

Sacred Spaces

Exploring Houses of Worship in the Ozarks

Williams Memorial Chapel



(PHOTO COURTESY OF PAUL AND MARGERIE ZELLER.)

On the campus of The College of the Ozarks is the Williams Memorial Chapel and Bell Tower which have stood as centerpieces of the historical side of the college since 1958. The Chapel is an outstanding example of neo-Gothic architecture. It has an eighty-foot-high vaulted ceiling and impressive stained glass windows. Attached to the Chapel is the Hyer Bell Tower. Sunday services beginning at 11 a.m. are open to the public. It is a beautiful testament to hard work and artistic architecture.

The College of the Ozarks is an awesome school, preparing well rounded adults and a great point of interest to tour during your Ozarks visit. Stop on by and take a campus tour if you have a prospective college student in your family, or at least collect some information for them in case they might be interested. You can pick up some handmade crafts, foods and other items at the Welcome Center or the fruitcake and jelly kitchen. Enjoy your visit to “Hard Work U” and see how all that hard work is paying off for a most attractive campus environment! ■

Called to the Army

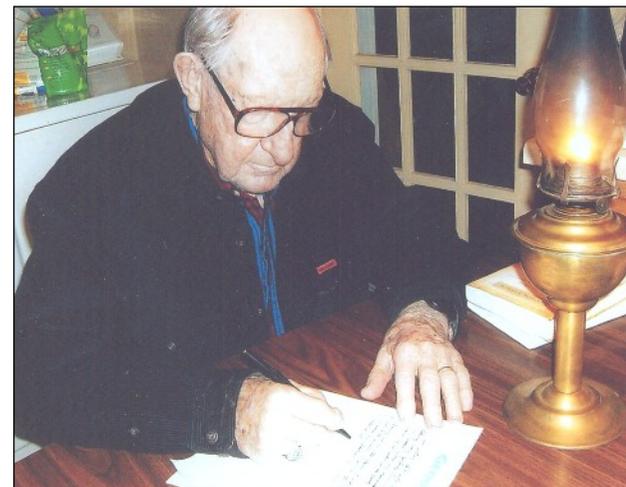
BY C. J. GREER

It was the month of November, 1944, when six or seven young men were standing around the bus depot, in Gillette, Wyoming, waiting for the bus that would take them to Fort Logan, Denver, Colorado, to be inducted into the armed forces in WW II. I was part of that group. Wyoming was scraping the bottom of the barrel to meet their quota for Uncle Sam. Most of us had children. Carrie Ann was about two, and Glen Ray was still a baby. I was really heartsick, but I put on a brave front, playing with them, and acting like I was going on a fun trip. I was able to keep the tears back as I kissed them and Carrie goodbye.

I was waving and laughing at them as we pulled away, and one of the women standing there, said to Carrie, “I can’t believe he is really their daddy.” And acting it was! I was never so heartsick and fearful in my life. “Oh God, please don’t leave me now.”

We arrived in Fort Logan, about 5 a.m., just in time to be marched off to breakfast, and to the infirmary for a couple of shots. Then we were issued our Army clothes, and said goodbye to our civilian duds. By this time all I am seeing are soldiers, all dressed in their khakis, milling around like a bunch of ants—soldiers everywhere! A strong feeling of claustrophobia swept over me. I felt I just had to get away, to stay in that surrounding was to die. I can’t express the loneliness and despair I was feeling.

I asked someone who I could see to get an overnight pass, and they pointed out a burly First Sergeant, and when I approached him and asked for an overnight pass. He exploded. He started cursing me with about every adjective in the book. I was so embarrassed. A Lieutenant happened to hear the commotion, and came over to see what was going on. “Why are you addressing this soldier like that, Sergeant?” The Sergeant replied, “This is the first day in the Army for him, and he has the nerve to ask for an overnight pass.”



C. J. Greer, (1921–2013) recalled this story as well as many others while writing his memoirs by an oil lamp. Rev. Greer, my father-in-law, was a real cowboy from Gillette, Wyoming, and founding pastor of Highway Assembly of God church in Brighton, Missouri.

“Give it to him!” said the Lieutenant. And you should have seen that old Sergeant wilt! I gave him a big smile, and walked off with my pass.

I should go down in Guinness Book of Records, as I am sure I’m the only soldier in history that got one, except someone who got a medical or emergency leave. Well I found the bus, and went back into Denver, and got me a motel room. I got in that room, locked the door and started praying. I never remember getting in bed. I DO remember finding the Gideon Bible in the room, and walking and praying, and reading that Bible all night, promising God, that when He brought me back home, I would answer the call to the ministry.

I read the 91st Psalm, the 23rd Psalm, and others. Thank God for the Gideon’s and their wonderful ministry of putting Bibles in every motel and hotel room.

Along toward morning, a wonderful peace came over my soul. The Lord didn’t speak in an audible voice, but I heard it anyway! “Fear not my son I will bring you back to your family.” Man! I caught the next bus back to camp, and I never had another anxious moment for the rest of my term.

My heart was filled with joy, and my Army experience was one of the best times of my life. I really enjoyed the Boot Camp training and every section of Army life! I was asked many times how I could be so happy, regardless of the harsh training, Boot Camp was back then. I had a good testimony and only regret I didn’t give it more often. ■



Sergeant Greer, Puerto Rico.