystery to me.

Before I attended school for real, I wanted to find out what I would be doing there. One wintry day a neighbour’s girl and I plodded at least three kilometers to the school. It was quite an arduous walk for



such wee folk, but our afternoon adventure proved to be quite fruitful; I was allowed to go in with the first graders. I was so happy.

As soon as I got home, I pretended to play school and do exactly what I had seen the real school kids do. I appointed Mom to be my teacher. I was the only pupil. There was one catch to this scenario, however. I reversed the teacher and student roles.

I told Mom what questions she was to ask. When I heard the question, I would frantically wave my hand for her to pick me. She would glance about the room at my invisible classmates and say to me, “*Yes, Eva?*” I invariably got all the questions right.

I informed teacher Mom I was not the only student in the classroom; there were many others with me. She graciously played along and made up names for all my make-believe classmates. In my childish imagination, I was the star pupil.

When my brothers came home and heard what I was doing, they would snicker and laugh to themselves. I said to Mom, “*They can’t hear me because there is a wall here.*” There was no lack of imagination for this girl.

I also played church by myself. Seven long years separated me from my older brother, so I could get lonely if I allowed it. But I didn’t. I would close the door to the kitchen and pick up the guitar and lead worship. I would also recite the 23rd Psalm. I was actually able to conduct my own service.

In the summertime there were quite a few rocks outside our home. My artistic brother had beautifully crayoned a keyboard on this one big rock. That was

my prized organ. I sat on a rock in front of the “*organ*” and pretended to play and sing to the whole neighbourhood, as if they wanted to hear. There were also two other rocks—one quite big. That was the grand piano. Life was so good.

A few times Mom warned me not to do something, but I went ahead and did it anyway. One day I had been playing in the snow and got my clothes all wet, so I went back into the house to change into something warm and fuzzy. It was close to dinner, but Mom had to go and milk the cows.

There were four families living in this fourplex, and I often visited with them. Sensing that I would do just that, Mom voiced some final instructions to me before she headed out the door. “*Eva, if you go to any of the neighbours’ homes in those purple coloured stockings, you will get spanked.*”

Meantime, I had decided that I wasn’t going to visit one of those families, but bless someone else with my presence. And for sure I would return home before Mom finished her chores in the barn.

Well, I was at the neighbour’s home having a very nice time when we heard a loud knock on the door. Surprise! It was Mom. “*Eva, come home!*” was all she said. I knew by the curt tone of her voice what was in store for me; disobedience and a spanking usually kept each other company. It was a silent walk home.

At first I didn’t cry, but then I hollered. When Mom finished carrying out her duty, she started crying. “*I don’t like to do this, but I have to,*” she sobbed.

Mom was firm. She told me once that because she had so many boys, if she had not been steadfast, they would have done anything.

In spite of disappointing Mom at times, we had the best relationship—even as a teenager. I thank God that He blessed me with the most precious Mom in the whole world.

By the time I was seven or eight I had seen Mom and Dad feed the chickens many times, so I was quite familiar with the routine. One afternoon, the neighbour's girl and I decided to feed them. My girlfriend queried me quite hesitantly, "*Are you allowed to do this?*" With nary a blush I replied, "*Oh, yes!*" I lied.

I took from the sacks what I saw Mom and Dad do. Then I removed some eggs from the nest and put a few of those into the mix. Our chickens certainly enjoyed a treat that day.

Even though I told my friend I could do it, she still stood in the doorway to see if anyone would come to the barn. In the evening, Dad quizzingly mentioned that he couldn't understand why the chickens weren't hungry. I wonder why.

A couple of girls and I managed a bird cemetery. In the summertime when the young birds started to fly, some fell out of the nest and died. We held a funeral for them. It was the least we could do.

We carefully lined a cardboard box with paper, then gently put in the bird. Funerals were old hat to us. Even at such a young age, we had attended many of them with our parents.

We made colourful bouquets and wreaths of wild flowers with ribbons pinned on the wreaths, just like

they had at a real funeral. Then we made nice ribbons out of paper. We carefully copied exactly what the adults did.

One ribbon lovingly declared, “*A last greeting to Tippelill from Eva.*” On the other ribbon, we usually wrote a verse from a poem or whatever we had. Then we buried the birds in a very special place.

With shovel in hand, someone dug the grave. Then we were supposed to cry, because that is what they did at funerals. Sadly for the departed birds, we never had any tears. As a tribute we sang or should I say, I sang, a Sunday school song. Then we returned to our homes.

We also had mass funerals for all the unwanted roosters. It was a lot of work.

Another childhood event occurred when Mom was washing clothes. At that particular time, the washing machine was Mom’s hands. Since Mom’s hands were washing the clothes, she needed another pair of hands to do the dishes.

I was only about six years old, but age didn’t excuse one from being asked to do the chores.

While I was obeying what I was asked to do—the dishes—I heard a noise coming from the driveway. I immediately left the dishes and ran outside to see who was coming. In front of me was a bus full of women from the teaching college. The principal of the school also accompanied them. I soon found out they were going to tour the water plant.

After the tour was over, there was a scheduled break for coffee; complete with delicious gingerbread cookies and some cinnamon buns. So, of course, I hung

around. I could not possibly pass up an opportunity to be hospitable.

I can't remember if I told them I could sing or if someone else did, but I happily performed for them. The principal said that I could have a reward—a much welcomed gingerbread cookie.

After they departed, I rushed over to where Mom was washing clothes and poured out to her all that had happened. I don't think she listened to a word I said. All I heard come out of her mouth was, "*Did you do the dishes?*" Of course, I hadn't, so I was directed to march back to the kitchen and finish my work. By that time, the dishwater was like trying to pick up a lump of lard from a freezing creek. It was ice cold, and greasy!!! Ugh! I felt like I was being cruelly mistreated. Somehow, I cheerfully finished them.

When my Mom washed the family clothes, she would sometimes let me wash my doll clothes at the same time. One day it was not business as usual.

When I asked Mom if I could join her when she washed our clothes, she stated emphatically, "*No. I'm much too busy for that.*" My immediate response to that was, "*I'm moving out and moving in with our neighbours, Edit and Elin.*" My rebellion was going to ensure I got my own way. Mom said, "*Fine, go ahead.*"

I went to Edit and Elin's place and asked them if I could move in with them. They said, "*Sure, come on in.*" I also asked them if I could wash my doll clothes when they washed their clothes. They said I could sit right in the tub. That sounded good to me.

I hurried home and emptied all my aprons into a newspaper. A girl in those days always wore aprons!! Then I moved to Edit and Elin's apartment.

After supper, I returned to my own home again. Mom mentioned something about me going to bed. I said, *"I have to go back to where I am staying. I have my aprons there."* She said, *"Oh, no, you don't. You can pick up your aprons tomorrow."* That was the only time I ever moved out on my own. The next day I picked up my aprons. I felt so embarrassed.

At Christmas one year, I delivered presents to my sister's-in-law. It was probably about eleven or twelve o'clock noon when I ventured out from my home. First, I travelled to Sigrid's house. After dropping off our gifts at her house, I walked almost two kilometers to visit Ani. I had gifts for her kids, too, because both husbands were away bravely protecting our country during the War.

I lingered at Ani's for a while, then walked home for at least four kilometers. It was about three to four o'clock in the afternoon when I left. By then the sky was getting dark, but I wasn't afraid. There was hardly anyone on the road.

If someone had a car, it was considered a luxury. There were very few cars to be seen, however, as the government probably confiscated them due to the war. And there were no horses.

So here I was, walking home alone and in the dark, but it didn't matter to me. Absolutely nothing could have replaced the special joy I felt after I had delivered the gifts. I was so blessed.

Prayers were always a big part of our home life. Dad would gather everyone in the *salen* or front room and begin reading the Bible. Then we all knelt down and said our prayers.

After everyone had prayed except me, Mom would softly say to me, "*Eva, it's your turn.*" I didn't know what to pray, so Mom said I could pray what I prayed when I went to bed. I got bored with that and thought I would make up my own—which I did. I am grateful and appreciative that my parents taught us to pray, and to pray out loud.

I was about six years old when Mom asked me to visit our neighbour, Mr. Bonn. I think he had TB and was dying. So off I went one winter's day to read him the Sunday school paper. I was so thankful that I could read before I started school. I also sang for him. I think he liked me. I was obedient to do all that was asked of me, then I went home. I was totally blessed when I was a blessing. ∞



School Picture

*Arne: second row, second from left*  
*Aina: first row, second from right*



School Picture

*Eva: front row, fourth from left*



## School Days, School Days

### *Arne*

School began when I was seven years old. I had not minded the daily two-kilometer trek to class until one foot of snow challenged my endurance. I was only half-way home when, to my relief and delight, I noticed this taxi stand. I really thought it was an answer to a little boy's prayer.

My eyes doubled in size as I stared at the wheels of the taxi and then at my own two legs. There was no doubt in my childish mind which method of transportation would take me home faster, and keep me warmer. That thought was very short-lived, however. Common sense overruled my selfish feelings, and I sternly encouraged my fatigued little body to carry on homeward bound.

By the third or fourth grade, I had become quite an avid reader. I am sure Arne Lonnqvist was the school library's best customer. We did not have the luxury of radio, television, or computers back then so reading was my prime entertainment.

Seeing their child voluntarily read is every parent's dream; however, it is also important that the parents be aware of what material their child is reading. My Mom and Dad were very busy and did not have enough time to check out the books that I borrowed from the library. Reading all about witches and other similar books fascinated me, but they opened up my mind for evil spirits to come in and play havoc with me.

I became a problem child in school. I was stealing, swearing, and lying. It was not a good time for me, or my family. My sister Aina said she was ashamed of me. My parents were at loose ends about my unhealthy behaviour, but thankfully they didn't stop praying for me. I was their number one candidate for salvation.

When I was in grade five, we had an instructor that had to teach us about the Bible. Christianity was an important subject in school at that time.

Mr. Olson believed more in evolution than in the Bible. He tried to explain about the miracles that Jesus did. He said that the young boy that had the bread and fishes had so much bread that it was enough for the people. It did not make sense to me.

How could a young boy carry enough food to feed about ten-thousand people. And what of the twelve baskets that were left over?

He also said Creation was a nice story, but it was not true. How many children actually believed that?

One Saturday morning, I was riding with one of our neighbours in his horse-drawn wagon. I felt like a cowboy hero, defending the wild, wild west from every evil bandit. Well, it wasn't too long before I came face to face with the enemy—an old lady out for a leisurely

stroll. I quickly engaged my slingshot, loaded up my hardened peas, strategically took aim, and bingo! I hit my prized target.

She quickly turned around towards me with a very angry scowl on her face. The fellow driving the wagon immediately encouraged the horses to run faster than lightning. I believe I got saved shortly after that.

On the lighter side of life, I played soccer in school and took piano lessons. My parents wanted me to take an interest in music, so they bought me an accordion. I would sit in front of the mirror so I could see how to place my hands on the keys.

At thirteen years of age, I was introduced to the art of bee-keeping by a neighbour's boy. I built quite a few



*Arne and his sisters  
Ulla, Miriam, Barbro, Gittan, Solveig, Aina*

beehives by myself and dreamed of being a bee-keeper one day in the future with one-hundred hives. Later in life, that dream would be fulfilled.

## Eva

It was off to school at seven years of age and for six days a week. A regular school week included Saturday, so that extra day made the week ever so long.

The school I attended had been recommended by someone my parents knew. It was like a private school, but it was called a seminary. Because it was private, Dad had to pay my tuition.

The bus picked us up at 7:30 am and like clockwork returned home at 3:30 pm. Home was still one kilometer away from the bus stop.

The very first day of school did not start out on a positive note. I arrived at the bus stop and realized that the bus had already gone, and I wasn't on it.

The last day of school in the spring ended up much better. The first-grade teacher had taught us a song. One student was to sing a line, like a question, and the rest of the class would answer. The one to sing solo was between Rita and me. Rita got the coveted role. That was an extremely difficult pill for me to swallow.

At the same time, two girls were selected to recite a poem. I was one of the students chosen for that event, so my parents made me the recipient of new knee highs and a hat. It was like a bit of ointment, because I had a part in that poem.

Sometime during the school year Dad had to pay something to the school, so he entrusted me with the money to pay the teacher. He said that I would get

money back, so be sure to bring it all home. I paid the teacher and received back what was owing, but all of it didn't find its way back to Dad.

A little store that sold pencils, bookmarks, etc., was located not far from my school. The owners also stocked cut-out stickers, which I really loved. I had money in my hand, the store was right there, so I could not just walk by when it beckoned me to go in.

I purchased some of the treasured stickers and headed home. The only problem was I had beautiful cut-outs for me, but very little money for Dad. When he asked me for the remaining money, I blurted out, "*Well, this is what happened!*" He was so upset with me. Punishment rendered was no coffee for a week. I was devastated. A whole week without coffee.

This big event in my life occurred on the last day of the week. I couldn't face a week-long coffee drought, so I begged Mom to allow me to have a sip. She kindly relented and gave me a few drops of coffee with cream. Dad was so soft.

In grade two, World War II started. What a trying time it was for everyone. School was practically non-existent as the Russians had bombed our beloved city.

The water plant where our family lived pumped water into the city, so it was a strategic place to the Russians. In the fall, the city cut trees down and tried to camouflage the pump station. When snow arrived, the Russians could not pinpoint its location.

During the War, two of my brothers were out on the front lines. One of them was a telegraphist. A scary moment came when my brother and another man were in a house. Russian soldiers appeared and encir-

pled the house to take them hostage. My brother and the other fellow tried to hide; however, they broke out of the house and ran like gold medal Olympic athletes with bullets flying past them.

Due to the War, no children were allowed in the city during that year. When it was known the Russians were coming, a siren sounded as a warning. We could hear it from the city. Everyone bolted to the cellar for protection. I could hear the bombs dropping and the accompanying explosions. It sounded so close.

After a very heavy bombing, we would often stand outside our home and look at the sky over the city. It was coloured a brilliant red from the fires. What a sight to remember. That was the last bombing that winter. Towards the spring, life returned somewhat to a state of normalcy.

What do you do in the winter when there is no school? Have fun!!!

We skied, but stayed close to home. Our ski boots consisted of putting our feet into something like a slip-on-shoe. A leather strap was attached to the ski and a string went from one side of the leather strap to the other. The string was tied quite tight to hold the boot in place. It was very elementary, but it worked well.

My friends and I always wondered what we would do if the Russians came. One time we had to hurry home. My friend Doris and I kicked off our skis, but Ulla still had the string around her boot. She tried to run, but in her desperate moment of flight the skis criss-crossed one another. It would have been very comical if the circumstances were not what they were.

At the wrong time, an error such as that could cost someone their life.

There were no stores open during the day, only four to eight in the evening. Doris and I wanted to make the four o'clock opening, so we headed out on our three and one-half kilometer trip.

We had journeyed between one to two kilometers when we heard the sound of horses' hooves. Two sleds were fast approaching with several men on them who appeared drunk. Doris swiftly pulled me between a rock and a shed until the sleds passed by. I didn't realize we were in any danger. On the way home, we tried to walk very softly. I whispered to Doris, "*Can horses hear well?*"

After the war I wanted to go to a school in the city, but it was a private school and it cost money. However, I applied and I was accepted into that school. My close girlfriend, Gertrud, was already a student there.

I attended that school for six years. The usual mode of transportation back and forth from home to the school was biking for three kilometers, then riding a bus into the city. During wintertime, the choices were either walking or using something similar to a dogsled runner. If there had been a really heavy snow storm, there were no plows to clear the roads.

I usually started walking about six-thirty in the morning. A few times it snowed so much that I was puffing and panting by the time I reached the bus stop. Unlike today, bad weather didn't usually close down the schools. Plowing through huge snow-drifts was a common occurrence for all of us.

This one school day we cycled to a friend's home and proceeded to school from there. When I left home in the morning the ground was bare, but during the day it had snowed quite heavily. I was supposed to take the bus leaving the city at four o'clock in the afternoon.

The buses at that time were fueled by wood coal. Once the bus was out of the city there was a hill that it had to climb, but it couldn't make it. The road was too snowy and slippery, so everyone got off the bus and tried to push it along. The bus travelled only about one-hundred yards, then it stopped. Alas, it refused to go any further. The driver ruefully informed us that we would have to start walking. That was definitely not music to our ears.

Three of us set out on the long trek home. By the time we collected our bikes and pushed them through the deep snow to get home, it was eight o'clock in the evening. By then I was hungry and exhausted. It was one night I didn't do any homework.

Because of the War, school days were so sporadic that everyone lagged behind on their schoolwork. I dared not miss any classes, because catching up was so difficult. There were days during the winter when I had a bad cold, but I couldn't risk missing any time.

Mathematics was my biggest challenge at school. My teacher was so hard on me, because I just couldn't get it. I had her for math, algebra, and geometry.

One particular day, the teacher escorted me to the blackboard. I had to repeat what she had taught the class. I couldn't do it. She took me by the neck and shook me roughly. I didn't retaliate, but for many



years I dreamt I could not do the homework. I have forgiven her, but it was a troublesome time in my life.

Besides mathematics, we studied several foreign languages: Finnish, German, Swedish, and English. Because of Hitler, German became more important than English. Those were terribly confusing times, trying to remember all the translations.

Every school year a special award was given out. It was called *To A Kind And Interesting Girl* award.

A few years earlier, a girl in the seventh grade had been helping her Mom clean windows at home when she fell and died. Every year her parents gave money to one girl in the seventh grade to place a bouquet of flowers on their daughter's grave.

In the seventh grade year, I received the coveted award. At least three other girls from our church were also proud recipients. It was both a disheartening and an honouring moment in my young life.~



*Arne baptizing Liselotte and Soren at the  
Philadelphia Church, Stockholm, Sweden*

## Oh Happy Day

*Oh Happy Day* was magnificently composed in the mid-18th century based on Acts 8.35. One section of the song says, “*Happy day, Happy day, when Jesus washed my sins away. He taught me how to watch and pray, and live rejoicing every day.*”

Eva and I can testify that the words of this song have reflected our walk with God. Trials have come and gone, but Jesus remains as real in our hearts today as He did when we first accepted Him into our lives. Now, our rendering of *Oh Happy Day*.

### **Arne**

Salvation came to Arne Lonnqvist when I was about eleven or twelve years old. Mom and Dad had been praying for me for quite some time. I was definitely not the best son a parent could have.

I was truly convicted that I was a sinner. I started crying, then I asked my parents to pray for me. I also immediately requested their forgiveness for my past poor behaviour.

I was so happy after I got saved. The next day I went to see my school mate, Bernt. I shared with him that yesterday I gave my life to the Lord. I said to him, “*I am so happy. I am going to the New Jerusalem with streets of gold.*” He didn’t say anything. I don’t think he understood anything I said, but I felt like Jer-

emiah when he said, *“His (God’s) Word is in my heart like a burning fire, shut up in my bones. I am weary of holding it in; indeed, I cannot”* (Jeremiah 20.9).

At thirteen years of age, I attended a youth camp about fifty kilometers from Stockholm in Sweden. I can still remember this story the pastor told us.

There was a shepherd who was detained in prison. The King promised the shepherd that he would be freed, only if he could answer three questions.

Question 1: *“What was before God?”* The shepherd said to the King, *“Count.”* The King counted to six or seven, then stopped. The shepherd asked him to start again, which the King did. The shepherd said, *“Start before one.”* The King then replied, *“There is nothing before one.”* The shepherd said to the King, *“There is nothing before God.”* That was a good answer.

Question 2: *“Can you show me God?”* The shepherd said to the King, *“Look at the sun.”* The King said, *“I cannot look at the sun.”* The shepherd said, *“If you cannot look at a little speck of dust that God has thrown into the universe, how do you think you can see God who is the Father of all lights?”* This was a good answer.

Question 3: *“What is God doing?”* The shepherd said to the King, *“Take off your clothes and I will take off mine, then I will exchange clothes with you. This is what God is doing.”* The answer is what Mary said in Luke 1.52: *“He has brought down rulers from their thrones, but has lifted up the humble.”* That was a very good answer.

Another pastor was speaking in that same camp. He was talking about being baptized in water and the

Holy Spirit. At that time I was not baptized in either one, but I sure wanted to be.

The pastor gave an illustration of a lady who was not baptized in water; she was struggling with the very thought of it. The woman saw three vehicles parked beside one another. Each car had a letter before the number on the license plate. The letter written on the left of the plate was “D.” The letter in the middle was “O.” The letter on the right was “P.” In Swedish the word DOP means “*baptism.*” The woman got baptized right after that. “*Thank you, Lord, for your prophetic confirmation in our lives.*”

I was sitting with a group of boys, enjoying a hot chocolate drink and buns. I was the only country boy in the group amongst all the city slickers. We were all hungry. The boy sitting beside me grabbed my bun, and I didn’t get anything. I was so shy that I didn’t speak up. Bullying comes in many forms.

Before I was baptized in the Holy Spirit, I promised God that as soon as I arrived home I would tell my parents that I wanted to be baptized in water. I kept my word. Mom and Dad phoned the Philadelphia Church in Stockholm to make all the necessary arrangements. I was baptized in water just before Easter in 1940.

As a side note I baptized my children, Liselotte and Soren, in the same tank. I also baptized Sara in the same tank when we returned to Sweden for a vacation. She was so small that she had to stand on my foot to come up a little higher.

At another youth camp that I attended, the leader called all the boys together. As we sat on the grass, he quoted Matthew 18:19: “*If two of you on earth agree*

*about anything you ask for, it will be done for you by my Father in Heaven.*” The youth leader said that we should read the Bible and pray for fifteen minutes every day when we returned home.

When I went home, I did what we had agreed to do. I read at least one chapter of the Bible and prayed for fifteen minutes every day, but it was so interesting that fifteen minutes was not enough. I increased my reading and prayer time to at least one-half hour. I was thirteen years old at that time.

My Dad bought a great book called *With Burning Lamps*. It was written by an evangelist from Finland, Frank Mangs. Mr. Mangs was talking about the five foolish virgins and the different things they were doing that made them unprepared.

Dad gave this book to me. I was so excited about what was in it. I was definitely on fire for God as I read it. It seemed nothing could extinguish the burning flame that was inside of me.

Another small booklet I read was about Charles Finney. One thing I recall from this small booklet is that nothing in the Christian world is so difficult to achieve as a praying heart. With a praying heart you are immovable, but without it—you are weaker than the weakness itself. This is something I have been remembering all my life.

One of the traditions we carried out as kids involved a gingerbread cookie. You had to put the cookie in your hand, then press it with your thumb. When it broke, you made a wish. I always wished that I would become a prosperous soul winner. I was only about thirteen or fourteen then.

## *Oh Happy Day*

My brother, Tage, died at sixteen or seventeen years of age. My Mom wept so much that she didn't have any more tears left. It was discouraging for us when we prayed for his healing, but he died.

One day I felt to go and visit a family who lived one kilometer from our home. The lady who lived there was completely blind, so I thought I should go and pray for her and read the Bible. My parents thought I was going just a little too far, but I think the family was happy to see me.

When I was working in my Father's mill, a young man came. I was very concerned about his salvation, so I went to see him as well.

Not long after I got saved, I thought it was really necessary for me to make amends for my bad behaviour. Several people came to mind that I had wronged in one fashion or another.

There was the old lady that had felt the sting from my slingshot; a neighbour that I had stolen apples from; and a school teacher that had put up with my misbehaving ways in class. I wanted to ensure that I lived with a clear conscience.

### **Eva**

I was twelve years old when I got saved. I grew up in a Christian home and went to church, so I used to think I was a Christian. When I was in grade four, however, I started to backslide. My language was far from the best. To use inappropriate language in my home was a very dangerous thing to do.

That summer a week of tent meetings was going to be held in town for preachers, evangelists, and anyone involved in the ministry.

I knew I would have to be there, because Mom was part of the cooking crew. I thought I would help out in the kitchen. It was one way of completely removing myself from Christianity.

I had not planned to go to the evening service, but Mom said to me. *“Eva, you are coming to the service tonight and that’s the end of it.”* What choice did I have? It was either the meetings, or the wrath of my Mom. I chose the former.

During that time I learned loyalty, also you don’t go to church just because you don’t feel like it.

In one service during the week, I was sitting on this bench in the tent. Behind me was a lady preacher called Saga. This is the conversation that went on in my mind. *“What if Saga asked me if I am saved? What in the world am I going to say to her?”* It was actually the conviction of the Holy Spirit.

As people entered the tent, Saga moved further along the bench so there would be a little more room for others to sit down. I was so scared that she was going to ask me about my salvation. I was not saved and then she will say, *“Do you want to get saved?”* If I said, *“Yes,”* she will take me to the first bench and pray for me there. I didn’t want that. Thankfully, she never asked me anything.

After the service, all the visitors had to walk to the refreshment area. It was summer, so Mom and I had our bicycles. I casually mentioned to Mom, *“Do you know what I want?”* She said, *“No.”* I thought to my-



*Oh Happy Day*

self, “*Mom, how can you not know that I want to get saved?*” I told her.

We were slowly pedaling our bikes when we passed by several visitors. One of them was Saga. Mom stopped and spoke to her. When Mom and I reached the hospitality area, Saga came and started talking to me. Then we sat down on the grass and she prayed for me. I also prayed and got saved.

It was, perhaps, the next evening that I sang. For the very first time, I performed as a Christian. I also accompanied myself on the organ. I was the only one that got saved that week.☞



*Grain mill  
before the fire*

*Fire! Fire!  
It's all over but the crying!  
April 1969*



## The Grain Mill

The grain mill was built in 1875. It was four stories high and had these big one-foot square beams. There were solid steel axels (or wings) across the entire roof. The roof was able to turn in any direction, depending on the wind and weather.

The wings on the roof were at least thirty to forty feet long. They were about three to four feet from the ground when they were turning. The span between the two wings was at least eighty to ninety feet, and they were forty to fifty feet tall.

My Dad's brother got too close to the wings one day and he tragically died. He was just seven or eight years old at the time.

The mill was built on a hill, so it was always breezy. When the wind was blowing, the mill was running day and night. Without the wind, it was put on hold.

My Dad had to do his military service for a few months because of World War II. I was only about fourteen at that time. I had to learn how to run the whole mill by myself, which I did while he was away.

Grain and bread were rationed. Farmers came to the mill with rye and they traded it for bread. We traded flour for bread. Dad would grind the rye and make it into flour. That flour was traded, again, and so the cycle continued.

My Father was extremely fussy about the language farmers used around the grain mill. One farmer used the word “*hell*” one day. Dad quickly silenced him. It might have been because I was hanging around.

Our neighbour’s home burned down sometime in the past. Dad was so afraid the same thing would happen to him, he couldn’t sleep. What Dad feared finally came upon him. In April of 1969 Dad’s precious mill burned to the ground.

My younger sister, Solveig, and her boyfriend were clearing dead grass around the mill. Beside the mill was a shed where farmers stored sacks of grain. The shed also housed dry firewood.

Dad told them not to burn the dead grass. They said they were only going to burn a small amount. The wind came up and carried hot embers to the shed. It wasn’t long before everything burned down. Dad had just cancelled the fire insurance on the mill shortly before the fire and was not covered. It was a sad time for him.

Dad’s dream was that I take over the mill one day, but my heart of hearts was in preaching the gospel to all men. Because I was the only boy, it was natural that Dad saw the grain mill in my future. When we moved to Canada, Dad let the dream go.☞





*Arne and his friend, Levi, at Bible College  
playing hockey in their Sunday best.*

## More School

### Arne

My parents wanted me to go to college, so I attended a Christian college, Kageholm, for one year.

When we had to learn English the teacher would say, “*This is a pen,*” etc. It sounded so funny to me that I laughed. English was such a strange language.

One of my school teachers had a strong connection with missionary work. When we had our lessons, sometimes we didn’t work; we prayed for the whole hour. This happened many times. I was delighted.

I was on fire for God and nothing could put that fire out. I got tracts and went out on the street, or put them into mail boxes. One time I went into this cinema to give out tracts and a fellow ripped them apart.

Another incident happened a few years before I went to college. My sisters were playing together and they kept saying, “*Kristie Deborah de David’s son.*” It didn’t make sense to me, but just words they had made up. I laughed at their silliness.

During a class in Bible College, we had a quiz. Four or five of the pastors from the Philadelphia Church in Stockholm were there. They had randomly picked out a few students from the first and second year classes for the quiz. I was one of them.

One of the questions was, “*Who was Deborah?*” I quickly responded that it was David’s son, because I

had in my mind the song my sisters sang. It was not a wise response.

The head pastor said he did not hear right. I had not understood the question. He mercifully saved me from embarrassing myself.

After college, I returned home for the summer. One day I was cutting wood for the wood stove when I hit my right thumb at the tip, so the end of it was hanging loose. Nurse Mom put it back together, but I couldn't do very much work for a week. In those days, nothing was available to relieve the pain. One had to just grin and bear it.

My accident granted me lots of spare time, so I was able to catch up on some reading. I devoured all six books of the Mackintosh Commentary on the first five books of the Bible. It was life to me.

In the fall, I attended Bible school for six weeks. After Bible school was over, I received my very first ministry assignment. I was to be an assistant pastor in a church in northern Sweden. I was eighteen years old at the time of this new beginning.

After being there for a few months, I had another call to go to the community of Resele in Sweden. I stayed there until summertime. I then returned home to conduct some revival meetings in my home town. There were only a few Christians living there, but I felt that God was granting me a wonderful opportunity to be a soul winner as I had desired so many times.

One Saturday evening a very important business meeting was going to be held for our church members. On the previous Monday night, I had been so blessed praying and singing in the Spirit that it was as though



Heaven had opened up for me. I went to bed and heard a trumpet blast. I can only say it was supernatural. I was so surprised this happened that I thought Jesus would come at any moment.

During the night, I had a dream. I saw in my dream what was going to happen on Saturday night at the business meeting of the same week. This one member of the church was getting upset at everyone, then he left. That is exactly what happened.

The day after my dream about the trumpet blast, I was excited about Heaven and longed for Jesus to come back. I was only nineteen at the time.

That supernatural experience lasted a mere split second, but it made me so impassioned about Heaven that I longed to be there.

After that, I fulfilled my military service. One time this senior officer requested me to go and buy some magazines for him. I didn't buy them because they were so ungodly. He didn't get angry though. I think I gained his respect for standing up for my principles. It was worth it.

I wasn't totally holy, but almost. I rode my beloved motorbike without the proper licensing, so it was off to the police department to make another apology.

After I finished my military service, I felt God was calling me to Finland.

## **Eva**

I graduated after six years in high school—it's the Canadian equivalent of grade ten. If you had achieved a decent report card, you were able to get a better than average job.

What was I going to do after my school years were over? I thought of becoming a kindergarten teacher. I also became extremely interested in home economics. It was definitely a toss up between them.

Dad said there wasn't any money to be made from home economics, so he suggested I become a teacher. He wanted me to go to teaching college, then home economics. My Mom secretly hoped for the reverse.

I applied to the home economics programme and was accepted. My training took place in the Southern part of Finland. We had a fall break, Christmas, Easter, and a short break in the summer. I absolutely loved everything about it. It was definitely the right choice.

Part of our overall education included looking after babies at a children's home. There were times that we stayed overnight. One late evening I heard a gnawing sound in my overnight case. I gingerly tipped it upside down to see what was happening. In the moonlight, I could see a tiny mouse making good his escape. I think he made it.

I was the only Christian in the school, but I felt I had to let my classmates know where I stood in my faith. My religion teacher in highschool told me to say "x" out loud to get another student's attention if their language was ungodly. I would say "x" and they would respond, "*Eva, what did you say?*" They respected me, because when I was around they were careful with the words they spoke.

It was good to stand up for what I believed. ∞

*More School*

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CHAPTER SEVEN

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*Isak, Knut, Eva, Levi outside their house.  
Eva was 3 1/2 years old.*

# The Other Love in My Life: Music

## Eva

When I was enrolled in grade one, my brother Isak was working in the city and boarding with a very nice Christian family. Next door was a piano teacher, so Isak talked to Mom and Dad about me taking piano lessons and my future in the music world.

My parents agreed. Isak bought a music book and brought me to Mr. Strahle. In those days, it was not common that you had piano lessons at such a young age. I didn't even know what piano lessons were. And we didn't have a piano at home, so I practiced on a pump organ. Such was my introduction to the world of music. I thought this was so nice.

## Music in the Church

Almost every summer our church family had an outing, particularly for the string band. Anyone could join the band. The only requirement was to bring along your own instrument. The band consisted mainly of guitars. That is why it was called the string band. There were up to twenty-five people in the band at any time. It was a lot of fun.

One summer we visited one of the islands outside Vasa. The string band performed during the service. I asked if I could sing with them. I had heard the songs so many times before, I knew them by heart.

I was given a huge songbook to hold for the band members. I was so happy, I could barely sing. After that, I joined the band and learned to play the guitar. I also performed with Mom's lute. I faithfully biked eight kilometers into town with the lute in tow. It was such a joy to me.

After the War was over, the string band travelled to Sweden. Band members were told not to say, "*We don't have this or that in Finland.*" We each had to bring our own bedsheets to Sweden; they were made of paper. At least they didn't weigh very much.

We arrived in this one city where we held our first service. As we strolled from the railway station to the church, we spotted a shoe store. We forgot all about our saying.

We saw real leather shoes. We SHOUTED: "*Look, leather shoes!!*" The shoe store owner was a member of the church. He sold shoes to us for half the price. My brothers bought me a pair. What a blessing!

Throughout the War, we had shoes with wooden soles and a paper top that had been twisted about to strengthen it. When it rained, so much for the shoes.

During the War, Dad butchered a calf. He then prepared the leather and took it to a shoemaker who made a pair of shoes for me. The shoes had to be made big so my feet would grow into them. My feet didn't grow enough to fill the shoes, but I still had to wear them.

Many years later when I could buy my first pair of shoes at seventeen—real leather shoes—I appreciated them beyond measure.

When I was a student at the home economics school, I attended a friend's wedding and wore the

shoes for the entire weekend. Both feet developed big blisters. I had to wear them as I didn't have anything else with me. Oh, my, the agonizing pain!!!

### **The String Band**

When we travelled to Sweden, the band had a regular pianist. When she wasn't there, I played the piano. I made a lot of errors. A year or so later, we had tent meetings in our city. There was no piano, so I played the accordion. I could play by ear. That was a blessing as I knew all the songs. From that point on, I always played the piano for the string band.

During my last year in high school, I was heavily involved in the church. Every Saturday I came home from school at four in the afternoon, ate, then went to church if something special was going on.

Sometimes it was late at night when I left. On my way home, I had to walk past the Russian cemetery. That was always a scary place in the dark. I was so happy when I could see it behind me.

After the War my three brothers—Jakob, Isak, and Levi—started to sing trios. I played for them. They were quite popular and had been asked to sing in a few different churches.

This one evening they had been asked to go to Kvevlax to perform. Going there, Dad and I had our bikes so we went together. My brothers took the little pickup truck they had. When the service was over it was dark, so Jakob said to me, "*I will take Dad's bike so he can travel in the pickup.*"

We had no lights on the bikes, the road went through a dark forest, it was a gravel road, and we

were pedaling fast. It was an accident waiting to happen.

Jakob shouted to me to stay behind because we were meeting someone coming from the other way. Three girls were rapidly approaching us. They were three abreast. They didn't have any lights on their bikes, either, and one of the three girls was on our side of the road. Jakob had just enough time to veer to the side, but this girl and I collided.

I don't remember crashing to the ground. It was as though someone gently laid me down on the gravel road. The other girl was groaning. It was a harrowing experience for all of us. We kept travelling home. We still had several kilometers to go.

When I reached home and could see in the light, the handle on my bicycle had ripped my dress. The handle could have driven straight into my stomach with serious consequences, but I didn't have a scratch on me. Nothing. I think an angel protected me. *"Thank you, Lord."* ❧



## Finland

### *Arne*

Someone suggested I go to Aland, a group of islands located between Sweden and Finland. I followed their suggestion and went to Mariehamn for the winter, then for almost one year after that. Towards the end of my stay, I journeyed over to mainland Finland and visited several churches.

When I was in Aland, an elder from the Pentecostal church in Sion, Vasa, came and visited us. He suggested I be called as an assistant to Vasa, Finland. That is what I ended up doing.

The senior pastor was Anton W. Rosenberg. He was approximately sixty years old when I arrived. He had been a widower for many years. We developed a very good relationship. I learned a lot from him.

The parsonage was quite tiny. I had one room and Pastor Anton had another one. The lady who cooked for us stayed in a nook off the kitchen; that was her bedroom. It was a very cozy setting.

Pastor Anton let me preach in several services. God was moving and many people were saved.

After a year or two in Vasa, one Monday Pastor suggested we travel to where Eva's parents lived and pick lingon berries. These are red berries that grow close to the ground and taste like our Canadian cranberries.

We went to Eva's home, then Pastor suggested that Eva should come with us and find the berries. She agreed to come. When we were picking, Eva left us. We were picking in one place and she in another.

At one point the Pastor whispered, "*Eva, where are you?*" Then he said, "*Here is your Adam.*"

We didn't see where Eva was picking, so we stopped looking for berries and returned to her home. She was not home when we reached her place. We were quite concerned about her. After a while, she came back. We were sitting in the kitchen having coffee and that was the end of the story.

I didn't think about Eva before this time. When she didn't come home, though, I thought more and more about her. I really liked her.

I was very shy, so I wrote Eva a letter confessing my undying love for her. We had barely spoken to each other, but love was blooming in my heart.

I always knew when Eva was around. She practiced playing the piano at the church, and the parsonage was located in the same building. I was always awe struck by her presence. I also liked her piano playing. She was music to my ear.

Now I will introduce the Mrs. to you and let her tell you her side of the story. 

## Getting the Letter

### Eva

While I was at the home economics school, my friend Gertrud told me about this evangelist that had come to our church. All the ladies were oohing and aahing over this fellow. I got a little curious. Who was that? I had to find out.

When I first laid eyes on Arne, I said to myself: "*He is so tall.*" That was it.

I was home for Christmas and Easter. That is when I saw more of him. To us girls he was so holy that we didn't dare have an interest in him!! All he wanted to do was get sinners saved, never mind the giddy girls.

At one of the youth camps I heard that someone else was interested in me, but I brushed him off. He was too phlegmatic. I couldn't stand him.

On a summer break from school, I attended a youth camp and Arne was there. We didn't talk to each other at that time, but I did start to think a little bit more about him. Love was in the air and I didn't know it. I returned to school, then home.

I recall one Monday morning when Pastor Anton and Arne wanted me to go lingon berry picking with them. I didn't like berry picking. Not at all!! Monday was the usual preacher's day off, so it was a good way for them to relax. Mom agreed to let me go with them for the day.

Arne and Pastor Anton wanted to pick where there were lots of berries. The few berries we saw were half-ripe. I picked and picked and picked, but I never saw the two fellows. I thought I should sing so they would know I was there, but they couldn't hear me. I didn't know why they asked me to come along.

I finally said to myself, "*I don't care where they are, I am going home.*" I did just that and there they were. I blurted out to both of them, "*You scoundrels! You are here and I have been waiting for you.*" My basket was three-quarters full of half-ripe berries, but they didn't have any.

When I went home from home economics school, I wanted to keep up with my music. I also started vocal lessons. I had to sing lots of scales over and over again and was also taught to sing coloratura. Soprano coloratura is one who sings with a light flexible voice.

Arne would come and talk to me a little when I was practising on the piano in the church. His words were few and far between. Then I received "*the letter.*"

Arne told me he loved me. He also asked me if I loved him. I didn't even know the guy. I read my love letter to Mom. She didn't say anything, but I think Mom and Dad were happier when Arne came into the family than I was happier over him. He was just so spiritual. I didn't know what to think of him.

As a teenager I always stated that if I were to get married, I would marry someone who was musical and whose Christian life was number one. But I did not want to marry someone or anyone from Sweden. That was an absolute definite. The preachers from Sweden were too happy; you couldn't trust them.

*Getting the Letter*



*Engagement  
May 1950*



*Wedding  
June 1951*

Because of the War in Finland, people were very solemn. Swedish preachers caused us to laugh. It was difficult to laugh at such a serious time in life. So much for what we say and think will happen.

I received "*the letter*" from Arne in September. We were engaged the following year in May. We became Mr. and Mrs. Lonnqvist the following June. I had always wanted to be a mid-summer bride. I was almost twenty-one; Arne was twenty-five.

Weddings were really serious business in those days. Our dear Pastor Anton married us. He was very instrumental in bringing Arne and I together.

We married two days before our church wedding. At that time, only the Lutheran priest or the mayor was allowed to marry people. As soon as we came out of the mayor's office, I gave Arne back the wedding ring. We considered getting married in the church as our real wedding day.

We honeymooned in Arne's homeland, Sweden, and visited numerous places where he had preached years before.

Arne had a yellow car called a DKW. The exhaust pipe was broken, so it was very noisy. Then it kept stalling in a busy part of Stockholm. How embarrassing! We called someone we knew and he sent a man out to help us. He was a Christian. He put a new motor in the car and we were happily on the road again. Thankfully, we only had to pay one-half of what it should have cost us.

I had shared with my Sunday school teacher, years before, that I wanted a yellow car. When she saw that Arne had a yellow car she said to me, "*Eva, you al-*

*ways get what you want.*” I think it is true. Speak it into being.

Now we are going back home to Finland. That was in August 1951.☞

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CHAPTER TEN

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*Eva's brother, Isak, playing his guitar*



## A Brother's Wisdom

Eva

My brother, Isak, said, "*Arne is the only boy. Eva is the only girl. Both spoiled. What will that be?*"

God was molding both of us to be the Christians we are today.

It was like Jeremiah 18.1-6 when God said that He had to start over again with the clay, because it didn't turn out so good the first time.

That is what God has done with our lives. He has started over more than once, but He has not given up on us. We know in our hearts that we have continually moved to another level in the Kingdom of God. ∞



## Our Return to Finland

Arne had promised to pastor the church in Kvevlax, Finland. While we were there, we had a visitor from Sweden named John Ahlstrom.

John said he had served in the military during World War I. While he was on active duty, someone hit him in the eye with a weapon.

This resulted in the loss of sight in that eye. He had problems with the other eye as well. The doctor told John that if he worked too hard, he would never be able to see anything again. It was a grim situation.

One day John overworked himself and lost his eyesight completely. He took it so hard that he didn't eat, crying for several days. They were a poor family and went from home to home begging for food.

John was a Christian and started praying that God would give him back his eyesight. He prayed for sixteen and one-half years.

During John's prayer time, God said to him, "*You have been praying, now start praising.*" He did this for at least another one and one-half years.

Someone told John that William Freeman from the United States was intending to preach in the huge Philadelphia church in Stockholm and encouraged him to go there. He was also going to pray for the sick. John said, "*No, I don't have to go to Stockholm. I can get healed right here.*" He didn't go anywhere. He had

been praising for one and one-half years and blind for eighteen years.

The Holy Spirit told John that he would get his eyesight back in a prayer meeting that he was going to. He was living with his son and daughter-in-law who were not Christians. Then he knew that he would get healed sometime in prayer.

One day John said to his son, *“You don’t have to come and pick me up tonight. I can go home by myself.”* Seven or eight sisters in the Lord were with him at the prayer meeting. They started praying. He said that their prayers didn’t go through the roof. It was hard going.

After one hour praying, the sisters were up from their knees and going home. John pleaded with them to stay a while longer. They did. Everyone got down on their knees again and the power of God came over John. He said that something had been working in his eyes for about fifteen minutes. He could see some lights from the chandelier.

An evil spirit came and taunted John, saying, *“This is not true. It is just your imagination.”* John asked God to forgive him for his unbelief, then he could see more lights.

The following day, John told his daughter-in-law that he could see. She didn’t believe him. He said to her, *“Test me. Do something.”* She went to the cupboard, picked up a cup and moved a saucer so it would not fall down. John told her what she was doing.

The daughter-in-law told her husband that Dad could see. He said, *“I don’t believe it. I am going to test him myself.”* John saw his son and said to him,

*“Why do you suck on your sour pipe and go with your cap on inside?”* The son knew that his Dad could see. He was almost crying. He was elated.

Later on, John went to see the eye specialist. The doctor said that John’s eyes were like the eyes of a young child. *“Thank you, Jesus.”*

John told this story in every church service we had. Eva and I have seen him reading the Bible with glasses and walking by himself without his glasses. His eyes looked completely clear. He was approximately sixty-five to seventy years of age when he visited our church to testify. All the glory goes to God.

We were so appreciative of his testimony to the *“goodness of the Lord in the land of the living.”* ❧



*Arne and Eva with baby Soren  
What a wonderful life!*

## In the Family Way

### Eva

When we were living in Kvevlax, I found out I was pregnant with our first child. How excited we were to begin our very own family.

The doctor came out every two weeks or so to the community where we lived. He told the midwife that the delivery might be by C-section, because I was so tiny. I didn't realize just how serious it was.

I went into labour in the early morning of June 3rd, 1952. Arne phoned the midwife, but she was expecting her own baby and was not on duty. She suggested calling another midwife who lived approximately twenty kilometers from our home.

Arne drove like a race car driver to where this other midwife lived. She was over eighty years old, but she agreed to come. She might have been older, but at least she wasn't pregnant.

I was in labour all day. The baby wasn't going down the birth canal due to my size. The midwife said she wanted to phone the first midwife to hear what the doctor had instructed her.

I later heard she said, "*When Mrs. Lonnqvist goes into labour, she will have to go to the hospital right away.*" The hospital was in the city—fifteen to seventeen kilometers from where we lived.

Arne and I prayed a desperate prayer. The midwife returned and proceeded to re-examine me. “*Now it is working,*” she voiced. The baby had dropped while she was on the phone. The power of prayer can never be understated or underestimated.

Soren was born at 8:30 in the evening. When he came out, the umbilical cord was wrapped around his neck twice. The midwife said if he had been born ten minutes later, he would have died. And possibly the two of us. We were so naive. We certainly experienced God’s divine intervention that day.

Soren is named after a famous Christian singer in Sweden. He was full of energy right from day one; however, once he adjusted into a routine, he was on his way. He was born a blessing.

While I was still recuperating, Arne had been in the city. He returned home and declared, “*We are moving to Sweden. We are taking the last boat in August.*” He had not even asked me. There had been no discussion about it. I was very put out!!

Arne was afraid of the Russians. We didn’t know what they would do.∞



## Sending a Messenger Ahead of Us

Eva

There were tent meetings in a town four kilometers from our home. It was just a small tent and not that many people. The size doesn't matter when God wants to fulfill His purpose in a life.

The two guest speakers were Eric Leben and Hugo Namark. They were both from Sweden. Eric played the accordion and Hugo was the main guest speaker.

In one service, Hugo turned to Arne and had a long prophecy over him.

Time went so fast. Two women preachers had been in the same service where the prophecy was spoken. I said to them, "*We are moving to Sweden.*" They said, "*This is fast. Namark said that you would leave the country in haste.*"

We moved to Nartuna, Arne's home just outside Stockholm. Soren was three months old. When I said goodbye to Mom, I asked, "*Are we going to see each other again?*" I thought Sweden was so far away. When Soren was six months old, we moved to Vrena.

We lived in the same building where we held our church services. Our apartment consisted of one room and a kitchen. It was very tiny and definitely cramped for a family. On top of the smallness of the place, there was no running water.

Going to other people's homes and asking them for a pail of water was not my cup of tea. There was hardly any room to empty pails. When we went to the out-house, the whole community could see us. To put it mildly, *"I didn't like it."*

We stayed there a little over a year. I said to Arne, *"I am not going to stay in this place another winter."* The unhappy wife had spoken her piece.

Later on we relocated to Stora, Sweden. We rented another room and kitchen, but at least this time we had running water and an inside bathroom. While we were there, we decided to build our own house.

Arne bought large sections of windfalls for the lumber. When he had accumulated enough logs to build our home, he applied for a mortgage. He was turned down by the bank, so we sold everything. Then we bought a small house on five acres of land. The closest community was called Lindesberg.

At this time, I was pregnant again. Liselotte was born August 11, 1955.

Soren was so lively. I had my hands full. When I was expecting Liselotte, I prayed that this child would not be as lively. I didn't know if I could handle two of the same kind, at the same time. God answered my prayer. Liselotte was so opposite to Soren. She ate, slept, and was very calm—what a blessing that was.

We attended the Pentecostal church in Lindesberg. That is where I conducted the string band. One Sunday when Arne was at home looking after the kids, he felt the Holy Spirit say to him, *"I am with you until the end of the age."*

When Liselotte was two, Mom and Dad came from Finland to visit Arne and I. They had been to see my brother, Isak, in Sweden. Isak was working for a small mining company on an island outside Stockholm.

An old mine was on the island and this company wanted to see if it could be reactivated. Isak mentioned to Mom and Dad that the company was looking for someone to work the mining elevator that took the miners up and down the mine shaft. There was also a small restaurant where I could cook meals for the few miners that were there. Would Arne and I be even remotely interested in relocating?

We needed some financial assistance to make the change, but I did not want to go. I met Arne on the lawn one day and he said to me, *“Do you know if the Holy Spirit is pulling you to go to this place?”* I said to him, *“If you want to go there, you can go by yourself.”* I left him standing motionless. Then these words came to me: *“I will lead you where you don’t want to go.”*

We ended up on this island.

Arne had sold the lot and lumber in Stora for a good price; therefore, we were taxed to death. It was one of the reasons we were in such dire straights. We had no choice but to move to the island to help pay off the monies we owed. Our theme song was, *“We owe, we owe, it’s off to work we go.”*

I worked in the kitchen. Only three miners came and ate there, which was very nice. I also packed lunch boxes for them. I did not like it. It was hard work.

Arne had it easy. At least that’s what I thought. He just sat and pushed a button all day. Can you imagine just pushing a button for eight hours a day? He was a

real blessing to me, though. He took the ironing board and clothes with him to work and ironed while he sat and did nothing.

### The Rough Miners and Their Problem

Most of the miners had a drinking problem, so Arne felt we needed to have a meeting to come against it. We were going to have the meeting in the dining room where they ate. To do that, Arne had to call the head office for permission to use the room. Of course, they wondered what we needed the room for.

The boss from the head office phoned. To him, it was quite natural for the miners to drink. To us—NOT! Another boss said if they phoned the head office for each drink the miners had, the phone would get hot.

Arne had the evening shift one day, so he came home for supper. He said, *“Pray for me because the workers want to talk to me. I don’t know what they are going to do.”* I was concerned because I was alone with the children.

My nephew, Goran, came to visit us in the evening and I asked him whether he had seen Arne. I quizzed him, *“How is he?”* He said, *“Fine.”*

The miners used the Bible to further their cause. They said that Jesus had changed water to wine, so there was nothing wrong with drinking. Where there is a will, there is generally a way.

Arne fasted and prayed. He had the victory. He said the enemy comes in one way, but leaves seven ways.

We told the miners that we were going to have a meeting, but no one came. The next day we could see footprints in the snow below the window. They could

not see into the dining room, however, because we had closed the curtains.

One of the miners said he was not going to drink any more, but save his money for travelling. I don't think he ever did.

You could feel the opposition. When I went into the dining room to put food on the table, I felt I was going into a lion's den.

We were there for nine months in total, then we moved back to the little house that we had bought. It had been rented out while we had been away. I was so relieved to be in my own home again.☞



*Actual clipping from newspaper, Dagens Nyheter,  
regarding article on Alaska,  
January 4, 1959.*

## Arne's Dream

### Arne

I had a dream in late fall of 1958. Eva and I were in a forest. She had a bicycle. There was a long trail in the forest. I heard a voice say, "*Come over here and visit us.*" I said to Eva, "*It is funny people want us to come and visit.*" Where we were living, no one wanted us to visit them.

In the dream I saw a giant moose with huge antlers. I had never seen anything like that before in my life. The person that told us to come and visit them, I knew it was a Native person. It was just a few days before the Christmas holidays.

On January 4, 1959, I bought the daily newspaper, *Dagens Nyheter*. The Russians had sent up their first Sputnik into space and I wanted to read all about it. I usually didn't buy a big paper like that, but because of the Russians I did.

There was an article about Alaska in that paper. It said there were a few thousand Natives living there. At once, I remembered my dream. I immediately went to the encyclopedia and started reading about Alaska. I learned there was a special kind of moose in Alaska that couldn't be found anywhere else.

Because I had the dream, I thought God wanted us to go to Alaska. I had goose bumps.

Then I started to seriously think about going to Alaska. Eva, however, stated, “*No way.*” She had left her own country, Finland, and didn’t want to be uprooted again. I wondered if she would change her mind, particularly since we were expecting another small addition to our family.

We had not pastored for quite a few years. After our time on this island, however, we felt we wanted to get back into the ministry. This led us through friends to Fruvik, just outside Stockholm. Fruvik was just a little branch church that belonged to the large Philadelphia Church in Stockholm.

Before we moved, however, it was time for Sara to be born.

We sent a letter to the Pentecostal Assemblies of God in the United States and asked if they possibly needed a missionary in Alaska. They responded and suggested we write to PAOC in Canada.

The Pentecostal Assemblies of Canada forwarded our letter to John Nygaard who was pastoring a small Native church in Bella Coola, British Columbia. He wrote back and instructed us, “*First, you need to know English.*” It was our first assignment to a new land.

## Eva

I was in labour for nearly two hours. Because I had five brothers, people would say to me, “*You are going to have five boys, just like your Mom.*” I didn’t want that. I thought to myself, “*If that is the way it is going to be, then his name will be Frank David.*”



Frank turned out to be a baby girl. I was extremely happy. An additional blessing was added to our life. It was another answered prayer.

I did not have a girl's name, and I could not think of anything. My Mom sent me a letter which started, "*Dear Eva and little Sara. Somehow I think this name would fit this child.*" Sara was two months old when we moved to Fruvik.

We had not heard from God about the Natives. It was quiet. In Fruvik there was no running water in the parsonage (again!). During the summertime I had a pipe from the neighbours so I could get water into my kitchen, but in the winter it froze. It was back to begging for water. These were decidedly not happy days.

After one and a half-years in Fruvik, the big church in Stockholm asked us if we would take over another branch church close to Stockholm with a much bigger congregation. We said we would go.

Where were we going to live? If we wanted to rent, we had to be on a waiting list for years. We thought it would be better if we could buy a home of our own. One of the pastors showed us a couple of places. We also looked at some houses.

God was not saying anything about Canada, so we thought it must be God's will we stay in Sweden.

## **Arne**

Right after we had been looking for a home, I had a dream. I was with an angel up in the air. I saw water below us, then we went straight ahead. The angel's mouth was moving, but I couldn't hear him. Then I was let down on the ground. I looked around so I

would recognize the place when we got there. When I woke up, the presence of God was in the room.

It was not God's will that we stay in Sweden. God wanted us to move to Canada. If we were to stay in Stockholm, the church would have to provide us with a place to live. That was the deal.

In another Pentecostal church in Stockholm, the assistant pastor was moving from his apartment. The church arranged for our family to live there for one year. The apartment was located by a busy street and the traffic was horrendous. It was not suitable for a family with young children. We arrived in the fall and stayed there until the following year. Then we were on the move again. ∞

## Another of Arne's Dreams

### Arne

During our time in Stockholm, I performed with a local ministers' choir. The entire group was planning a trip across the pond to England. I yearned to go with them; mainly because I wanted to be more familiar with the English language.

Everyone was excited to participate in this once in a lifetime opportunity, but that anticipation quickly turned to disappointment for many when we were told that the chartered flight was full. Some could go, some had to stay home. I was one of the many that couldn't go. We were so disappointed.

Then I had a dream. I was walking in London with some of the choir members. We entered an old office building and went up to the second floor. Much to our surprise, we found a large office that displayed a lot of Christian material.

The day after the dream, I thought for sure that I would be travelling to London with the group.

The Pentecostal Church published a daily newspaper called *Dagen*, or *The Day*. An advertisement in the newspaper said that some of the choir members had cancelled their trip to London. More importantly, to me, it stated that if anyone would like to go—please call this phone number. So I dialed the number right away and secured a seat. I was on cloud nine.

When we were staying in London, we visited many places. One day, two or three of us went out walking. We entered an office building and made our way up to the second floor (as in my dream). The British Foreign Bible Society had their office on that same floor. That was what I had seen in my dream.

This was a fulfillment of my prophetic dream.

I am once again back in Sweden. The Philadelphia Church in Stockholm had a really nice apartment that was specially kept for missionaries on furlough. It was empty at the time, so we moved in. The apartment was fully furnished with beds, bedding, etc., so we didn't have to buy anything. We packed all our worldly goods into boxes and stayed over the Christmas holidays.

One Monday I was tempted by the devil. He said to me, *"You are crazy to think about moving to another country with a family and three children. You don't know anyone, and you have no work."*

I was discouraged, so I opened my Bible. This one verse in particular, Mark 1.2, caught my eye: *"I will send my messenger before you and he will prepare the way."* God is so faithful.

We could not remember the prophetic word given to us years before in the tent meeting in Finland. Eva's Mom, however, recounted the prophecy to us the last time we were home. The main words were, *"You are going to cross the big water."* God was going to use us in other countries.


By the time we left Sweden, Eva was ready to move. *"Thank you, Eva."*

Before we moved to Canada in the spring of 1963, I had another dream. Someone mentioned to me that

Jesus was going to appear in a certain place, at a certain time. I went to that place just before the time He was going to appear. When I got there, He was not there; however, exactly the time that He was supposed to be there, I saw Him. He was like anyone else. The whole room filled with an atmosphere of love that I cannot explain.

Jesus said to me, "*We have been talking about you in Heaven. We have decided that you are going to be blessed.*" By that, I thought Jesus meant I would be blessed financially.

I wondered why He didn't say anything about working amongst the Natives, but I left it there.

What Jesus said to me is still being fulfilled after we immigrated to Canada. I can only say, "*Praise God from whom all blessings flow.*"



*Our last photograph before we left Sweden.  
Eva, Soren, Liselotte, Arne, Sara*



*Crossing the Big Water*

# Crossing the Big Water

## Eva

We said goodbye to Sweden and set sail for Canada on the last day of April 1963. Our family were the only passengers on a freight boat. That nicely worked to our advantage, because the absence of other passengers allowed the family to eat our meals at the Captain's table every day. We were given the royal treatment.

As soon as we left dry dock, the ocean waves were unimaginable. Seasickness took its toll on us. Liselotte yearned for dry ground between bouts of throwing up. One evening, I was the only one in the dining room.

We finally reached our destination, Montreal. Ten days on the boat. What a cruise! Now the family had some time to physically recuperate before the next leg of our journey to British Columbia.

## By Water, Then Rail

After checking in and out of Canadian customs, we were free to leave the Port of Montreal. We stayed overnight at a hotel close to the railway station.

While Arne went shopping for some food, I played with the children. Soren had been so pent up that he wanted to venture out and play for a while. Shortly, Arne returned with potato chips, bread and butter. We had no knife to spread the butter, so we used our thumb as a knife. What a creative bunch we were.

Our first night in Montreal was really cold. The hotel window was open. Thankfully, we only had to endure this unwelcomed inconvenience for one night. Our train left for Vancouver that afternoon.

We were excited about the three-day train trip. We had two sleeping berths: Arne shared one with Soren, and the girls bunked with me. I had brought some games with me and other things for the kids to do. We played *Career* from Montreal to Winnipeg.

On the menu was a new item to us: hotcakes. We didn't know what they were, but we tried them. They were so delicious that we wanted to include them at every meal. The train porters were so good to us.

After a couple of days we reached the skiing mecca of Jasper, Alberta. When I saw the majestic Canadian Rockies, I quickly got the kids out of bed. The view was breathtaking. We had never seen mountains like these before. We were all so excited. It was one memorable experience that we will always treasure for the rest of our lives.~



## Encountering Another Messenger

### Arne

Eric Leben, the fellow Eva and I met at the 1951 tent meetings in Finland, had been living with his family in Port Hardy on Vancouver Island. We had only briefly spoken with Eric before we left Sweden. He told us to go to Port Hardy, because I could find work there.

God specifically told Eva and I that He would send His messenger before us. We believed Eric Leben was the messenger God was going to use in our lives.

Eric had given us the business card of a hotel in downtown Vancouver. He said, “*Go there, because they understand Swedish.*” We took a taxi from the railway station to the hotel.

Staying in the hotel was a very nice couple from Portland, Oregon, in the United States. The man spoke Swedish and his wife understood Norwegian. They had travelled to Vancouver from Portland just the previous day and planned to visit their daughter, who lived in the Vancouver area, before returning to Portland.

We met with this couple in the hotel. The man had spoken with Eric Leben and he indicated to them that he might go to Port Hardy for the summer.

We went out to lunch together and they paid for everything. In addition to this, they gave us a great tour of Vancouver. When they visited their daughter,

we were also invited to go with them. It was so nice to have someone who knew more than we did.

The pleasant times with this couple came to an end all too soon. Our boat to Port Hardy departed that same evening, and our suitcases still had to be picked up from the railway station. This couple helped us with everything. We didn't have a single care in the world. I believe God placed them there, just for us.

Our boat docked in Port Hardy at three o'clock in the morning. It really wasn't a time to be up and about, but Pastor Harold Rowledge was at the wharf waiting for us. He and his wife opened their parsonage to a group of total strangers. We stayed with them until we were able to find something of our own. *"Thank you, to both of you."*

When Eva and I went out for a walk, I said to her, *"I believe this is the place that the angel showed me in my dream before we left Sweden."* ∞

## Port Hardy

### Eva

To me, Port Hardy was a culture shock. We had come from Stockholm, the big capital city of Sweden. I asked someone, “*People don’t live in those shacks, do they?*” The shacks were log cabins. The answer was a very strong affirmative.

We soon discovered that the people far surpassed the appearance of the town. Pastor Rowledge and his wife, Tina, made their beautiful home—our home. Their parsonage was not that big and they had two small children of their own, but they were so willing to take us in—complete strangers. Imagine that. We still think of their kindness towards us.

We put Soren and Liselotte in school almost right away. It was quite challenging for them because of the language barrier. Soren was placed in grade three, but he did grade one work in english. Liselotte adapted quite well. We were pleased with their progress.

Soren dedicated himself to studying hard during that summer. In the fall, his diligence was rewarded with a grade four placement. It didn’t take him long to fit in, especially in math.

We attended the Pentecostal Church right away. I played the organ. We also travelled with Pastor Harold to Fort Rupert for church services with the Natives.

Two weeks after our arrival in Port Hardy, Arne and I received word that Eric Leben was returning to Vancouver Island. This was one of the fellows that we had met several years before at a tent meeting in Finland. His family had lived in Port Hardy for about five years. He had not been paid all his wages, as a logger, and was coming back to collect his money.

### **Eva: Hold the Wedding Cake**

Arne and I attended a double wedding in the town of Fort Rupert. When we arrived for the rehearsal, I was asked to play the Wedding March on the accordion. I saw four people there, but I didn't know who was going to be married to who. There was absolutely no visible romance showing amongst them.

The following day was the big day for everyone. We didn't see any place to put gifts, but the mother to one of the grooms gave out small gifts to the guests. She had some doilies that she had crocheted. She also gave out loaves of bread to the people.

When the refreshments were served, there was this boy about ten or eleven years old giving out slices of cake. The serving tray was nothing more than a piece of cardboard. The cake weighed too much for the cardboard. The whole thing folded. The boy thought for a bit then scratched his head, picked up the pieces, put them back on the tray and just kept on serving them. To a home economics graduate, this was a big No! No!

### **Arne**

I had some trouble understanding the language, but a Danish carpenter hired me. I worked for him just a few

months, then the British Columbia Forestry Service hired me. They were building roads.

## Eva

During this transitional time, we were staying with Pastor Rowledge and his family. We had attempted to rent other accommodation, but people didn't know us so they didn't trust us. Eric Leben changed all that when he came back into town. People knew him and respected him. Our relationship with him was a huge plus for us.

Eric found this little house for us, not too far from where the parsonage was located. It was barely half-finished and somewhat rudimentary. He contacted the owners who had initially refused to rent it out due to problems with previous tenants. Eric said to them, "*You can rent it to these people. They are clean.*" So we moved in.

There was no proper sewage. We had to go to other people's homes and ask them for water. Unpleasant memories of Sweden flashed back again. There was no inside or outside bathroom. Eric said they could make something in the bush for the guys, no problem. The girls could probably head over to the parsonage for more privacy. No matter, I did what I could to make the house *home sweet home*.

Arne and I continued to keep our eyes peeled for more suitable accommodation. One sunny day we were ambling through town and spotted this cute little house. The window blinds were completely drawn and they were all even. I thought it was rather unusual that someone would care that much.

This little house was for sale, but the owners lived in Vancouver. When Eric came, he informed us that he would contact the real estate agent. The cost for the lot and house was a whopping \$2,500. We didn't have more than \$500 to our name.

Eric knew the banking people and easily secured the first mortgage on the home. It was about \$2,000. We needed more money, so we went to another bank and Eric co-signed a loan for the rest.

People trusted Eric Leben. He had built up a good reputation. We believed he was the messenger that God told us about before we left Sweden.

Later that summer, Eric returned to Sweden. What a blessing he had been to us. *"Thank you, Eric."*

In 1964 we met Brother Nygaard at an Easter Rally in Fort Rupert, about eight or nine kilometers from Port Hardy. He had been pastoring the Native church in Bella Coola and was planing to move. He asked us if would consider going to Bella Coola.

We prayed about it and said, "Yes." ∞

## Bella Coola

### Eva

To reach Bella Coola, we had to take the freight boat from Port MacNeil. We had our own vehicle. Harold and Tina Rowledge also accompanied us in their car.

When we arrived in Port MacNeil we didn't have a place to stay, but total strangers from the Seventh Day Adventist Church took all five of us, plus a dog, in for the night. What a blessing that was.

We reached Bella Coola during the evening. The Natives were patiently, but eagerly, waiting to greet us. Ruth Moody said to me, "*Welcome home.*"

The first night we stayed in Ruth and Johnny's home. It was late, but the Natives wanted to meet us. The hands on the clock were getting later and later. I was so tired. Arne said, "*I am going to bed.*" I thought if I wandered off to bed, it would be most impolite. It was not a good way to start off our new relationships. Finally, I said adieu to all.

While we were still living in Sweden I imagined I was working with the Native people, living in a shack in the forest, and hand washing all my clothes with a washboard. That is what I thought life would really be like in Canada.

The reality is, the policeman's wife invited me to use her washing machine which was an automatic. Not long after that, I was blessed with my own automatic

washing machine. Sometimes there is such a difference between what we imagine and what is reality.

The water in Bella Coola came from a glacier. It was absolutely the best.

The first Church service with the Natives was such a surprise to me. There were so many different types of instruments, and they were all electric. The singing was just heavenly.

The Natives held a goodbye banquet for Brother Nygaard and his family, and a welcoming in for us. It was held at Willie Tallio's home. The turkey dinner was excellent.

The Tallio's also invited us for Christmas dinner every year. It seemed the food and fellowship competed with each other; however, one could not declare either one a winner. They were equally good.

## **Arne**

The Nygaard family left Bella Coola and I had to preach. My English was not the Queen's English; however, the Natives accepted us unconditionally and we also accepted them. This was truly home to us.

I had to look after just about everything, as I was the only person there to do it. It was a good learning experience for me. Brother Nygaard visited homes every Saturday. I followed in his footsteps. I felt I was genuinely welcomed in most homes. People expected me to pray for them and I joyfully obliged.

### LOVE WAS IN THE AIR

One summer there was a couple that wanted to marry. No other minister was available in Bella Coola at that



time, so I was asked to marry them. The bride was a flight attendant and she, along with the groom, wanted to be married above Bella Coola in an airplane.

So four or five people went up in the airplane, with the pilot as the witness. The wedding ring was made of braided straw. That was the only wedding I have ever conducted in the air.

## **Eva**

I want to tell you about a couple of special ladies who impacted our lives during our time in Bella Coola.

### **BEATRICE**

She was a wonderful Christian lady who suffered from heart trouble. The temperature could be so warm during the summer, yet she was always cold. Arne would usually pick her up to bring her to church.

We had an Easter Rally with the people from Bella Bella coming up. We looked forward to the fellowship, singing, and God's presence amongst the people.

There was also going to be a baptism service, so Arne asked Beatrice more than once if she wanted to be baptized in water.

The baptism was being held on Easter Sunday morning, but Beatrice didn't know if she wanted to be baptized. It was so cold. Then she suddenly changed her mind. When she came out of the water, she felt something warm going through her entire body. She was completely healed. Praise God!

### **MARJORIE**

She was officially known as the town drunk. She also had many children. One summer evening Ruth, one of Marjorie's daughters, requested Arne come to their home because several people were praying for Marjorie. Brother Nygaard was there at that time as well.

During prayer time, a major deliverance occurred. Marjorie got saved. She was almost blind at the time. She had to use a Bible with huge print because of her poor eyesight.

In one service that Johnny Moody was leading, he announced Marjorie was going to do a special song. I thought to myself, "*Marjorie is going to sing?*" We were used to hearing trained singers in Stockholm. I was used to "*quality.*" I was wondering what was going to happen next.

When Marjorie sang "*Oh Happy Day, when Jesus washed my sins away,*" she really had something to sing about. My pride suffered a real knock that day.

The Church was open for prayer every evening at six o'clock. People could come and go as they pleased. Many times, Marjorie was the only one in the prayer room. When she started praying, it seemed the room was full of people. I could hear her in the parsonage.

One day I felt a little discouraged and Marjorie dropped by. While we sat at the kitchen table, she started sharing something that God had shown her. I never told her how I had felt. When she had done her little speech, she said, "*I thought I should share this with you.*" When she left, my discouragement had completely vanished.

**Arne**



*Willie Tallio's home*

One year at autumn time two Natives—Simon and Nathan—decided to go hunting. They asked me if I wanted to go with them. This was the first hunting trip for me. I had never used a gun before, so I was going to learn something new. We left on a fishing boat.

Simon and Nathan left me alone and hunted elsewhere. The very first day, I spotted a deer. I aimed, but I missed. The other two bagged a deer the first day. I was disappointed that I didn't get anything. I was still hopeful, though.

At night before we went to bed, we were talking about hunting. One of them jokingly wondered if my gun was not working. The other one said, *"If we get something tomorrow, maybe you could help us pack it down the mountain."*

Nathan shared that when the Natives hunted in olden times, they started *"dancing."*

Before sleep came upon me, I prayed that I would get something, too, so Simon and Nathan did not feel



*Beatrice (second lady from left)  
Matilda, Frank's Grandma (next to her)  
Marjorie (far right)*



*The Harmonizers*

they needed to do something for me. I prayed and prayed, believing my prayers would be answered.

The next day, I went to the same place. The other two went elsewhere with the boat. All of a sudden, I saw several deer. One was close. I started “*dancing*,” moving to get nearer. Then I saw another deer that was closer still. I aimed at that one and shot it, then shot another one. I bagged two nice deer. This took a minute or two.

When the boat came in later that afternoon, I was joyfully waving to Nathan and Simon to come and help me pack down the deer. They didn’t get anything. I was so happy that I had something to show them.

The third day, we were out hunting again. I was at the same place. A nice buck stood about forty to fifty feet from me. I didn’t budge even one inch, so he was encouraged to keep on going. He was fifteen to twenty feet from where I was. I got him as well. I had never been hunting before. I prayed and God helped.

We shared the meat with everyone that was in the hunting party. When Nathan and Simon told the story in the village, they were laughing. They said Arne was “*dancing*” for the deer. It was because of the way I approached the deer with my sideways movement. Some of the village people said, “*Arne, show us how you ‘danced’ for the deer.*”

## Eva

We had been in Bella Coola one month when I had a miscarriage. I had lost so much blood that I was given a transfusion from Victor, one of the Natives. From

that point on, I could honestly say that I had Indian blood in me.

When we lived in Sweden, Arne and I would often talk about adopting an Indian baby. During our first winter in Bella Coola, people in the village would sometimes adopt Native babies.

This one day I strongly felt I wanted another baby. Because of my miscarriage, I didn't want to go through another pregnancy; however, I wanted a baby. I had told Ruth Moody of my desire.

When that feeling became so strong I prayed and diligently read the Bible, but there was no response from Heaven. That day Ruth came in and said to me, "*Why don't you ask if you could have Margaret's baby, because he is up for adoption.*" We prayed about it so we knew it was God's leading. We waited on the Lord for a couple of days.

Ruth worked at the hospital and I said to her, "*Why don't you see if that baby boy is still in the hospital and phone me.*" Our phone was on a party line so I said, "*Say 'yes' if he is there, and 'no' if he isn't.*"

The phone didn't ring. Ruth came up to the house in her car because the hospital phone didn't work. She said that we had better go and talk to the doctor right away. Margaret's baby was going to be sent away the very next day.

Arne and I went to visit the doctor and told him that we wanted to adopt Margaret's baby. The doctor asked Margaret if we could look after the baby for a period of time.

Baby Frank arrived in our home when he was just nine days old. The village was positively elated. The

pastor's wife from the United Church gave a baby shower for us. We were given lots of nice gifts, and equally as much joy. The following year, the adoption papers were approved shortly before Christmas. That was the greatest Christmas gift.

We called our newest child Frank (after a preacher from Finland) David (Arne's middle name).

Matilda, Margaret's mother, had prayed that the baby would be placed in a good Christian home. We did not know anything about that.

It was important for us to know that it was God's plan for us and for Frank. He was, and has, remained a great blessing to our entire family.

Brother Nygaard came to Bella Coola to fish every summer. At this time, his entire family helped out with the Daily Vacation Bible School. We were then able to take one week off for our vacation. We usually went to Summerland, not far from Kelowna.

While we were in Bella Coola, we were able to travel with the family to Sweden and Finland. Every church service we were in, the people wanted to hear all about the Natives back home. There were so many services that I grew tired. I wanted to go home to Canada.

During my last year in Bella Coola, I was totally burnt out. After five years in ministry, it was time for us to move on. We had only enough money to move to Williams Lake.

The car ride from Bella Coola to Williams Lake was three-hundred miles. It took us twelve hours. It was so dusty that when we reached Williams Lake, it was dusty everywhere. It seemed we were chewing dust the entire journey.

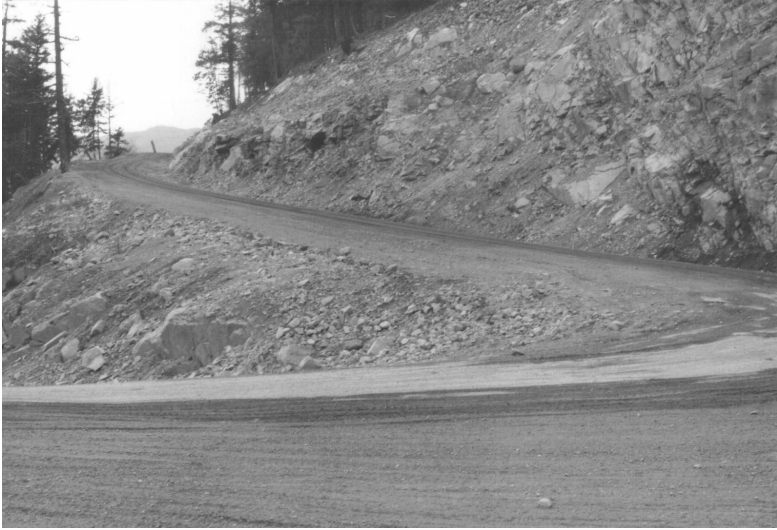
Although we were leaving Bella Coola behind us and looking forward to our move to Williams Lake, I felt the years in Bella Coola were my best years. ♪



*A local newspaper took our picture when we were vacationing in Finland.*



*Bella Coola*



*One of the switchbacks on the road to Bella Coola.*



*The house we built in Williams Lake*

## Williams Lake

### Arne and Eva

The town of Williams Lake became our transitional home. We found a building to live in that looked like a cabin. A couple from the church were kind enough to rent us this place at a very reasonable price. Thanks to Olive Unrau for contacting the people who owned the house. That became our official home. We attended Calvary Tabernacle, the PAOC church.

Arne started working at the mill. He also bought lumber for the home we were planning to build. We were weary. Clearing the lot and building was good for both of us.

We built our new home. Arne did all the work by himself. Eva also hammered in a few nails.

Soren and Liselotte graduated from high school in Williams Lake.

Soren married Lorraine.

Liselotte married the preacher's son, Gerald.

We were quite involved with Sunday school and the music. Sara and Eva became radio stars, as some Sunday morning services were broadcast once a month. All in all, the family was quite enjoying themselves in their new surroundings.

Arne also drove the local school bus and sold World Book Encyclopedias. He worked hard on improving his english and became the best salesman for World

Book one year. For that very special achievement, he was awarded a weekend stay at the Fairmont Hot Springs with Mrs. Lonnqvist.

At the World Book seminar at Fairmont, there were several prizes given out; one being a trip to Mexico. Arne didn't win that, but he did win second prize. It was a wineskin. Some people were mocking him. Being a strong Christian, Arne felt he could not accept it; so he didn't. He was given a Mexican sombrero which he still has and wears every summer.

## Eva

After we moved to Williams Lake, my mom passed away in Finland. I returned home for the funeral. My Swedish passport had expired and I didn't have my Canadian citizenship paper yet. I also had to get my smallpox shot. Ouch!!

Arrangements were made for a private appointment with the mayor to become a Canadian citizen. All of this was done in a few days. If I had not become a Canadian citizen, I would not have been able to obtain my passport.

This was the first time I had travelled alone. I flew over Amsterdam.

After I embarked on the plane to Finland, I found a seat in the smoker's section. The man that sat beside me asked me if I minded if he smoked. I said, "No." That wasn't the truth. It wasn't okay. I tried to hide my nose from smelling the smoke.

The fellow then asked me what my husband did for a living. I said that he was a preacher. The man said, "*I knew that. I could see that you minded me smoking.*"

After that we both sat and enjoyed the rest of the trip, smoke free. What a relief that was.

I arrived in Helsinki and had a very short time to transfer planes to Vasa. I said to this man on the plane, *“I hope I catch my connection.”* He said, *“Oh, sure you will.”* He mentioned that there was more than one plane leaving for Vasa. He was a seasoned traveller, so I trusted him.

I impatiently waited for my suitcase to arrive on the turntable. I then heard over the loud speaker that the plane was leaving for Vasa. I asked a security guard, *“Is this the last plane going to Vasa today?”* He said, *“Yes.”* I responded, *“Can you please phone the pilot. I am waiting for my baggage and I have to be on that plane.”* It was no time to be meek.

The security guard phoned the pilot and my suitcase finally came. He grabbed my suitcase and started running through the terminal, and I after him. We did not go through customs. He brought me directly to the plane. When I was seated comfortably on the plane, we took off. I had huffed and puffed all the way to my seat. Now, it was time to sit back, relax, and enjoy the rest of the journey.

After Mom passed away, my brothers and I were given some money. When I returned to Williams Lake, I purchased a piano. Then I studied music again.

I had a local piano teacher who helped me through Grade 10 of the Royal Conservatory of Toronto. The theory part I did by correspondence. When I finished Grade 10, I received my certificate. Then I started studying towards my ARCT, or certification to become a full-fledged teacher.

This was a transitional time for us before our next ordained assignment.☞

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CHAPTER TWENTY-ONE

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## Kelowna

## Arne and Eva

Kelowna was always beautiful as we drove through to Summerland for our vacation. Highway 97 was just two lanes then, with trees on both sides that almost touched one another across the highway.

We always loved Kelowna. Eva said, *“This is such a nice place. It is too good for me.”*

We vacationed in Kelowna for a weekend with our friend Maurice Coveney and his family. The Mission, where we now live, was a very rural area at that time. There were very few houses, unlike today.

A real estate agent showed us some building lots that were available in the Mission area. The owner of a new subdivision, also in the Mission, talked to us about buying a lot. He gave us a price on our lot which was \$23,000.

We reluctantly went back to Williams Lake. We thought and prayed about what we should do, then we decided to go ahead and buy the lot. We still had one obstacle to overcome; we had to sell the house in Williams Lake which wasn't going to be an easy task. There was a depression in the city at the time. The mill was slowing down and people didn't have any money.

The Coveney's talked to their neighbour and we were able to rent a house in Rutland. We moved to Kelowna in August 1975. We still had our house up for sale in Williams Lake. For the time being, we rented it out. It was such a burden to us.

Arne was working in construction at Big White. Then he continued doing the same thing in Kelowna.

The house in Williams Lake was up for sale for a long time. At times no one was renting it, so we had to

make the mortgage payments, plus cover renting our residence in Kelowna. This put a severe strain on our budget. Our income did not cover keeping both places.

### Arne

I was concerned about the house in Williams Lake. While driving from Rutland towards Kelowna one morning, I said, “*Lord, your Word says, ‘Call upon me in the day of trouble and I will answer you and you will glorify me’ (Psalm 50.15). Please help us get the house sold in Williams Lake. We are very desperate.*” That was it.

Then it was like something supernatural came over me. I could see people interested in our home—not just one or two, but several. This took place on Saturday. I felt now it was done.

### Eva

On Sunday the realtor said, “*We have a family who would like to lease your home in Williams Lake with an option to buy.*” At first we said “Yes,” but Arne did not have a peace about it. The agent phoned again on Monday. Another couple were very interested in the house, and the people had money to buy it outright.

It was a miracle. Before, no one wanted to buy it. After Arne prayed, we had the answer.

House prices were very low in William Lake. The money that came through from the sale of the house went to pay bills that had accumulated; therefore, not too much money was left over to start building in Kelowna. We were in a quandary about what to do.



Arne approached several banks in the city for a mortgage. The banks said, “No.” I said, “*We won’t try any more. Let’s quit.*” I was at my wit’s end.

One day, Arne had been awakened during the night. When he came back to bed, he asked me if I was awake. He said he would try once more.

Arne had read Isaiah 56.3 in the Living Bible: “*And my blessings are for Gentiles, too. When they accept the Lord, don’t let them think that I will make them second-class citizens.*”

We are not second-class citizens. We are the King’s kids—first class all the way. Arne decided to apply at another financial institution. We were approved and started to build.

On New Year’s Day in 1977, we laid the foundation. Arne was working in construction at the same time. He was involved in heavy work during the day and toiled on our house in his “*spare time.*” After a few weeks, Soren came and helped Arne. They put up the frame in two weeks. What a team.

In the latter part of April 1977, we moved in. There were no kitchen cupboards or hot water. We could only get hot water from the upstairs bathroom. Everything was in boxes. At least we didn’t have to go and beg for water. It was fun!

When the wiring inspector came to check on the house and progress, he said we weren’t supposed to be living in the house because it wasn’t finished. But, he didn’t chase us out.

Arne finished everything himself. He truly was a jack of all trades. He accomplished all that he set out

to do and more. Sara and Frank were still living with us.

We had pigweed growing in the backyard. It tasted like spinach, but even better. We also planted and reaped potatoes, tomatoes, cabbage, and numerous other veggies.

Arne had done some printing in Williams Lake, so he continued on with that in Kelowna. He started a print shop called *Goodwill Printers*, which was located on Pandosy Street.

Maurice Coveney wanted Arne to print gospel tracts for him that would go all over the world. He printed almost one million tracts in one year, also nearly five-thousand booklets of forty to fifty pages in length. He was a very busy man.

We attended Evangel Church at this time. Arnold Kalamen was our senior pastor. What a blessing he was to us and the congregation. David Kalamen was the youth pastor.



*Our Kelowna residence: a labor of love.*

Sara and I happily participated in the church choir. After a while, I started playing piano for the choir. I also continued my Royal Conservatory studies. At the same time I was teaching piano lessons and had many bright students in my care. I obtained my diploma in October 1976. It was truly a time to celebrate.

In 1977 Sara graduated from Kelowna Secondary school. She was the top student. *“Well done, Sara.”*

Pastor David Kalamen moved to North Vancouver at this time. Colin Wellard took the role of assistant pastor at Evangel. He and his wife, Mary, were very musical and it was a joy to hear them perform. Colin also directed the choir.

Arne printed much material for Evangel, Maurice Coveney, and other customers. He did all the work himself. He was self-taught. After a few years, Arne sold the printing business.

Difficult times reached the Lonnqvist doorstep. We had no choice but to put our house up for sale, even though houses were not selling at that time. It wasn't our choice to sell the house that had been built by a labour of love, but a lack of finances pushed us into making that agonizing decision.

The real estate agent informed us that she had a buyer for our home. We had to decide if we wanted to sell. We didn't want to, but felt we had to.

A member of our church, Jackie White, had been asked to sing at another church in the city. She wanted me to play for her, which I did. The person who led the service read from Psalm 112 in the Living Bible. Verses six and seven really spoke to me and our situation: *“Surely he will never be shaken; a righteous man will*

*be remembered forever. He will have no fear of bad news; his heart is steadfast, trusting in the Lord.*" It was exactly what we were going through. I thought that possibly we weren't supposed to sell.

Jackie brought me back to KCC (Kelowna Christian Center) which had started a few years earlier. I told Arne what had happened. We returned home from church and decided what God's Word said was for us. We weren't to sell the house.

The realtor came on Monday with a cheque for the downpayment. We told her we were not selling. She was so angry because she lost the commission. No worries. We felt we were doing the right thing. Our hearts were settled. We had peace about everything.

Arne then started working for John Giesbrecht's company. He was their top installing insulation salesman. That year the government gave grants for people who wanted to update their homes. After one year, though, the grant was no longer available.

Arne located new employment with Bernie Eurchuk at New West Prime Beef, but he still wasn't making enough money to pay all the bills that were piling up. It was time to look for other employment.~

## The Lean Years

### Eva

After we paid our living expenses, we had little money left. More than once I said to Arne, “*Do you have any money for food?*” He would give me what little he could spare. I learned how to stretch the money. My home economics background served me well during these challenging times.

I taught piano to provide extra income. I had quite a few students. Some of them took part in the Music Festival. Several students took piano exams and received high marks. I was so proud of them.

Frank relocated to Vancouver, where he completed his Grade 12 schooling.

Even though Arne worked hard, our income didn’t exceed our output.

I can only say that we eked out a living.

### Arne

One day I was framing new homes when I fell eight to ten feet onto concrete. Ouch! I was in excruciating pain. My boss came and looked at me, but he didn’t think it was that bad. When he left, the pain was still unbearable. I managed to get home, but Eva was not

there. I called 911 and an ambulance came and picked me up to take me to the hospital.

When Eva came home and saw the car outside, she thought I was in the house or still in the garden. She couldn't find me.

The doctor phoned from the hospital and explained why I had been admitted. I had broken three ribs and punctured one lung. I was thankful that the damage was repairable. The consequences could have been much worse. I stayed in the hospital for four long days.

Eva came to see me every day and pray for me. What a loving wife. That is the only time I have ever been in a hospital. *"Thank you, Jesus."*

When I was unable to work construction, I took an investment course. I enjoyed the challenge. I studied hard, and I passed. It was almost like I came, I saw, and I conquered. Then I sold mutual funds and insurance. I built up a solid business and after several years, I sold it.

In God's plan for our lives, nothing we undertake is ever of little value. The little twists and turns that we encounter in our lives are all working for our good, if we would only allow Him to do the work.

## Eva

Arne and I were in trouble financially. The lending institution that held our mortgage decided to foreclose on our home. We believe it was an outright attack from the devil.

In 1986 the court ordered Arne and I to sell the home or secure another mortgage. We painstakingly put our home up for sale.

A couple from the city had a corner lot with a small house and yard. They wanted to trade houses with us. We even signed the papers for the trade. It was a good deal for them, but not for us. After we had signed, we were unhappy and could not sleep. I could make any house into a home, why was this place so special?

We phoned the real estate agent and said that we didn't want to sell. He said to us, "*Don't worry. The guy probably won't get a mortgage.*" While he was applying for a mortgage, some relatives came to visit us from Finland. It was timely. Arne and I travelled with them to California for a week.

When we returned home, the agent let us know that the fellow who wanted to buy our house had secured a mortgage. We started to pray and fast. What more could we do?

That week, Arne was scheduled to go to Lumby. But before he went there, the Holy Spirit spoke to him and said, "*You don't have to worry; today it is going to happen. The other guy will back out.*"

Arne travelled to Lumby and returned home about 5:30 pm. The real estate agent came to the house and had papers filled out declaring the fellow had backed out of the transaction. That was the same day the Word of the Lord came to Arne

We were told by a lawyer that these things just don't happen. We both knew it was because we had prayed. Oh, the faithfulness of God.



*Arne measuring out bee pollen*



*Raspberries all set to go to market*



Arne kept on working for Bernie Eurchuck. Arne asked some brothers for advice and they advised him to let the house go. No encouragement there. We kept on praying.

One day Arne went to see Bernie and asked for his advice. Bernie said, *“I can buy the place from you. When you get back up on your feet, I will sell it back to you at the same price. You can stay in the house and pay the mortgage and property taxes.”* WOW!!

It was all written down on paper. There was no money exchanged. We lived in the home through the seven lean years. When the interest came down quite a bit, we felt we should buy the house back. We did.

### **Arne**

We made the house, lost it, and bought it back. Now it is really ours. This is the same pattern God follows in our lives.

God created us. He lost us when Adam sinned, then Jesus died for our sins and bought us back. Now we are His.

During those seven years house prices had gone up considerably, but Bernie kept his promise.

*“Bernie, we are so thankful for you. May God bless you richly.”* ∞



*"I'm dreaming of owning one-hundred beehives."  
Arne at 13 years of age with neighbour's beehives in Sweden.*



*Arne's dream came true with his own beehives.*

## Christians in the Market Place

### Arne

We had renovated our downstairs suite for renters. The last Sunday in May of 1991, our renters saw a bee swarm in one of our nut trees. I went to look, and there they were. What a glorious sight!

Since I had some experience with bees from my years in Finland and Sweden, I knew how to handle them. I got hold of a cardboard box, cut off the branch with the bees on it, carried it into the garage, and put the cardboard box on top of it.

I became excited about it, but guess who wasn't at all happy? Eva!!

This joyous event turned into another interesting chapter in my life.

I had to check around to find a hive to put the bees in. I put a cardboard box in the yard. The bees built combs inside the box. I then had to find a real beehive. I checked around and someone suggested I call a bee-keeper. I went to see him and bought a box with

frames for the bees' new home. Then I had to transfer them from the cardboard box to the beehive.

I had bee fever!!

I immediately proceeded to the library and learned more about bee-keeping. The next summer I was drawing up twenty-five to thirty queen bees. After a couple of years, I had about thirty hives. Two years later, I had one-hundred plus beehives that I had yearned for when I was about thirteen years old.

We had so much honey that we had to sell it. This happened during the lean years, so we had extra income. At this time we started going to the Farmer's Market in Kelowna to sell the honey.

Because we had this big back yard, I planted raspberries. These were sold at the market as well. Several years we picked 1700 pounds of raspberries. "*Thank you,*" to all the berry pickers who were with us during those years. "*You were the cream of the crop.*"

We were at the market from May to October for thirteen years. Some days it was windy, rainy, cold, hot, etc. Other days it was all of the above in one day.

One market day it rained so hard, it was actually coming down in buckets. Only three of us were there that day, instead of the usual twenty or so. One brave customer came and bought something from the three of us. After that, we packed up and went home "*singing in the rain.*"

We met some very interesting characters at the market. This one particular fellow was usually quite negative. He used God's name in a cursing way. Eva had reached her limit with this fellow. She said to him, "*Do you know who Jesus is?*" He replied with a smirk

*Christians in the Marketplace*



*The best paid pickers came in small sizes.  
Larissa, Katrina, Philip, Arne, Michael*



*Eva picking raspberries in her back yard.*

on his face, “Yes.” Eva said, “*Jesus is my Saviour and my best friend.*” He left our stall and never returned. He avoided us from that point on.

While we were at the market, customers came from various places and bought our honey. Some people would ask for raspberries in July. Our raspberries were the late summer variety and available from August 15th to the end of October. When others had ended their crop, ours was just beginning.

During a good honey year, we harvested between 6-7,000 pounds. Our best year was 9,500 pounds.

Preparing for market day was time consuming. Berries had to be sorted, honey poured into the proper containers, bee pollen and propolis had to be cleaned of ants, grass, etc. We were usually at the market one hour before it opened to set up, then we had to take everything down again. We did this twice a week.

When the weather didn’t co-operate, we had to tie down the canvas tent or else it would have blown away. People call Chicago the “*Windy City,*” but they have not experienced a windy day at the market in Kelowna, British Columbia.

Every market day we walked around our stall and prayed for the vendors, our customers, and ourselves. This one particular day, Eva was alone. There were so many people coming to our stall that her hands were flying. She had bought herself something to eat and when she could finally sit and eat—it was cold.

Eva could sell raspberries. That was easy. When it came to bee-keeping, however, Eva was a novice. But she didn’t let that stop her. She listened and listened and listened to me explaining the in’s and out’s of

honey and bee-keeping to the Market customers and soon picked up the lingo. Before long, she conducted herself like a qualified “instructor,” answering all the questions just like a pro. “*Eva, I am so proud of you.*”

We can testify that our faith was stretched beyond our limit during the lean years, but God proved Himself faithful over and over again.

In 2006 we sold the bee business. At the same time, the last of the raspberry plants were removed from our backyard.

Hooray!!! No more market. ∞



*Arne reading the Stockmarket Report.  
Eva selling honey to a customer.*



*Rune and Kristina outside their home in Finland.*



*Arne's family reunion in Sweden 2006*



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CHAPTER TWENTY-FOUR

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## Reuniting Memories

### Arne's 80th Birthday

In 2006 we travelled to Finland and Sweden for Arne's 80th birthday. Liselotte accompanied us. It was so wonderful to return to sites and people that we had not seen for so long.

#### FINLAND

### Eva

My nephew, Rune, and his wife Kristina, took us sightseeing and showed us some places I didn't know about.

I have a girlfriend from my teenage years, Mildred. I thought I would phone her when I arrived in Finland.

We arrived in Finland quite early Friday morning. I thought I would phone Mildred on Monday. Rune took us out on Saturday for a nice sightseeing trip. We stopped at a country church where some people were having a Gideon's meeting about distributing Bibles.

A man greeted us and he introduced himself to me. I thought that his name sounded somewhat familiar. He said, *“I am Mildred’s brother.”*

I told him I had planned to call her. He said, *“I have my cell phone here. You can call her right now.”* He dialed her number and I talked to her husband as she wasn’t feeling well. It was a divine appointment.

### **Arne**

We attended a church meeting in Sion, Vasa, Finland. I spoke about some of my experiences with God. This was Eva’s home church where I had been the assistant pastor for several years. I mentioned in the service that this is where I met Eva, and it was the place that I had received a great gift from Vasa—my wife.

People eagerly responded to the Word and said they wanted more of God in their lives. It was a real move of God in the service. The pastor also asked me to pray for him to get a good wife.

## **SWEDEN**

### **Arne**

We had a big family re-union in Sweden. It was a perfect day; warm, with awnings in the yard. The same apple trees I grew up with still stood in the orchard.

The highlight of our trip was when we visited the house in Lindesberg where Sara and Liselotte were born. Our home was called Persbacken. This was the only house we bought in Sweden. We lived there for a few years. My sister Gittan and her husband, Ingemar, drove us from Stockholm to Lindesberg; a two to three hour trip.

We came to Persbacken and no one was home. We looked around, talked, then this man came walking on the road. He had a piece of paper in his hand and said to us, “*Are you the Lonnqvists?*” We said, “*Yes.*”

He told us that the day before, he had been sorting through his mom’s stuff—books and newspapers—and in one newspaper there was a picture of us from 1966. The local newspaper had interviewed us because we had been working with the Natives in Canada. He had that picture of us in his hand. What a God-incident.

Before we drove up to the house, there was a sign on a tree. It said “*Persbacken.*” We stopped there and took some pictures. Following that, the former neighbour saw us from his house. He thought this must be someone who had lived there before.

He had found the article about us the day before we came, while he was sorting through papers. He invited us into his home and we talked about old times.

We exchanged e-mail addresses and we have been corresponding ever since. I have testified to him of “*the goodness of the Lord in the land of the living.*”

Before we left Kelowna, people in our intercessory group prayed for us and said that we were going to have divine appointments. We believed this was one of them. ∞



*Chatting with the neighbour in Persbacken*



*Our house in Persbacken*

## More Dreams and Visions

### Arne

I had two open visions during the late 1980s and early 1990s that I want to share with you.

The first open vision was three pyramids. In the second one, I saw the number 2003 in three-inch numbers. I did not know what they meant. I thought, *“Maybe I am going to die that year.”* I figured I would be seventy-seven years old. That was the only thought I had over the years.

In the summer of 2003, we experienced a big fire in Kelowna. Several hundred homes burned down. We even had to evacuate our home.

When the fire started, there was a neighbourhood prayer meeting in the local school gymnasium. When I went to the prayer meeting, I looked at the front wall and there on the wall were three pyramids. I remembered the vision I had. I understood the year 2003 and the pyramids came together.

Before I had this dream, I had some questioning in my mind about my Mom. Then I had a dream. I saw

my Mom talking to me, embracing me. She looked like she was thirty-three years old. She was not looking old as we had last seen her. Dad was in the background. I knew for sure that she was in Heaven.

Another time, I saw Jesus in the clouds; it looked like He was leading a choir. He was ever so majestic that it left an impression on me. For several days I expected Jesus to come. For about six months after that, I was waking up from one to three hours every night, praying for pastors and revival in the Church. We had a move of God in our Church that same winter.

Yet again, I dreamt I saw a man and he came and embraced me. I knew it was Charles Finney. He had been a very significant person in my life. I had read his books since I was thirteen years old. In the Spirit, we know who it is.☞

## Investing

### Arne

I have done quite a bit of trading over the years.

In November 2003 I had invested approximately \$13,000 in options. In December, they were worth about \$3-4,000.

I was working in the garden cutting down raspberry canes when the enemy said to me, *“You should sell them before you have lost everything.”* I didn’t agree with that at all. I went and prayed about it.

When I went out again, this scripture verse came to me: *“Didn’t I tell you that if you believe, you will see the glory of God”* (John 11).

The Holy Spirit advised me when I should sell the options and He gave me guidance. He said I should sell them at a certain price. I waited and waited. The options expired the third Friday of January 2004.

It was the day before they expired that I sold them at the price the Holy Spirit gave to me. I sold them for more than \$23,000. I thought to myself, *“This is easy.*

*I only pray and God will show me.*” I think I became proud. I thought I could make it on my own.

I invested \$19,000 in options that expired in April 2004. In my mind came an amount what the options would be worth before that expiry date: \$115,000 to \$120,000. That was not impossible.

About one week before they expired, I had a dream. I was in a motorboat with two other people. They were the ones I had tried to help, so they invested a little bit. I put in most of the money to finance our venture.

In my dream I was driving the boat, but driving it backwards. The lake was calm. When I felt how far it was to the water line, it was only a couple of inches. The next moment, the boat went under the water. We lost the boat, but we were able to walk to the shore. We were wet and frozen. We lost the boat, which I felt was our investment.

I had this dream one or two days before Monday of the same week the options were to expire. When I woke up, I didn't think the dream was a warning. I thought that what I had in my mind (\$115,000) was from God. I thought that was what I was going to get. That was the enemy's temptation.

On Monday, the same week the options expired, they were worth \$40,000. I could have sold them and had a one-hundred percent profit. Deception caused me to think I could have sold them for more.

The Bank of Canada announced that the interest rate was going down on Tuesday. I thought that when it went down on Tuesday and the market was up on Monday, it would go up for the rest of the week. On Tuesday, it went almost straight down. When I sold



my options, they were worth \$1,500. It was a big loss. After they expired, they were worth almost nothing.

An illustration about our lives' expiry date can be found at the end of the book on page 183.

At this time, I had another dream. I saw a room that looked like a prison. Some people were sitting on chairs in front of a table with a gun pointed at their back. It was a disturbing dream.

I was not sitting on any chair; I was standing. I saw an open door and walked through it. No one could stop me. I walked into a bigger room, then onto the street. Then I said, "*Now I am going to the prayer meeting.*"

This is my interpretation of the dream. The first room was the "*credit card*" room. People carry a lot of debt and they cannot pay, so they go broke. That is why they have a gun pointed at their back. It is like they are being held hostage.

The bigger room was the "*mortgage*" room. Many people with big mortgages on their homes are having a tough time making their monthly payments.

God wants His people to be debt free.

This dream has not yet been fulfilled, but Eva and I continue to believe that it will.∞



*18 year old Arne preparing to preach*

## I Am Not Ashamed

### Arne

The one desire I have had my whole life is to be a soul winner. Here are some of my experiences.

One day I received some material from the 700 Club about a man who had been dead for three days and then came back to life. This man went to Heaven, visited hell, then met a pastor in hell who had been stealing money from the church.

I printed several thousand copies of this material. I felt that every home in our neighbourhood and city should read it and be warned about what will happen if they don't accept Jesus.

One Saturday morning before I went out witnessing, the enemy whispered into my ear, "*No one is reading that material.*" I did not listen to him.

That day the first person I met was a young man about twenty-six years of age. I went to his apartment first and talked with him about Jesus. I also left some material with him. Then I left and went to two other apartments in the same building.

After leaving the last apartment, I was going back to the car. On the way, the young man I talked to was on the street waiting for me to come. He asked me to share more on what I had given him. That was the answer to what the enemy had lied to me in the morning.

He had read all the material I gave him. He told me his parents were Baptist and he had grown up in a Christian home. At that time he was not attending any church. He was very interested and open. That was an encouragement to me.

On another occasion, I knocked on a door and no one was home. When I looked on the street I saw a van, so I knew the owner had just come home. I spoke to them through their car window. They said they were Baptist believers. They were interested in what I had to say. They shared that a long time ago they did the same thing I was doing, but did not do it any more.

When I left them, the man came out to meet me. He embraced me and said, "*Pray for me and my family.*" His family was not living for God and he wanted to talk to them. It was a divine appointment.

Not everyone was responsive to my work, or to my visits, but I kept on going.

I have always remembered this: If I am ashamed of Jesus, He will be ashamed of me before His Father and His angels.

When I came home, I was happier than when I first started. It was like I just returned home from a fiery revival meeting.☞

## "See What I Can Do"

### **Arne**

The pleasant summer of 2007 was *dèjà vu* regarding our finances, or should I say lack of finances. We had been faithful givers, but we had yet to see the blessing of the Lord in return.

We still had an outstanding mortgage on our home. We had overspent using credit cards and required more monies to keep the house going.

We asked the bank for extra money on the equity of the house, but our income was not good enough for them to extend credit to us.

The bank suggested a financial adviser should come and talk to us about our options. He was an employee of the same bank, but in the mortgage department.

The financial adviser said he could not do anything to help us. He further stated that he would probably see a FOR SALE sign on our front lawn in the spring.

We prayed about our dire situation. Eva was more worried than I was. We discussed selling the house

and buying a condo. Eva said, *“Let’s sell.”* She saw no way out. She was getting desperate.

I felt not to sell. I was determined to see victory in our lives.

## Eva

I was so desperate that I decided to eat one meal a day for three days. Towards the end of the first day I was standing at the kitchen sink when these words came to me, *“See what I can do.”* The voice was so soft, it was almost a whisper.

I thought the illustration about the still small voice was in the Bible, so I looked for it. I found it in 1 Kings 19. I read through the chapter about Elijah running from Jezebel and hiding in the cave. In verse nine the Lord said to Elijah, *“What are you doing here?”*

Elijah had this long list of excuses why he was in the cave. I felt I had said the same thing to God. We had tithed, etc., so where is the promise of sowing and reaping for the Lonnqvist family?

In 1 Kings 19, verses eleven and twelve talk about the wind, earthquake, and fire. God said to Elijah, *“Go stand at the entrance to the cave.”* After fire, there was a still small voice. When Elijah stood at the cave entrance God said, *“What are you doing here, Elijah?”*

Elijah had the same excuses again. God never said he was a really good boy, gave him a big pat on his shoulder, but said, *“Go, I have work for you to do.”* All that came to me.

I felt I had been living in a cave for a very long time. I thought I was beginning to leave the cave, but I was still standing in the entrance. I realized how danger-

ous it is to be in the entrance, because you can still slide back into the cave.

That is how God spoke to me regarding the whole situation about our home. I was set free. God told me, *“See what I can do.”* After that, selling or not selling didn’t matter to me.


### **Arne**

I went to visit a friend. He mentioned that he knew a company in Kelowna that gave them a good rate on their mortgage. I got the name of the company from him and phoned them. They said to come in. They gave mortgages not based on income, but equity. In about two weeks, everything went through.

The interest rate was lower than the bank was charging us. It was the right time to get out of the bank and into the mortgage company. It was definitely God’s divine guidance.

I had some money remaining from the monies the mortgage company gave us, so I invested the money. The Lord decided that it was time for the Lonnqvist’s to be blessed out of their socks.

*“Thank you, Lord, for your word, ‘See what I can do.’”*

Eva has often wondered if this word is actually in the Bible. As she was reading through Exodus one year later, verse 1 says, *“Then the Lord said to Moses, ‘Now you shall see what I will do to Pharaoh’”* (NKJ).



*Anni, Eva's sister-in-law, Eva and Arne standing beside their "Miracle Car."*



## Miracles

### Arne

When I was six years old, I had a toothache. I went into the living room, sat under a table, and prayed that Jesus would take away the pain. After that I went into the kitchen. Mom was baking.

All of a sudden, the toothache was worse. In the next moment, it was gone. That was the first answer to prayer that I had ever experienced.

One day in 1955 I was working in the garden and hurt my knee. I said to Eva that we should phone the doctor, which we did. The doctor advised me to go to the hospital right away, but we didn't go. Eva didn't have a driver's license. Eva said, "*Why don't we ask Brother Gustavson to pray?*" He was a farmer that lived close by.

Eva and I thought that he should come right away like Namaan and Elisha in 2 Kings 5.11, but he was more like Mary and Martha with their brother Lazarus in John 11. Jesus didn't go right away. He waited four days, much to the sisters' dismay.

Brother Gustavson came in the evening. While he sat on a little chair beside the bed, he prayed a very simple prayer. Brother Gustavson said, “*Tomorrow, you can walk.*” And I did. I walked at least two kilometers to church the following night, pain free. I have been that way since then, and I am now eighty-two years old.

One day I was driving to Lumby in our small car. Between Lake Country and Oyama, there is a lake called Wood Lake. As I was travelling by the lake, a pickup truck approached me from the other direction. He was trying to pass another vehicle and traveling well above the speed limit.

When he saw me, it was too late for him to get back into his own lane. He crossed in front of me and passed me on the right side between my car and the lake on the right. I kept on driving in my traffic lane. There was barely enough room on the shoulder that he could pass me on the right.

That was the closest to death I have been in my life. If he had hit me head on, I would not be here to testify of God’s grace.

I believe an angel took hold of my steering wheel and another angel took hold of the other man’s steering wheel, so we wouldn’t collide. It was a miracle.

I was very shaken up, but at the same time very thankful that the Lord spared my life. God still had work for me to do.

Another minor miracle occurred when I was working in the vegetable patch in my back yard. I lost my reading glasses. I went into the house and talked to

*Miracles*

Eva. We prayed. We tried to find the glasses, but they were lost for several months.

One day Eva was walking to the garden, looked down, and there were the glasses in the grass. They were not broken. I could have trampled over them with a wheelbarrow on many occasions. Before I found them, I used a magnifying glass to read.

We are so thankful that God is interested in the small things. ∞



*Pastor David Kalamen preaching at Springfield Kelowna Christian Center*

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CHAPTER THIRTY

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## Our Spiritual Home

### Arne and Eva

We heard through a reliable source that Pastor David Kalamen, who had been pastoring a church in North Vancouver, was returning to Kelowna to pastor a new church. We felt that God was prompting us to make a move from Evangel Tabernacle, so we fasted and prayed for several days. There was an awful lot of opposition in the spiritual realm.

One night, behind the foot of the bed, there was an evil power in the room. Arne shouted at the top of his voice, *“Get out of here in the name of Jesus.”* We felt there was spiritual warfare going on for quite some time. After one week a voice said to Arne, *“You will be surrounded by two angels on the right, the left, in front, and behind.”*

When Pastor Dave came, KCC (Kelowna Christian Center) was founded. We then decided to transition ourselves to a new spiritual home.

We had made many friends at Evangel and are very thankful for the years that we spent there.

Our first church service at KCC was conducted in 1982 at the Capri Hotel. Approximately fifty people were in attendance. Then we moved to Winniger's Post House, a night-club in the evenings and on the week-end. Our motto there was, *"If you can find us, you can join us."*

Eva was happy again that she could be involved in the music end of the church. She felt that even if she made some mistakes singing, it didn't matter; she was amongst family.

Because the church didn't have a permanent home, we only had one morning service. The week seemed ever so long, so we greatly anticipated every Sunday morning's arrival.

Kelowna Christian Center re-located to a new home on Springfield Road in an old warehouse. These are some of our special memories.

LORI

Prayer has always been a key component of our lives. We met Lori and invited her to our home. A special friendship developed almost immediately. She had a heart for people, specifically those who are bound by sin and demonic influence.

As an intercessory prayer group, we reached out to people and prayed for them. We saw many set free. We had to be prepared by prayer and fasting.

FRED AND HIS LADY

Fred was a carpenter and he aided Lori in the practical things of life, but soon found his way into her heart and they married. What a perfect pair they were. After they honeymooned, we had a reception for them at the church. I had written a song especially for them.

KELOWNA CHRISTIAN CENTER

One memory we have of the beginning years has to do with our intercessory prayer group at that time.

A number of us joined together very early every Sunday morning. We earnestly prayed throughout the entire building, preparing the way for the presence of God to inhabit our meetings.

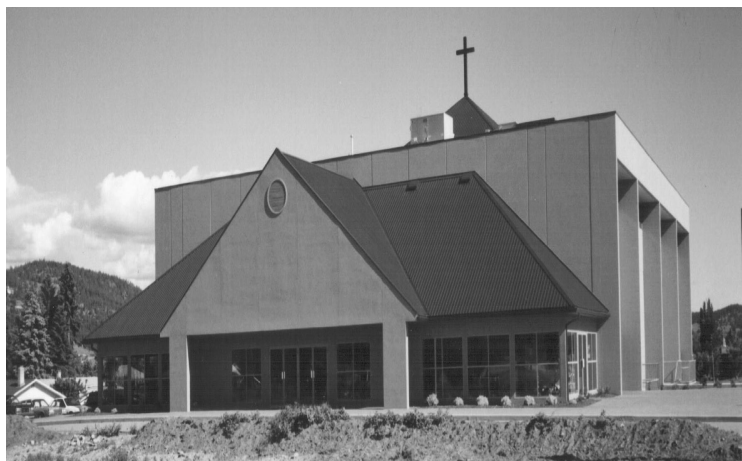
One Sunday turned into a very unusual meeting: there wasn't one. After a very long praise and worship session Pastor Dave said from the pulpit, "*I don't know what is happening here this morning.*"

Our intercessory prayer group quickly looked at each other with a grin on their faces. We knew what had taken place. It was such a God-moment.

KCC was growing and needed a bigger home with more parking. God supernaturally opened a door to buy property in Rutland. We transitioned to our new home in May of 1996.

We attended a home Bible study group with Sister Jean Sandgren as the teacher. She was able to bring new revelation to us on things we had read many times before. She has since gone on to be with the Lord, but we still miss her.

After Sister Jean passed away, we decided to join with Kathleen Aylward's intercessory prayer group. We have so appreciated Kathleen's leadership and the



*New home of Kelowna Christian Center*



*David Kalamen, Arnold Kalamen, Jean Sandgren  
"I was glad when they said to me, 'Let us go to the House of the Lord.'"*



*Our Spiritual Home*

unity in the Spirit amongst the intercessors. Kathleen also has a heart for people, her city, and her country.

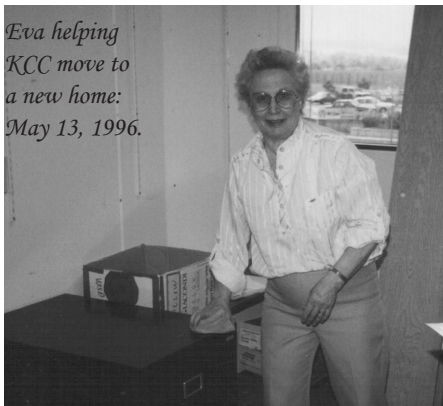
For a few years, Arne was the head usher.

We have greatly appreciated Pastor Dave and his wise leadership in our lives and at KCC.

**Israel**



*Arne, Hugh McClelland, and Karl Schneider share a few laughs at Pastor Dave's 50th birthday bash at Mission Creek Park, August 17, 2002.*



*Eva helping KCC move to a new home: May 13, 1996.*



*Our Friends, "The Prime Timers."*

In 2004 we had the opportunity to travel to Israel for eleven days with our pastor, David Kalamen, and a few other members of the congregation. There were also several other people from different churches in the city and from across the nation. It was a life-long dream for both Arne and myself.

One of the first places we visited was Caesarea, by the Mediterranean. We saw an outdoor theater built by Herod the Great.

Someone in the group asked me to go down onto the stage and sing for everyone. Pastor Dave suggested I sing, "*His Eye Is On the Sparrow*." The acoustics was so good that people seated quite some distance from the stage could hear me sing.

*Our Spiritual Home*



*Eva and Pastor Dave in Caesarea  
Eva preparing to sing, "His Eye is on the Sparrow."*

We stayed in a kibbutz called Maagan at the southern tip of the Sea of Galilee. The food was excellent.

We enjoyed a boat ride on Noah's Ark. The wind picked up quite strongly before we came to Tiberius. Some members of the group sang and danced with such enthusiasm and joy that our guide, Itai, was mesmerized by what he saw.

During the 1990s the water level at the Sea of Galilee went down six meters. We visited a boat that was found in the mud near Kibbutz Ginosar. The boat was excavated and sprayed with a foam called plastic emballage to keep it in tact. Scientists say it is from the time of Jesus and called it the "*Jesus boat*."

The Dead Sea is located 417 meters below sea level. Because the salt content is so high, you can only float.



*Group picture on Mount of Olives in Israel*

That was a relief to some of us who can't swim. Once you are floating, you can't put your feet on the bottom. You can only paddle until you reach the shore.

The highlight for us was the Garden of Gethsemane. The pain Jesus experienced became so real to us. The olive trees in the Garden are very old.

We enjoyed communion where the Empty Tomb is located. We heard a choir singing. It was fantastic. Just like Heaven will be. The presence of God consumed us.

When we had communion, the cups used were made of olive trees. We were allowed to bring them home with us as a souvenir. We use these cups for our daily devotions in the morning.

It was nice to visit the land that we have read about. It is amazing what the Israelis have done with the land to make it agriculturally friendly.

We pray that one day we will be able to return.

## Ottawa

In 2006 we travelled to Ottawa with our intercessory prayer group for the Dominion Conference. We stayed at the International House of Prayer.

We took a tour of the Parliament Buildings which was very interesting. To us, our love for Canada was stronger after we visited there.☞



*Kathleen Aylward (first lady left, back row) captained our intercessory prayer group on a trip to Ottawa, the capital of Canada.*



*KCC congregation rejoicing when our first \$100,00 was raised for Missions.*

## Our Home

### Soren

You have been a blessing to us since you were born. We are so thankful that God answered our prayers for a healthy and happy baby.

You were so lively almost from day one. You brought so much life to us then, and you still do.

In Persbacken when you were about five years of age, you wanted to surprise me with breakfast in bed for Mother's Day.

Dad had to go to work early in the morning, so you prepared everything the night before.

In the morning, you got up and put everything on the tray. You carefully crept up the stairs in this old house and just before you reached the bedroom, you tripped. Everything went over the floor. You were so disappointed. You wanted to surprise me. I felt so sorry for you.

One evening you were out visiting a friend. You were only about seven at the time. Mom needed you

home early, because she was tired and wanted to retire sooner than usual.

When she went to bed you weren't home, so she locked the door. She thought you would call her from below the window when you came home.

Sometime later, she woke up and you were standing in the room. You had climbed onto a bike and let yourself into the house through an open pantry window.

You were about eight when Mom had the radio on and Louis Armstrong was playing his trumpet. You started weeping and she said, "*Soren, what in the world is the matter? Why are you weeping?*" You said, "*He is playing the trumpet so beautifully.*" Even at such a young age, you were very sensitive.

When you were about ten or eleven years old, we lived in Stockholm. We had moved from our previous home to another house clear across the city, but you still attended the same school that was close to where we had originally lived.

Because you were a student, you had a pass on the underground railway; however, it was necessary for you to travel before four o'clock in the afternoon.

Not too far from the school was a Christian bookstore. The ladies in the store knew you and allowed you to sit and read. One day you forgot all about the time. It was past four o'clock—your traveling time.

You didn't have any money with you and you didn't want to borrow any, so you started walking.

You followed the same route as when we drove. It took you more than an hour to get home. We were so



*Our Home*

worried about you, but you managed to assess the situation wisely and arrived home safe and sound.

It seems, Soren, there is never anything impossible for you to accomplish. You find a way where there seems to be none.

When we came to Bella Coola, you saw the Natives play and sing. Then you wanted a guitar of your own.

You found this guitar at Sears; it cost \$36. You had to save up for it for about six months. Every time we had devotions, you asked God to help you get that guitar. When you had saved up enough, you bought it.

As a teenager, you would come home and go to your room and play your guitar. The house was full of life.

In Williams Lake you worked so hard on playing the guitar, so you could play like Chet Atkins. You did it. You were on the AIM team and we saw how God



*“The Gospel Bluebirds”  
Warren (drums), Soren, William, Delmar*

molded your life during that time. Your musical talent has followed you into your recording studio.

Soren, you and Lorraine have blessed us with two wonderful grandchildren: Teesha and Cory.

We watched how you conducted your life during your divorce to Lorraine. It was difficult for you, but we are so pleased that your life has been blessed with Janice. She has become such a wonderful addition to our family, along with her two children: Chad and Vanessa. We love them like our own grandchildren.

### Liselotte

You were a blessing from day one: calm and gifted with a quiet strength. As a baby you slept and ate, then slept again. You were every mother's dream.

One midsummer eve we wanted to have something special for dinner, so you helped me get everything ready. You were almost four at that time. We set the table with really nice white napkins and good china.

When it was time to eat, we called your Dad to come in. He came from the garden in his work jeans and sat down to eat. Then we saw how comical it was. The fancy table setting, your dad in his work clothes, and a fancy white linen napkin on his lap. How we laughed!

As a teenager, there were days when I wondered what I was going to cook the family for supper. You would usually say to me, "*What do you have in the fridge?*" You always created something.

When you were younger, you were a woman of few words. When you spoke, however, what you said was always worth listening to. You took after your Dad.

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*"I'm thinking of cooking something really good!"*

*Liselotte, five years old, in Sweden.*

You and Gerald have blessed us with three wonderful grandchildren: Tegan, Andrea, and Benjamin.

When Gerald asked you to marry him, you said, "Yes." That was a big surprise to us. You had previously said you were not going to marry, but be a generous aunt to your nieces and nephews.

*"Gerald, we are so very thankful that God brought Liselotte such a wonderful husband."*

Liselotte, you said when you were a teenager that you wanted to work in an office. You prophesied over your life and it came to pass. You are now working with Focus on the Family.

Thank you so much, Liselotte and Gerald, for opening your home up for many Christmas gatherings for the family. Your excellent food and baking always left an impression on us. The weight we carried home wasn't usually in our luggage.

During the difficult times, you have never given up. You always prove yourself by steadily walking forward. You are a true example of the scripture that says, *“In quietness and confidence shall be your strength.”*

## Sara

When we had you dedicated to the Lord the pastor prayed and said, *“God, take her voice, hands, and feet. Make her a blessing.”*

We could see quite early in your life how much you loved music. You were a born musician. You also loved to sing, hitting the high notes.

In Bella Coola you owned over twenty dolls. You looked after the dolls, just like a Mom would. God was preparing you for a big family.

When you were seven or eight years old, you said to me, *“When I am grown up, I want to be a teacher, Sunday school teacher, missionary, and a mother. Can I be all that?”* You are, and even more.

When we were living in Williams Lake, your Dad dreamed there was a star coming down from Heaven. When it came to him, the star changed to you, Sara. You came and sat on Dad’s lap. You were about ten years old at that time.

When he woke up and thought about the dream, Daniel 12.3 came to mind: *“Those who lead others to righteousness shall glitter like the stars forever and ever”* (Living Bible). We knew that you would be a soul winner, winning many to Christ.

You excelled academically, graduating at the top of your class from Kelowna Senior Secondary. You were, and still are, a hard worker.

*Our Home*



*Sara and her collection of dolls*

At YWAM, you met Kelly. The first time we saw him, it was like he already fitted into our family. It was as though we had known him for many years. He was not a stranger to us.

*“Kelly, you have been a God-brought blessing into our lives.”*

Thank you ever so much Sara and Kelly for the six wonderful grandchildren you have blessed us with: Jessica, Katrina, Philip, Michael, Larissa, and David.

Sara, you have tenaciously pursued your goal by continuing with your education in music.

I often think of the times when I sang with you and Liselotte in Williams Lake in the Music Festivals and in the church. It was a joy for me as a mother to perform with my two wonderful daughters. Our trio was called the Maple Twig Trio. This is how Lonqvist is translated into English.



*Maple Twig Trio  
performing in Williams Lake for their church celebration*

## Frank

Your entrance into our lives was God-ordained. You have such a gentle nature.

You were fond of cats, even as a child. Every cat we had was named Tusse.

In grade four, in Williams Lake, you had an exam in social studies and it was a long test. Sara and I helped you prepare for it. You had the second highest mark of all your classmates. We helped you to learn, but you applied yourself.

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When the teacher phoned me to tell me the good news about your high mark, Sara and I were so happy for you that we jumped and shouted for joy.

You were also baptized in water in Williams Lake. When we had the Christmas programme, you sang a solo. We were so proud that you boldly stepped out and performed.



*Frank (about 2 years old) and Tusse*

In Williams Lake your creativity in drawing came to light. You would sit and doodle and, in no time, your doodling produced a picture.

May you continue pursuing this talent.

One springtime I had been in Vancouver helping Liselotte. She had been looking after a young boy. I changed his diapers one day. The baby was so heavy that my back re-acted. When I came home to Kelowna I had planned to rake the front lawn, but couldn't. You said to me, "*Can I pray for you?*"

You laid hands on me and said, "*By Jesus' stripes, you are healed.*" It didn't take long before I was out working again.

*"Frank, I am so grateful you were obedient and sensitive to the Holy Spirit. That is a gift."*

We thank God for you and continue to pray for God's divine guidance in your life.∞



*Our Home*



*Arne and Eva's 50th Wedding Anniversary*



*Tegan and Greg, 2002*



*Teesha and Darren, 2006*



*Laura and Chad, 2007*

*Our Home*



*Gerald and Liselotte, Frank, Janice and Soren, Eva and Arne, Sara and Kelly*



*Grandkids*



*Four Generations: Eva, Liselotte, Tegan, baby Emma*



*Four Generations: Arne, Teesha, Soren, baby Aiden*

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CHAPTER THIRTY-TWO

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## The Faithfulness of God

Carol Cymbala wrote the song, “*He’s Been Faithful,*” before a crisis hit their home. Some of the words she penned during that time have meant so much to Arne and myself.

*God, you have been faithful to us.  
Looking back, Your love and mercy we see.  
Though in our heart we have questioned.  
Even failed to believe, yet  
You have been faithful, faithful to us.*

We hope you have enjoyed reading a glimpse into our lives: past, present, and future. It is an encouragement to see what God has done in our lives. He truly has been faithful. ∞

JANUARY 2004

I had been to Vancouver for a treatment for my eye. After the treatment, I gave the nurse a tract about a man in Nigeria who had been dead for three days.

At the bus station restaurant, I had something to eat. When I left the washroom, there was an opening on the way out. A tall man was standing there. He held his hands together, face up, and said to me, *“Please bless my hands.”*

I asked him if he was a Christian and he replied, *“Yes.”* I put my hands on top of his. I said to him, *“May these hands be blessed like Jesus’ hands, so every person they touch will bring healing.”*

He kissed me on one cheek first, and then the other. It was twelve o’clock noon and the bus was leaving at twelve fifteen, so I had to leave.

On the bus a strange feeling came over me. On the way home to Kelowna, I was weeping half the way home. Shortly after I arrived home, the Holy Spirit came over me and I received a prophecy.

The prophecy said, *“Why are you sleeping, Saints of Kelowna? WHY are you sleeping? Why are YOU sleeping? Why are you SLEEPING? **Wake up! Wake up! Wake up!** Get some oil in your lamps and vessels!” Get some oil in your lamps and vessels!”* Matthew 25. 1-13.

*Be filled with the HOLY SPIRIT! Be FILLED with the HOLY SPIRIT! Be filled with the HOLY SPIRIT!* Ephesians 5.19.

*I am coming soon! I am coming VERY soon! I am coming VERY, VERY, VERY soon, saith the Lord. Revelation 22.20.”* ❧

*Dear Friends and Readers of this book,*

Your life has an expiry date. You don't know when it will be. Only God knows.

If you are the owner of all the gold and silver in this whole planet earth and said to God, "*I give you all of this, if you will give me eternal life,*" He would say, "*No! Eternal life for you is worth much more. You cannot make this trade.*"

But if you say, "*I am a sinner, please forgive me and cleanse me from my sins by the precious blood of Jesus,*" He will give you eternal life as a free gift. What a wonderful trade.

As I was warned before the expiry date when I was investing, you have also been warned before your life's expiry date. This might be your last warning. If you don't act now, it could very well be too late. When you wake up in hell the demons will mock you and say, "*Why didn't you trade your sins for eternal life before you died. What a fool you were.*"

I love you and God loves you. He does not want you to be lost forever.∞

*Arne*

