

**From:** [McCoy, Erin J](#)  
**To:** [Graham, Leslie](#)  
**Subject:** Re: Reading & Singing - 4/4/13 - Clearing Hurdles  
**Date:** Thursday, April 25, 2013 10:11:00 AM

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From: Jim Tasker [REDACTED]  
Sent: Thursday, April 04, 2013 2:58 PM  
To: Wenger, Fred & Bea  
Cc: Hall, Lowell H; DR. RUSSELL & MRS. HELEN (JOHNSON) METCALFE; Mark Metcalfe  
Subject: Re: Reading & Singing - 4/4/13 - Clearing Hurdles

Fred, my wife and I will add additional prayerful support for what you have already accomplished with your prior ENC Scholarship funding supportive ideas and actions. You & Bea have set wonderful examples in encouraging all us to support Eastern Nazarene College through Scholarship and other important funding. May many more follow the example you and Bea have set.

Exactly like yours, my ENC history began with the call to the ministry, and then a letter to Mrs. Nease. Her quick response was very encouraging, & I began ENC within weeks after 4 year naval service discharge when I walked off the USS Johnnie Hutchins (DE-360) at Boston Naval Shipyard in July 1957. I was 4 years older than my ENC-entering classmates. Lowell Hall and Bill Webb and the Metcalfes and the Laudermilks and others I had grown up with at Akron 1st Church were mostly seniors, or had already graduated. My oldest sister's name, like yours, was Roberta. Throughout her life Roberta called me her son since she was present as a young girl at my birth on that February 1935 day in an old, cold Tallmadge, Ohio farmhouse. We will prayerfully honor this year's 1961 ENC class scholarship funding in remembering our sister Roberta, accompanied by a story of her remarkable life. Fred, we very, very much admire your writing skills, and warmly appreciate the messages they convey involving Boston Chapel history and personal history. ... and how we love that hymn of consecration you sent:

Take my will, and make it Thine,  
It shall be no longer mine;  
Take my heart, it is Thine own,  
It shall be Thy royal throne.  
It shall be Thy royal throne.  
Once again, thank you. Jim & Myrta Tasker

On Wed, Apr 3, 2013 at 8:48 PM, Wenger, Fred & Bea

[REDACTED] >> wrote:

The first big hurdle was successfully scaled. I came out in the open with my Pastor about a call to preach. I came away from that encounter with an address for the Registrar at Eastern Nazarene College, Mrs. Madeline Nease. (You have to remember this was before cell phones and we didn't just call people on the phone.)

I decided to tackle telling next oldest and still at-home Sister, Roberta. I told her as soon as I arrived home that Sunday evening. To my surprise Roberta seemed to accept it very well. She encouraged me to tell Mother. Mother was in bed already so I didn't deal with it that night. At this point, though very sympathetic toward God and the things of God, Mother hadn't yet made her profession of faith or begun worshiping regularly with other Christians at the church. I did approach her the very next day. To my relief, Mother received my news easily and with her customary tears. She seemed proud and happy that God was leading me this way.

Next on my list was writing Mrs. Nease at ENC. Very quickly she got back to me. I received a favorable response to the suggestion that since I had so much High School to finish that I could begin with Summer School. However, the time line was getting very short. I would have to be leaving in a little more than a week. How could I ever tell Mr. Harold, the man who had become a father figure to me?

I went to work very pre-occupied with needing to tell him as soon as possible. On one hand I knew that I needed to launch right into finishing up High School. On the other hand there was not enough time for a standard two weeks notice. Somewhere in that first day of knowing I was going to college to begin studying for the ministry, I found the time and lull in our work and blurted out the words. "Mr.

Harold, I'm going to be quitting work here in a week to go to College to study to be a minister." Mr. Harold received it with just with a twinge of surprise. He seemed to know to not make it hard on me. At the end of a very brief conversation he said, "Fred, you are on a track to make it very well as a Florist. In another year you could be making at least \$100 a week." (In those days, that was a very good salary.) You could work for Ridenours or any florist in Philadelphia. You could even get a few years more experience and open up your own shop. He continued, "If you are going to college to become a minister to earn money in that profession, I want to caution you that ministers don't make very much money." I answered quickly, "I'm not thinking at all about money. I just feel strongly that God has made it clear to me that he wants me to become a preacher." "In that case, you will be missed, but I wish you well. Preaching is an honorable profession."

That conversation helped immensely.

Things I did not consider were that Ridenours' would be having a very busy June with weddings. I would not be around to do my part. I did not think of the impact of my following my call would have [REDACTED] who all had quit school to help out at home and never were able to go back to finish High School let alone go to College. \*

I made the rest of the arrangements and prepared to take the bus trip to Quincy, MA on June 1st, the day after my 18th birthday. I was a young man with a call, in a hurry to catch up with others my age who had already graduated. It probably helped that I had next to no clue at all about what the calling involved.

Did Abraham have some of my set of feelings when God told him to pick up and move? Excitement and faith mixed with anxiety to begin a very new adventure?

In those days I found meaning in singing---

Take My Life and Let It Be

Verse 1:

Take my life, and let it be  
Consecrated, Lord, to Thee;  
Take my moments and my days,  
Let them flow in ceaseless praise.  
Let them flow in ceaseless praise.

Verse 2:

Take my hands, and let them move  
At the impulse of Thy love;  
Take my feet, and let them be  
Swift and beautiful for Thee.  
Swift and beautiful for Thee.

Verse 3:

Take my voice, and let me sing  
Always, only, for my King;  
Take my lips, and let them be  
Filled with messages from Thee.  
Filled with messages from Thee.

Verse 4:

Take my silver and my gold:  
Not a mite would I withhold;  
Take my intellect, and use  
Ev'ry pow'r as Thou shalt choose.  
Ev'ry pow'r as Thou shalt choose.

Verse 5:

Take my will, and make it Thine,  
It shall be no longer mine;  
Take my heart, it is Thine own,  
It shall be Thy royal throne.  
It shall be Thy royal throne.

Verse 6:

Take my love, my Lord, I pour  
At Thy feet its treasure store;  
Take myself, and I will be,  
Ever, only, all for Thee.  
Ever, only, all for Thee.

Words: Frances R. Havergal 1874.

Fred

\* Bea and I, along with other family members, have begun giving towards a scholarship at Eastern Nazarene College in honor of those four sisters, now deceased, who sacrificed to make things better for me. "The Four sisters Scholarship" is well on its way to becoming endowed at \$10,000. My hope and prayer is that we will reach at least \$25,000.

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Web site: [www.jimtasker.us](http://www.jimtasker.us)< [REDACTED] (This Boston Chapel history site is being updated. Thank you to you all who have sent photos & documents to the Archives for future generations.)

Preferred Email address: [REDACTED]