

My Retirement Party--Vol. 9, No. 12--March 20, 2015

As some may know we're fans of PBS's Mystery program. For years Linda and I have enjoyed the various series presented from Miss Marple to Inspector Morris, Brother Cadfael to Lord Peter Wimsey, and of course the sleuth of 221B Baker Street and his protégé. One might think that with our exposure to all this deductive reasoning and the details of conversation I could not be fooled. Well think again! My friends and colleagues on the Administrative Council totally duped me last week. They surprised me with a most excellent retirement party. I had no idea until it happened.



Bill Reist, head conspirator

As Bill Reist closed the meeting on Tuesday afternoon he reminded everyone that the evening meal was a formal affair requiring appropriate dinner wear. I wondered to myself whatever could he be talking about. Suddenly the lights came on in my hall of memory. People had said things to me that didn't quite add up, but I read nothing into them being the trusting soul that I am. As soon as the meeting adjourned I went to my office and called Linda to inquire on her whereabouts. I reasoned that nobody would plan such a thing without including her. I found her answers evasive.

On Bill's recommendation I went home to get a tie and returned to the office to do some work while waiting for the dinner hour. About 5:45 p.m. I figured I ought to go and mingle with those already in the building. What did I find, but no caterer, no people, and no cars in the parking lot but mine. Well Watson, obviously the party was someplace else, but where? No one gave me a location, and it wasn't on the agenda sheet, just the time 6:00 p.m. What to do? I called Linda, then Bill Reist, and finally another friend. None of them answered their phones. So, I deduced that the meal would likely be at College First Church, Winebrenner Seminary, or the University of Findlay. I did think about going home and waiting for a call, but decided instead to drive to campus and see if I could find the party.



Roger and Katherine Fell

On my way Bill called and told me to show up at the Mazza Museum and all would become clear. So I did, and my surmise proved correct, but I had been had by all. I found out Linda came to Findlay on Sunday, and was not in PA as I had assumed. Lesson learned: never assume, especially with your wife. Nevertheless it was a very nice surprise after all. The evening began with hors d'oeuvres and a time of socialization followed by dinner. The Mazza Museum made the perfect setting for the evening.



Ben Sapp, Mazza Museum Director

After greetings from the museum's director, Ben Sapp, Dick Wilkin offered the invocation with Phil Scott and Bill Reist jointly emceeing the festivities and introducing the various participants. Dave Welker and Sarah Walker Baumgardner also each provided a vocal solo during the evening. As may be imagined I took a bit of ribbing from the speakers, Kathy Fell, Dave Draper, and Don Dennison, but it was all in good fun.



Dick Wilkin



Don Dennison shares a few remarks



Dave Draper

When the comments ended, Bill and his wife Judy presented Linda with a beautiful bouquet of flowers and both of us a diamond-block pattern open compote made in Findlay (1888-1914).





Ed's rebuttal

Then it was my turn to say a few words. I first thanked everyone in the room for their partnership in the Lord's work and for the wonderful evening. I also offered a rejoinder to the speaker's remarks as one must defend one's own uniqueness even if it may seem a bit idiosyncratic to some. We all laughed. I next took everybody back to a cold December night forty-four years ago when I knelt in the darkened sanctuary of the Church of God in Shippensburg and prayed. I told God my life was fully his and I would serve him to the end of my days. I also realized that night Linda was to be my life partner.

Our rule in ministry has been to walk through whatever doors God opens, but never to be presumptuous and make it happen. So it was when we were asked to direct the Eastern Region and subsequently the General Conference, we said yes. We had to do so. The decision to go where he calls was made back at the beginning. I used to jest that I'd never move to Findlay unless the Lord sent a great fish to swallow me and spew me out on the banks of the Blanchard River. Lesson learned: Never say never to the Lord. In a few months time we head back to Pennsylvania, but the Lord has not fully revealed his plans to us yet. We do know he always goes before us, and when he's ready he'll show us his will. So, we're looking for his subtle clues (or should I say cues?), and attempting to avoid any red herrings.



Ed and Linda Rosenberry

ONE Mission together,
Ed
Soli Deo Gloria!

Winebrenner Seminary in Search of New President

With Dr. David Draper's approaching retirement, Winebrenner Theological Seminary, Findlay, Ohio is seeking its next President. Candidates should have an earned doctorate; organizational leadership and managerial skills; demonstrated ability to understand, articulate, and carry out fiscal, academic, and institutional responsibilities; a welcoming and affirming spirit for a broad range of theological perspectives while maintaining an evangelical position; an understanding of governance within theological education; the ability to communicate and network with a variety of constituencies; and the ability to support the school's mission, vision, core values and basic beliefs. Details will be posted at <http://www.winebrenner.edu>, and *curriculum vitae* may be sent to:

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