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## **I. PARKER MAXEY -- MORE THAN A BROTHER TO ME** **By Duane V. Maxey**

A Digital Tribute To Irl Parker Maxey, My Brother

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### **Part 1** **MORE THAN A BROTHER TO ME**

My father was Irl VanCleve Maxey. Parker and I were the only two of my father's sons who were called to preach, he receiving our father's first name:-- (IRL) Parker Maxey, and I receiving our father's middle name: Duane (VANCLEVE) Maxey. In reality, we were but half-brothers, but I. Parker Maxey was to me MORE THAN A BROTHER: he was a brother, a father, and a faithful friend. Born some 22 years before I was, he was the son of our father's first wife, Jesse (Caldwell) Maxey.

There were 8 children from papa's first marriage, Parker being the third. Shortly after the birth of the eighth child, Gale Edward Maxey, Jesse passed away, and papa married my mother, Adelaide Dolores Chandler. Some of papa's first eight children were still in the home when I was born, but not Parker. Nonetheless, when I was 18, about seven months out of high school, Parker his wife Edith let me live with them for a while in Scottsbluff, and they were like parents to me. That "parental" relationship continued for many years, and they could scarcely have impacted my life for good more during those years if they had actually been my parents. I will not recount here the many times and ways that Parker and Edith helped, counseled and encouraged me, for which I shall ever be indebted to them both.

Yes, with his sudden home-going on May 12, 1998, I lost more than a brother and a father in Parker -- I lost probably the most faithful friend I ever had. Long after I grew to the age where I no longer looked to him as a father figure, I counted him as a friend who sticketh closer than a brother in his love and faithfulness.

Before his sudden departure to glory, he called me and several times mentioned that the doctor had told him that his heart failure would be terminal, in the not too distant future. He was suffering all sorts of pain, insomnia, shortness of breath, and perhaps he alone knew how much more. But the sting of death was gone, and the old war-horse bravely plodded on until the moment

when the Divine summons was, "Parker Maxey, now is the time for you to drop the cross you have faithfully carried across the decades and inherit the crown. Come on up higher!"

As his exhausted tenement of clay fell, his spirit rose to be with Jesus forevermore. Of that, I have no doubt. Yes, I was close enough to him to see a few of his faults and weaknesses, but again I say, -- of the fact that he instantly went to be with Jesus, I HAVE NO DOUBT -- for I also lived close enough to him to see what he really was -- a man of God.

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## Part 2

### A CONTRIBUTION TO THIS TRIBUTE FROM PARKER'S SON, GARY:

Dear Duane,

Thanks for doing the tribute for Dad.

I knew my father as a man of unwavering purpose, and as a man who would not allow himself to be sidetracked by adverse circumstances. If I were asked to summarize Dad's purpose it would have to include a strong commitment to personal relationship with the Lord and a constant advocacy of the scriptural doctrine of entire sanctification. Those were issues that remained constant in his life -- whether he was in the pulpit, in the classroom, in church administrative office, in his considerable writing, or in his interpersonal relationships. In my childhood I watched him move up and down various ladders of ministerial service, and observed that he traveled in both directions with equal grace -- because he hung onto his purposes. In his later years, when the two of us sometimes disagreed on issues, he would also come back in our conversations to those two constants -- personal relationship with the Lord and instantaneous sanctification as a second work of grace. I will always remember him as a man of constant purpose.

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## Part 3

### EMAILED CONDOLENCES & TRIBUTES

#### FROM AARON & KYOKO MILLER:

Dear Sister Maxey and Family,

Today, I sure miss my friend, Brother Parker Maxey. Even though we were thousands of miles apart, I so enjoyed fellowshiping with him via e-mail. If I had a question about the Bible, his response was always prompt and satisfied my curious mind.

I remember when my mother passed away, when I was just 19 years of age. Brother Maxey came over to visit our home. He began talking with me and asked my age. I told him, and I'll never get over the empathizing words he spoke so kindly to me that day. He said, "Aaron, I was 19 years old when my mother passed away." Then he went on to tell me of the trials and difficulties he had

to face and how God, by His grace, brought him through it all. There was not another person on earth whose words touched my heart more, during that time of sorrow. Although he was some 54 years my senior, he took time to show interest in a young man whose heart was broken with grief.

Six years later, when my Father went to heaven, Brother Maxey was there once again. He met me after the funeral service and called me over to his car, where he reached into the back seat and handed me three, autographed books that he had written. He said, " I want to give these to you". Words cannot express the respect and appreciation I have for this godly man, whose kindness was shown to me in so many ways.

My wife, Kyoko and I both had the privilege of attending his Theology classes at BMI. We still fondly remember how when we would ask a question in class, he would pause for a moment, clear his throat, hitch up his trousers, then slowly begin shaking his head from side to side, as with his fingers clenched and pointed toward us, he would respond to our question. We still chuckle from time to time, as we warmly remember his unique gestures. He taught us so much, not just with his words, but also with his godly life. May God bless his memory and may his influence for God and the cause of holiness live on throughout generations to come.

Sister Maxey, Brother Duane, Ross, Gary, Lee, Paul and Karen, may the God of all comfort wrap His loving arms about you during this time of sorrow. You are in our thoughts and prayers.

In Loving Sympathy,  
Aaron Miller  
Okinawa, Japan

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FROM KENNETH HARGER

(Ken and Brenda Harger named their first son "Parker," after I.  
Parker Maxey)

Dear Sister Maxey, Ross, Gary, Lee, Paul, and Keren,

Brenda and I want to send love and prayers for you at this time of your loss. As you know, I felt a special closeness to Brother Maxey. He was like a dad to me at the time of the loss of my dad. When I heard the news, I could not help but weep, but the tears were mainly tears of joy that "another warrior had made it home".

It is difficult for me to put in words what I feel in my heart. I am so glad that I was able to spend some time with him when I was there in the end of April! Again, as always, he challenged me as he said, "Ken, these have been the hardest years of my life. The fire on the inside is still burning, but my old body will not let me do much."

His vision was inspired by the love of Christ that constrained him. The love that Oswald Chambers said, "loved me to the end of all my meanness and my sin, my self-seeking and my

wrong motives...The love of God in Christ Jesus...that can take the most unfit man unfit to survive, unfit to fight, unfit to face moral issues and make him not only fit to survive and to fight, but fit to face the biggest moral issues and the strongest power of Satan, and come off more than conqueror." Thank God, he never lost that vision. Little did he realize that the love of God in Christ was possibly being revealed in an even more concentrated manner through what he considered to be the foggy window pane of old age.

He believed in a Christ whose grace and provision are abundantly sufficient for the whole world, and it is hard at times to contain that vision in the limitations of this physical body. He has now laid aside that limitation and is rejoicing in the purposes of God as he never could here. Let us not be disobedient to the heavenly vision. Let us run with patience the race that is set before us, looking unto Jesus the author and finisher of our faith. Let us fight a good fight. Let us finish our course. Let us keep the faith.

His servant,  
Ken Harger

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FROM ANDREW BUEGE  
BMC Missionary to Russia

Dear Sis. Maxey, and Ross, Gary, Lee, Keren, and Paul,

Greetings from Moscow, Russia.

My wife and I wanted to send our heart-felt and deep condolences to you and your families at this the time of your loss. Thanks to modern modes of communication, we heard about Brother I. Parker Maxey's home-going only a few hours after it happened.

Brother Parker Maxey was one of the greatest influences for God and holiness that I have ever known. He influenced me in doctrine and theology. He challenged me in diligence and patience. He stirred me deeply with his preaching and his praying. He demonstrated holiness in action for me with his sacrifice and his love for missions.

There is no doubt in my mind, that my ministry is an extension of that sanctified influence. I am a debtor to him for many deep lessons in my young life.

Once when traveling home from a serious church meeting together, I was overwhelmed by some breach in ethics by another brother. I asked Brother Maxey how could that have happened and how could we protect ourselves from such in the future. In his response he displayed not only a great faith in God but also in people. He said, "Andy, never stop trusting people." He saw a greater danger in losing faith in each other, than being defrauded once in a great while.

When I settled my call to missions my purpose was to share some of the rich spiritual fare we enjoy in America around our spiritual banquet tables. Brother I. Parker Maxey not only helped

set that banquet table of deep spiritual food, he caused a burning desire to be kindled in my heart to "go into all the world and preach the gospel.

I will miss him greatly.

All for Jesus,  
Andrew C Buege,  
Missionary to Moscow Russia

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FROM JESS KNEPPER

I have some wonderful memories of Rev. I Parker Maxey.

First of all, I count it a privilege to have been one of "his boys". He was not only my theology professor, but he was my hero, the one I desired to pattern my ministry after. He held me revivals and I counted him to be my close friend. During the time I knew him as a student (I came to BMI at age 30), which was back in the 1970's, he was at his prime. He was, "the great camp meeting and preacher's meeting preacher" . He was considered to be the greatest theology teacher in the holiness movement. I have met and conversed with a number of theology professors across our land, but he was the only highly spiritual "intellectual" I have known.

God bless you.  
Your friend,  
Jess R. Knepper

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FROM SYLVIA ROSS:  
(Who read the funeral portion of this Tribute)

My face is still wet with the tears that came as I read the beautiful tributes to Bro. Parker Maxey, the funeral message, and the words to the songs which were sung at the service.

Bro. Maxey was very influential in my life when I was at BMI and when I lived in the Quad-Cities and attended Milan BMC. He and Sis. Maxey opened their home to me on several occasions, prayed with me, supported me in some difficult times, and were my friends.

Thank you for sharing the service with me. I wish I could have been there, but I can rejoice here as well; I can celebrate his making it Home!

Sylvia

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Part 4  
PARKER MAXEY'S FUNERAL SERVICE  
Friday, May 15, 1998

Conducted at:  
Trinity Bible Missionary Church  
Milan, Illinois

Rev. Adrian Rosa, Sr.  
Pastor, Grace Bible Missionary Church  
East Moline, Illinois, Officiating

PRELUDE:  
Piano by Connie Wise  
Organ by Linda Simonis

"Safe in The Arms of Jesus"  
"Sheltered in The Arms of God"  
"Beyond The Sunset"

CONGREGATIONAL SONG  
Led by Ken Wise

Let's begin our singing this morning with page number 145. Brother Maxey requested before his passing that we sing, "When The Roll is Called Up Yonder, I'll Be There." He wanted to share with us the home-going of the saint of God. Number 145. (Congregational Singing of the requested song amidst demonstration in the Spirit.)

WHEN THE ROLL IS CALLED UP YONDER

When the trumpet of the Lord shall sound,  
and time shall be no more,  
And the morning breaks, eternal, bright and fair;  
When the saints of earth shall gather  
over on the other shore,  
And the roll is called up yonder, I'll be there.

On that bright and cloudless morning when  
the dead in Christ shall rise,  
And the glory of His resurrection share;  
When the chosen ones shall gather  
to their home beyond the skies,  
And the roll is called up yonder, I'll be there.

Let us labor for the Master from  
the dawn till setting sun;

Let us talk of all His wondrous love and care.  
Then when all of life is over,  
and our work on earth is done,  
And the roll is called up yonder, I'll be there.

Chorus:

When the roll is called up yonder,  
When the roll is called up yonder,  
When the roll is called up yonder,  
When the roll is called up yonder, I'll be there.

(Congregational praises to God)

#### PRAYER

Led by Randy Bates,  
Moderator, Iowa-Illinois District, BMC

Let's pray. Father dear, we love thee today. We're not fearful to come boldly to the throne of grace. We're comfortable in Thy presence, and we thank you for your presence here today. There's many of us who would like to be running through those gates right now. We're thankful, dear Lord, for every saint that has made it home. I pray now, dear Lord, that Thou wouldest reach out and comfort the family. We know, dear Lord, that not one of them would call him back. This is what he's lived for. There's Sister Maxey, I pray that Thou wouldest embrace her now. She's walked beside this man many, many years. We know, dear Lord, she wouldn't call him back, but there'll be times, (weeping) he won't be there. I pray, dear Lord, as she reaches out for him, may that Heavenly Bridegroom be there, to hug her up close, and let her know it won't be long now, and she'll join him. I pray, dear God, comfort her, we pray. Then, dear Lord, there's Ross -- there's Gary and Lee -- Paul and Keren -- I pray, dear Lord, Dad's gone -- I pray, dear Lord, at that time when that hurt is there, they would reach out, dear Lord, -- help them, dear God, I pray, to open up their arms, and let God embrace them, and draw them up close. And there are others, dear Lord, their grandchildren and their great-grandchildren, and many friends, dear Lord, I pray, get us all up close -- encourage us, dear God, to make the stretch, we pray, to set our eyes upon the City. Dear God, I pray, when the roll is called up yonder, that everyone of us hear our name, and gather round the Throne. Touch this service now. I pray, oh Lord, help us to honor Thee, as we also honor Brother Parker Maxey, and we'll praise you for it in Jesus' Name, Amen!

#### SCRIPTURE READING AND TRIBUTES

Read by Spencer Johnson,  
Senior General Moderator, Bible Missionary Church

#### SCRIPTURE READING:

Reading from the book of First Corinthians, Chapter 15 -- we read beginning with verse 34: Awake to righteousness, and sin not; for some have not the knowledge of God: I speak this to your shame. 35 But some man will say, How are the dead raised up? and with what body do they

come? 36 Thou fool, that which thou sowest is not quickened, except it die: 37 And that which thou sowest, thou sowest not that body that shall be, but bare grain, it may chance of wheat, or of some other grain: 38 But God giveth it a body as it hath pleased him, and to every seed his own body. 39 All flesh is not the same flesh: but there is one kind of flesh of men, another flesh of beasts, another of fishes, and another of birds. 40 There are also celestial bodies, and bodies terrestrial: but the glory of the celestial is one, and the glory of the terrestrial is another. 41 There is one glory of the sun, and another glory of the moon, and another glory of the stars: for one star differeth from another star in glory. 42 So also is the resurrection of the dead. It is sown in corruption; it is raised in incorruption: 43 It is sown in dishonour; it is raised in glory: it is sown in weakness; it is raised in power: 44 It is sown a natural body; it is raised a spiritual body. There is a natural body, and there is a spiritual body. 45 And so it is written, The first man Adam was made a living soul; the last Adam was made a quickening spirit. 46 Howbeit that was not first which is spiritual, but that which is natural; and afterward that which is spiritual. 47 The first man is of the earth, earthy: the second man is the Lord from heaven. 48 As is the earthy, such are they also that are earthy: and as is the heavenly, such are they also that are heavenly. 49 And as we have borne the image of the earthy, we shall also bear the image of the heavenly. 50 Now this I say, brethren, that flesh and blood cannot inherit the kingdom of God; neither doth corruption inherit incorruption. 51 Behold, I show you a mystery; We shall not all sleep, but we shall all be changed, 52 In a moment, in the twinkling of an eye, at the last trump: for the trumpet shall sound, and the dead shall be raised incorruptible, and we shall be changed. 53 For this corruptible must put on incorruption, and this mortal must put on immortality. 54 So when this corruptible shall have put on incorruption, and this mortal shall have put on immortality, then shall be brought to pass the saying that is written, Death is swallowed up in victory. 55 O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory? 56 The sting of death is sin; and the strength of sin is the law. 57 But thanks be to God, which giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ. 58 Therefore, my beloved brethren, be ye steadfast, unmoveable, always abounding in the work of the Lord, forasmuch as ye know that your labour is not in vain in the Lord.

I'm to read a few tributes here this morning to Brother Parker Maxey:

TRIBUTE FROM DALE HAYFORD  
President, Bible Missionary Institute,  
Editor, The Missionary Revivalist

Thirty years at Bible Missionary Institute left an influence that is impossible to measure. Truly the life of Parker Maxey was a life that counted. When he stood behind the pulpit, he conveyed a sense of the sacredness of the preacher's Desk. You knew you were going to receive something from the inspired Word of God that had been shrouded in prayer. It was perhaps in the classroom where for so long he had his greatest influence. Though this instruction was on the highest level, it was the anointing of the Spirit, more than the academic offering that was paramount here. In the last years, it was that prolific pen that kept that holy influence counting. Personally, I will ever be indebted to him for his assistance in transferring the responsibility of the theology department of BMI, and Editorship of the Missionary Revivalist to me. I can only imagine the struggle I would have had without his counsel. His most well-known statement, "We'll get to that later," has become reality (with voice broken in deep emotion) for him, for he has finally



realized the fullest of the heart of his own teaching. I plan to meet him in heaven. -- Dale N. Hayford

TRIBUTE FROM LEONARD SANKEY  
Secretary, I.H.C.

Dear Sister Maxey, Ross, Gary, Keren, Lee, and Paul,

A great and good man has fallen. On behalf of the entire IHC family, let me express my deepest condolences to each one of you. Parker Maxey was the kind of man that, when he said he was standing with you, made you feel that you had at least half an army on your side. When he wrote, it was with grace, and not strident, and not hysterical, but with strength and acumen. When he preached, it was with anointing, not galling, not immoderate, but with grace, wisdom, and temperance. When he spoke as a friend, he measured his words carefully. His comments, and his conversation were always seasoned with grace. He served with great distinction and profit on the committees of the convention. When he spoke to an issue in the committee, we knew it was only after working his way through the matter in his mind -- that what he said would be sensible, scriptural, and spiritual. He spoke in various venues having to do with the IH Convention, and his participation was always appreciated. He was a model Christian in decorum, a pattern of Christlikeness, a portrait of redemption, and godliness -- a scholar, a saint, a friend -- an author whose books and articles will live on. May God bless his memory to those of us who were influenced by Parker Maxey. Sister Maxey, thank you, for your own major contribution to the good holiness movement. Keren, Gary, Ross, though our paths have not crossed now for a number of years, permit me to express to you my heart of love, and the deep respect I had for your parents and all the family. I trust that the next few days will be filled with the unusual sense of the presence of the Lord, that He will draw graciously near to all of you. Be assured of my prayers and concern and deep appreciation of the IHC family for the memory of the life well-lived. -- Leonard Sankey

TRIBUTE FROM KNOX BULLOCK  
Moderator, North Central District, BMC

When I think of Brother Maxey, I am reminded of the great influence he had on many hundreds of young people who came through BMI. We repeated his words, mimicked his actions, and absorbed his wisdom. He impressed us with the necessity of going the way of old-fashioned holiness. He was a tremendous expositor of the Word, and a theologian, head and shoulders above all others in the conservative holiness movement. He could even explain Wiley's Theology. Brother Maxey loved young people, and wanted only the best for them. I'm not really sure if many of us realized just how much of an impact he had on us. I'm not sure if the church realizes just how much of an impact he had on it. He shaped our theology. Our families were so close for so many years, with both my father and Brother Maxey serving as presidents of BMI, sometimes succeeding one another in that position. One Spring, when I was a young boy, Brother Maxey and I were both down from sickness. He nicknamed me "Brother Chicken-Pox," and I nicknamed him, "Brother Hepatitis." My wife and I personally, and on behalf of the North Central District, want express to Sister Maxey and all the family our heartfelt sympathies. Our prayers are with you. Another warrior has made it home. We intend to join him some day. -- Knox Bullock

#### TRIBUTE FROM HAROLD BUCHANAN

Moderator, Michigan-Wisconsin-Ontario District, BMC

It was my privilege to meet Brother Parker Maxey many years ago. Through the years, we have had many enjoyable times together, and I counted him as a dear friend. He was one of God's chosen vessels, and the Lord honored his ministry, as he preached revivals and served as campmeeting evangelist numerous times on our district. We also appreciated having him as the speaker of some of our District Preacher's Meetings. BMI students have benefited by having Brother Maxey as their teacher in past years. Many souls have been helped on their journey toward heaven by Brother Maxey's ministry. The goal of making heaven his eternal home has now been reached. The desire of his heart while he was here on earth has now been granted. Brother Maxey is with the Lord, Whom he loved. Sister Maxey and family, we are praying for you at this time. We are asking the God of all comfort to support you with His presence, and lead you on until the time comes for you to join Brother Maxey in that eternal home. -- Harold Buchanan

#### TRIBUTE FROM LARRY ROBERTS

Moderator, Northwest District, BMC

Dear Sister Maxey and Family,

Thank God for the influence of a great and wonderful man. He and my dad, and others, are in the "better country." Praise God. Our thoughts and prayers are with you. -- Sincerely, Larry Roberts

#### TRIBUTE BY SPENCER JOHNSON

Senior General Moderator, BMC

I'd like to close my part of this, this morning, with a little tribute of my own to Brother Parker Maxey. My memory of Brother Parker Maxey goes back for many years. I had the privilege of preaching revivals for him when he pastored the Church of the Nazarene at Scottsbluff, Nebraska. At that time the family were all quarantined with Scarlet Fever, and I was staying in the new parsonage that they built. They had finished one bedroom and the basement, and a nice bathroom, and they put me in the new parsonage, and the whole family stayed in because of Scarlet Fever. I took my meals across the alley, down the street with Sister Hale. She fed me every day. Some of you maybe remember Sister Hale. She was a great saint, and a great cook too. Brother Maxey would come over many a morning, at two o'clock in the morning, to that new parsonage, and he and I would pray from two o'clock till seven in the morning. He had a tremendous burden for souls.

In the early days of the Bible Missionary Church Brother Parker Maxey cast his lot with us. He was a great preacher and a very successful pastor, but his ministry reached its apex in the classroom. He was the dean of theologians. When we started our Bible Missionary Institute at Rock Island, Illinois, he was willing to make the sacrifice and become a vital part of pioneering this school. He had a tremendous influence for good on hundreds of young people. My own boys in their ministry have some of his mannerisms to this day. When they get up to preach, a lot of times I think of Parker Maxey. He was a great brother in the Lord.

I think the greatest thing about Parker Maxey was: he was a man of God. He loved God with all his heart. After thirty years in the classroom, he retired from BMI, but he still had a ministry in writing. He was a prolific writer, who seemed to have the special anointing and gift for putting his thoughts on paper.

I want to tell you family, (with emotion) he carried a burden for you. He often prayed for you by name. I had the privilege to be with the Maxeys a few times when they had family prayer -- and they had it, consistently -- family prayer.

If Parker Maxey has vacated his tenement of clay, and moved into his house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens, his clear testimony still sounds in our ears, and his godly influence beckons us to join him in that City where the Lamb is the Light. (Amens from the congregation)

#### SPECIAL SONG -- A DUET: BLESSED ASSURANCE

Dan and Beth Batton

Blessed assurance, Jesus is mine!  
Oh, what a foretaste of glory divine!  
Heir of salvation, purchase of God,  
Born of his Spirit, washed in His blood!

Perfect submission, perfect delight,  
Visions of rapture now burst on my sight.  
Angels descending, bring from above,  
Echoes of mercy, whispers of love.

Perfect submission, all is at rest.  
I in my Savior am happy and blest;  
Watching and waiting, looking above,  
Filled with His goodness, lost in His love.

(Praises from the congregation!)

Chorus:

This is my story, this is my song,  
Praising my Savior all the day long.  
This is my story, this is my song,  
Praising my Savior all the day long.

#### OBITUARY AND MORE TRIBUTES

Rodger Moyer, Gen. Moderator, BMC

#### OBITUARY

Rev. I. Parker Maxey died Tuesday, May 12, 1998 in his home. He was born August 24, 1915, in Alicil, Oregon, the son of Irl and Jesse (Caldwell) Maxey. He married Edith Morehouse on May 30, 1942 in Nampa, Idaho. He held the Master of Theology degree from Northwest Nazarene College in Nampa. His pastoral experience included more than 26 years, -- serving under the Church of the Nazarene for 18 years in Idaho, Montana, and Nebraska, and under the Bible Missionary Church for 8 years in Texas and Illinois. For 30 years, he served on the faculty of Bible Missionary Institute in Rock Island. He served for 24 years as Editor the Missionary Revivalist. He traveled extensively in the United States and abroad in the interests of the church and Christian education. Survivors include his wife, Edith; sons and daughters-in-law: Rev. Ross and Donna Maxey of Rock Island; Rev. Gary and Emma Lou Maxey of Nigeria, Africa; Rev. Lee and Sandy Maxey of Seattle, Washington; and Paul and Peggy Maxey of Coal Valley, Illinois; a daughter and son-in-law: Keren and Elisha Ibebunjo of Stuart, Fla.; ten grandchildren, two great-grandchildren; brothers: Bruce Maxey of Hemet, California; Gale Maxey of Boise, Idaho, and Duane Maxey of Coeur d' Alene, Idaho; and sisters: Beatrice Leavell of Nampa, Idaho, and Ruth Clough of Boise Idaho. He was preceded in death by a son, Bruce Allen Maxey.

#### TRIBUTE FROM SUE (AMAN) DAVENPORT

A friend of the Maxey family, Sue (Aman) Davenport, wrote for their whole family:

The news of Brother Maxey's passing saddened our hearts, as we realized the loss you, his family, must feel. It is your loss, but then again it our loss, as our friend, a part of our family, has left us for that better place. My mind immediately thought: There is a celebration in heaven. Just think of the reunion of all those gone before. I doubt Brother Maxey and dad (Wayne Aman, who preceded him in death) are talking theology. I can just hear him say, "Now Wayne, I want to fall down at Jesus feet, and worship Him." Dad will have to say, "I've been doing that for three years now, and I've only just begun." Our memories of being in each other's homes, the hours of us kids listening to Brother Maxey and dad in their theological discussions, or telling their new, favorite preacher jokes, the trips to Silver City, the revival meetings. The last trip Brother and Sister Maxey made to Idaho where they attended our campmeeting, they stayed with mom out in Murphy, where they thrilled at the enjoyment of the country. For a while, we thought we had them talked into moving out here. It would have been our pleasure. He was a hero to so many of us -- a hero in that, through all of life, he kept a positive outlook, a genuine compassion for others, a sweet spirit, and he kept the faith. The Scripture says, "There is laid up for me, (Parker Maxey), a crown of righteousness." His reward will be great, and for those of us left behind: heaven is richer today; you, his family, have a great heritage, wonderful memories, and a hope to meet again. God bless you, and keep you in his care. -- Sue (Aman) Davenport

#### TRIBUTE FROM KENNETH FAY

Holiness Evangelist

My family and I extend our heart-felt and prayerful sympathy to Sister Edith Maxey and her children and grandchildren, at the home-going of their beloved husband, father, and grandfather. I have known Rev. I. Parker Maxey for almost 40 years, and each memory is freighted with spiritual beauty. Brother Maxey's teaching and pulpit ministry was always an intellectual feast, and a challenge to deeper piety. His daily walk with the Lord was ever consistent with his Christian

principles, and his joyous enthusiasm for life a constant tonic to the heart. His life was an unfailing incentive to pursue holiness and sacrificial living. I shall miss him greatly, for he was to me a father, a Brother, a fellow worker, and a trusted confidant. Our prayers are with you all at this time. Sincerely, Ken Fay

#### TRIBUTE FROM TONY ROSS

Moderator, Southwest District, BMC

Another great warrior of the cross has made it to the Heavenly City. Brother Maxey was a great preacher and teacher. He no doubt impacted, instructed, and influenced, more young ministers in the Bible Missionary Church than any other man. The Bible Missionary Church will always be indebted to [him for] his many years given to Bible Missionary Institute and young people across the nation. Sister Maxey, and family, you are in our prayers, and you have our sincere sympathy. My God's great grace and comfort be with you today, and in the future. -- Rev. Tony Ross

#### TRIBUTE FROM RANDY BATES

Moderator, Iowa-Illinois District, BMC

What an impact Brother Parker Maxey made on my life! There are hundreds of young people that could say with me that the teachings of Brother Maxey painted upon the canvas of our lives the beautiful colors of the doctrines of Christ. We all remember how intense he was in teaching theology, and yet I shall never forget how he laid aside his notes, and spent an entire class period answering one of my questions. I was not only deeply moved, but Brother Maxey became my friend. There are scores of young people across our movement he has encouraged and touched with his teaching ministry. Even in his last few years, he personally challenged me to accomplish another one of God's directions in my life. I shall never forget how, after reading my first manuscript, he said, "Good, Good! -- but it needs more windows. Put illustrations in your book." How he loved the printed page, and he never stopped trying to write his own books. He was always reading good books and finding new truths. He was especially excited about truths on the Second Coming. Though we never fully agreed on some of those issues, he loved his studies. His vision is now made visible in a land where the Heavenly Bridegroom is constantly interceding for the Bride, making ready for His soon return. He is now beholding the Altogether Lovely, and I'm sure if you'll listen, you can hear his excitement about the Marriage Supper of the Lamb. Sister Maxey, Ross, Lee, Gary, Paul, and Keren, our heavenly Father will not fail you -- even now, He will embrace you with his graces. Sister Bates joins me in assuring you that we are praying for you. -- Rev. Randy Bates

#### TRIBUTE FROM JOSEPH C. BISHOP

Moderator, North Pacific District, BMC

Our hearts were saddened when word came of the home-going of dear Brother Maxey. Immediately, the Lord reminded us, he is rejoicing on the banks of Sweet Deliverance. Praise the Lord. Across the years, I have deeply appreciated Brother Maxey's commitment to train Bible Missionary youths, ever seeking to prepare them for the service of the King. To me, across the years, from first hearing him preach at a Northwest District Preacher's Meeting in the early 1970s,

to our last official association in 1988 when he toured our district on behalf of the Bible School, he will always be remembered as Mr. BMI -- where he ably served in so many different capacities. I last saw him in March, 1997, when we knelt for a season of prayer. I felt to thank the Lord for the privilege of knowing him. God bless his memory. Our prayers are with you, Sister Maxey, and the entire family, that the God of all comfort will be your sustaining portion at this time of grief, as well as down through the days to come. God bless you and keep you. -- Bro. & Sis. J. C. Bishop

#### TRIBUTE FROM RODGER MOYER

General Moderator, Bible Missionary Church

(With emotion) I came here today, to say good-bye, to a great man -- who was my friend. When I was just a young man, I came to BMI, and as so many others in our church can say, he taught me theology -- in fact, Brother Maxey taught me all the theology I ever took. Sometimes I think he taught me all I ever knew. His interesting approach, his ready wit, and his keen love for God, and the church, made it worth getting up early and attending those first-hour, 7:30 classes. Years later, when I came back to BMI as president, that first-hour class had been rescheduled to a later starting time. That was hard on him -- and he was forever pushing me to get that class pushed back to 7:30 again! He hated to waste that much time of the day. (Chuckles) I wasn't sure what the magic was about 7:30, but he loved it. (Chuckles) I'm not sure how long he held the distinction, but even when I was a young student, he was known as the theologian of the Bible Missionary Church. Our church, and our preachers, as well as laymen all over this country, are indebted to him. Before I graduated from BMI, Brother Maxey had assumed the office of president. It was during my senior year, while I was supervisor of the Men's Dorm, that I really began to get close to him. His wise counsel and instruction during our many meetings were so valuable -- not only then, but have proven to be of great help to me in the years since. His example of discipline and organization had a great impact upon me, and for over thirty years now, I have been trying to put those things into practice in my own life. His emphasis on "dying out," and then maintaining a spiritual life of prayer, had a lasting impression and impact. Those all-night prayer meetings at BMI (with emotion) -- did something for me.

(Not Recorded -- Apparently the first part of an incident in which Bro. Moyer was having an interview with Bro. Maxey during a time when he was sorely tempted to leave Bible Missionary Institute.) -- When I was all done, he looked at me, and said, "Rodger, did God send you to this school? Of course, God had, so I said, "Well, yes." And then he asked, "Has God told you, and made it clear for you to leave?" When I said, "No," he looked at me and said, "Rodger, my policy has always been, if God puts me somewhere, never leave, till He tells me He's through with me there." I stayed at BMI, and I've always been grateful to him, for keeping me on track. (Amens) It's advice that I have passed on to many a preacher since then.

In 1985, [I] the fellow who had been the kid-student years before, who had been one of Brother Maxey's pupils, who had served under him when he was president -- came back to BMI as president myself. Brother Maxey was still teaching, but now I was his president. To a man of lesser character, that would have been a problem -- but, he was too big a man, to let it be a problem. He served in a totally supportive way, and made my job an easy one.

Sister Maxey, you had a great husband. Ross, Paul, Keren, as well as Gary and Lee who are not able to be here, how honored you are to have had Brother Maxey for a dad. Thank you, Sister Maxey and all of you, for sharing him with our church. He loved all of you and your family, and was always proud of any of your accomplishments. He prayed faithfully for all of you, and no husband, or dad, or grandfather, could give his family anything anywhere near so valuable as that. God put Brother Maxey here, to help us all, and he fulfilled that role faithfully. But Tuesday morning, God told him He was through with him here, and it was time for him to leave, -- and all of us know where he is. Sister Moyer joins me, in extending to you our deepest sympathy. We're praying for you, and we'll not forget you. -- Rodger Moyer

#### FUNERAL MESSAGE

By Rev. Adrian Rosa, Senior  
Pastor, Grace Bible Missionary Church  
East Moline, Illinois

#### Opening Remarks

(Referring to Rodger Moyer's Tribute to Parker Maxey) -- A Tremendous Tribute. I've enjoyed it thus far. I'm going to continue to try to enjoy my part this morning. I count it a privilege... (broken with deep emotion) -- I'll need your prayers... [This entire message was delivered with endearing and loving tones, and with deeply felt emotion and compassion. -- DVM]

Brother Parker Maxey started attending Grace Bible Missionary Church more than two years ago. We were honored, to have them choose our church. Our church received them, with open arms. Everyone felt their spirit, and rejoiced at their choice, to worship at Grace Bible Missionary Church. What a wonderful blessing they were to everyone. Many of the BMI students were never fortunate -- many in our church at that time -- to sit under his teaching, and didn't really know Brother Maxey. They came to me and said, "We want to hear him preach some time," and that was exactly what Brother Maxey wanted to do. Their testimony and blessing, blessed us, and rang true, to God's presence in their hearts. I told Brother Maxey that I wanted him to preach -- wanted him to fill the pulpit, and all he had to do was just to let me know, when he was ready to preach. His response was: "I think I'm ready, right now." (Chuckles) He preached, the next Sunday morning. God came -- blessed his ministry, blessed the message, and he preached in his normal self, unhampered by his physical condition, and honored God in the message.

I visited with them often. -- One week I missed going, like I had previously been going. Things that were unannounced, as do happen in the pastorate [had occurred]. He got word to me -- in so many words to say, "Have you forgotten us?" (Chuckles) He said, "I want you to come, and visit us even more often than you have been," -- and it was easy, to fulfill that desire that Brother Maxey had.

I never felt less... (with an apologetic pause) ... I never left their home without feeling that I was the one who had been blessed by the visit, that I was richer for what I had heard, and for what they were saying. Sitting in their home, I was fed spiritually. Exclaiming this to my wife, she often said, "Take your tape-recorder, or there will be a day that you'll wish you had," and I wish I had taken it. Yes, I should have taken my tape-recorder -- his experiences, that we relived together,

with him and Sister Maxey, I've cherished, and will be memories that I'll never be able to erase out of my mind.

So often, he had to call to Sister Maxey's attention, for help to remember a date, a name, a town, or a city, but always, with a quick response -- maybe asking him a question, she would come up with that name, with that city, -- she'd even tell him dates. Sister Maxey seemed to enjoy recalling these indents as well, and bringing to his mind and to his memory, those exact things. She was listening intently all the time that he was talking to me.

My life has been enriched greatly by this insight into their lives, and their ministry -- I'll never be the same. I feel like they've given more to me, as a pastor, than I've been able to give to them, sitting in the pew. God has blessed... God has richly blessed their presence in our services.

### Scripture Reading and Message

In a service like this, our comfort is in God's Word. Paul wrote in First Thessalonians, the Fourth Chapter -- and I want us to read from that chapter, beginning with verse 13:

"But I would not have you to be ignorant, brethren, concerning them which are asleep, that ye sorrow not, even as others which have no hope. 14 For if we believe that Jesus died and rose again, even so them also which sleep in Jesus will God bring with him. 15 For this we say unto you by the word of the Lord, that we which are alive and remain unto the coming of the Lord shall not prevent them which are asleep. 16 For the Lord himself shall descend from heaven with a shout, with the voice of the archangel, and with the trump of God: and the dead in Christ shall rise first: 17 Then we which are alive and remain shall be caught up together with them in the clouds, to meet the Lord in the air: and so shall we ever be with the Lord. 18 Wherefore comfort one another with these words." -- 1 Thess. 4:13-18

My text is found in Daniel, the Ninth Chapter, verse 23 -- very familiar to you, I am sure: "...thou art greatly beloved..."

These were God's words about Daniel -- They were properly describing as well today, in all of the tributes, I. Parker Maxey -- "a man greatly beloved."

Daniel was the prophet of the Lord -- a man of piety he was a man of prayer -- he was a man of character -- and also among the high privileges of Daniel were, that he was greatly loved of God, and greatly loved of men. We've heard that this morning over and over, in these true tributes from men in leadership in our church, that know him (Brother Maxey) well, -- and there is not a one under the sound of my voice but that would join with them, to repeat how much he's been loved -- greatly loved of God, and greatly loved of men.

Then we could imitate the character and the conduct of Daniel, like him, said to be steadfast in the faith. Like him, we are to be men of prayer. Like him, we are to discharge, with fidelity, the duties of our station in life -- be anxious for the good of the God that we serve. Speaking all of this, like Daniel, I found Brother Maxey was a great man, greatly loved by God. His pattern in life was to love others in return. Brother Maxey loved his wife. Through the years he kept her first,



after God, in his life. He endeavored to show her that she was greatly loved. On May the 30th (1998), they would have been married 58 years. Yes, he loved her greatly.

(With deep emotion) He loved his children -- wherever they were -- his prayers were lifted in their behalf -- following them daily. Never a visit, but what he would remind me, of having touched God, that day. What a privilege is ours, to be able to associate, and be in the presence of godly men, with godly practices.

Last week, before going to be with the Lord, he asked me to continue helping him pray for those in need. You of his grandchildren, his great-grandchildren -- he knew you all by name. He kept you at the top of his prayer list, and informed me as well, of where you were, what you were even doing.

He loved his work -- carried a load of responsibility, that ordinarily two men might carry -- but Brother Maxey was not an ordinary man, and he did this, with grace. He pastored, he taught, his leadership at BMI, Editor of the Revivalist, our church paper, put it out many years -- District Moderator, evangelist, campmeeting speaker, held revivals everywhere. Many holiness groups esteemed him highly, and called on Brother Maxey. He enjoyed a full, and busy schedule.

He loved the Bible Missionary Church and old-fashioned holiness. He preached with strong Scriptural support. That's why he was in demand, with a full slate, right on up to the time that his health failed him, and he had to make cancellations.

He loved people. So many knew that, by Brother Parker Maxey, they were greatly loved. Everywhere he preached, he is still remembered, and remembered because he loved people.

In other places in God's Word we are told, "Now abideth faith, hope, and love, these three; but the greatest of these is love." Brother Maxey loved greatly and freely. He was loved greatly... and there is now for him, a rest. We'll miss Brother Maxey, but he's gone, to be with the Lord. There is a rest that awaits the people of God. For more than 3 weeks, Brother Maxey had not really rested, or slept well, but this morning while we are here -- he's at rest.

His labors are over -- Today, no more pain -- no more shortness of breath, no more worry about his oxygen -- those pesky tubes -- that he pulled around after him -- and he'd tell them that was exactly what they were. He would apologize about them whenever they would be between us, and he'd get up to move -- it just wasn't comfortable, it wasn't natural, but he said "I have to have it." He'd take it off and show me how he could breathe without it, but then he'd pull it back down -- but then he said, "I can't get along without it." He is, where he is this morning, at rest -- no longer suffering after any fashion.

There is a rest, for the people of God. Life with its struggle -- and struggle we must -- to live -- but if we surrender our lives to God, and to His will, He promises a rest, for us, for all of eternity. He's there this morning.

And then I want us to notice that there is also, a reunion. There are [reunions] for those who love and serve Him, (Oh what a glorious day!), -- a gathering together, and [that time] to be

together... Think of the glorious reunions as Brother Maxey joined those that have gone on before him -- Brother Turner, Brother Huffman, with Brother Bullock, with Brother Paul King, with Brother Dodd, with Brother Loftin, with Brother Patterson -- with Brother Maxey, together. I intend to be there some day. I'm glad that we're rejoicing together in this service this morning -- we're looking up, we're trusting God, we're believing Him -- what they're enjoying, He has in reserve for each one of us, if we'll be faithful to serve Him, to honor Him. Reunions here -- we get together, but there is no comparison to the great reunion that's going to take place, over there.

Let's not miss it. Let's not let anything hinder and keep us from being ready. We will meet, to depart no more. Because Jesus lives, He promised that we shall live also, and forever, and forever to be in His presence. Jesus promised, when He was caught up in the air, in the clouds, that He would come again -- What a glad reunion day that's going to be.

We ought to be shouting, we ought to be rejoicing, anticipating, and looking forward -- There are those rewards that await us. Let's be faithful to honor God, to serve Him, for the Day of Reward will be worth it all.

After Brother Maxey is being caught up and being rewarded for his labors, I'm sure he'd have a lot to tell us this morning about how wonderful it really is. Let it be that which will cause you to say, "By the help of God, I'm going to make it! Not going to miss it!... Now we need to push [hindering] things aside, and look forward to this Day of great reunion.

I never liked those family reunions. Most of the time they're set for the week-end -- Saturday and Sunday. But there's going to be a reunion one of these days that I anticipate. We're going to be called together forever and forever to be with the Lord -- a reunion that will not end, but through the countless ages of eternity to enjoy those things that He has gone on to prepare for us. His rewards are eternal and everlasting life -- forever, with the Father, the Son, and the blessed Holy Spirit. Let's be certain that we join in.

There is the remembrance -- you will never forget, I. Parker Maxey. Sister Maxey, you will never forget -- he'll be constantly in your mind. You children, sons and daughters who have been called by name -- you'll not forget, the father that he was. You'll never forget him. His memories will always be in your hearts and in your minds. Remember the good things; remember the good times; remember the best things. Forget the sickness, the suffering -- he is at rest. He's home, with the Lord. He'll want us to live on together, loving, remembering. Missing him? Yes, no one can fill his place -- no one but Jesus. Keep your heart open to Him. Prepare to meet Him in a better world.

Brother Maxey has finally gotten to that of which he always said, "We'll Get To That Later." He's there this morning, enjoying those things, that even Parker Maxey couldn't fully explain. Brother Maxey didn't want to answer some [theological or Scriptural] questions, because he wasn't certain in his own mind -- He knew -- knew to his own satisfaction, and was content about the answer for himself, but knew as far as theology was concerned, there weren't words to express it, but [now] he's witnessing and experiencing those things, of which he told us all, "We'll Get To That Later."

"Let not your heart be troubled [this morning]: ye believe in God, believe also in me. In my Father's house are many mansions: if it were not so, I would have told you. I go to prepare a place for you. And if I go and prepare a place for you, I will come again, and receive you unto myself; that where I am, there ye may be also." [John 14:1-3]

I think this morning, if Brother Maxey were here, that he would agree with what I'm going to close with this morning -- that Heaven is too real, to doubt. For each of us this morning, Heaven is too holy for sin to be permitted. Heaven is too blessed, for us to miss it. Whatever the cost -- don't let it stand between you, and eternal life. Praise His Wonderful Name Forever! We must all make it in -- and by the grace of God, you too, can make it.

#### CLOSING SPECIAL SONG

Dan and Beth Batton

#### JESUS, LED ME ALL THE WAY

Someday, life's journey will be o'er,  
And I shall reach that distant shore,  
I'll sing, while ent'ring Heaven's door,  
Jesus led me all the way.

And hitherto my Lord has led,  
Each day He guides each step I tread,  
And soon, in Heaven it will be said,  
Jesus led me all the way.

If God should let me there review,  
The winding paths of earth I knew,  
It would be proven clear and true,  
Jesus led me all the way.

(Emotional praises were voiced especially during the last verse of this song.)

Chorus:

Jesus led all the way,  
Led me step by step each day,  
I will tell the saints and angels,  
As I lay my burdens down,  
Jesus led me all the way.

#### AN ANNOUNCEMENT AND CLOSING PRAYER

Russell Moyer, Pastor Trinity Bible Missionary Church  
Milan, Illinois

I have been asked to announce that immediately following the committal service at the cemetery, there will be a dinner served at the BMI lounge for the family, for all ministers and their wives, out of town guests, and the BMI staff. You are invited to come to the Bible School for that dinner today.

#### CLOSING PRAYER

By Russell Moyer  
Pastor, Trinity BMC  
Milan, Illinois

If you'll bow your heads with me in prayer, please:

Our precious Father, we want to thank you for your presence here this morning. We thought as we sat here and looked out across this crowd, at various points in this service, the rejoicing, the shouts, Lord, that were taking place, were just exactly what Brother Maxey would have desired -- God's presence, and God's moving, what he taught us to pray for, and to fight for, as we sat under his teaching ministry, and his preaching -- always to contend for the glory of God, and we're glad, Lord, in this service, You've been here. We also thought this morning -- Tuesday morning, as he awakened, nobody knows exactly the hour, but the evidences are there that he'd spent his time alone with You and with the Word of God -- and no doubt rising from that chair, as he went to pick up that newspaper, thinking to do what he had done so many times before, little did he realize that a newspaper was going to be meaningless, for he was going to be in the presence of God -- and in a moment of time, he left this world behind -- the cares of life -- the frustration of physical ailment, and became, well again, rejoicing in the presence of the Lord -- what a devotional time that morning... that's still on-going today, as He's at Your feet, worshipping You.

I pray now, Lord, that you would be with Sister Maxey -- We've rejoiced with her, Lord, as she's testified, to the amazement of what God is doing for her, and how You're helping her, and that You've not failed her now, and just exactly what You've promised to do, You're doing, and she's finding the grace of God sufficient. I pray that in these coming days You'll continue to prove Yourself to her, and also to these children that Brother Maxey loved so much -- Would you be with Ross, and with Gary, Lee, and with Paul and Keren. In the days to come as they'll be lonely -- they'll miss their dad, they'll miss their husband, but Lord, You've promised to be near. And I pray that there will be a determination in each one of their hearts, that no matter what it costs them, no matter the cross they might have to bear, or the loss they might have to endure, they're going to see dad again, on Heaven's shore.

Would you walk with them, as they walk away today and find that the arms of the loving God are bearing them up, and may they find themselves sheltered under Your wing, and we'll give you praise and honor today, for we ask it in Jesus Name, Amen.

#### POSTLUDE ORGAN WITH CHIMES

"What A Friend We Have In Jesus"  
"Nothing Between"

\* \* \* \* \*

## Part 5

### COMMITTAL SERVICE FOR REV. I. PARKER MAXEY

Friday, May 15th, 1998

#### Graveside Comments by Arthur Morgan

It was Tuesday morning about 8:15. My wife tapped on the shower door. She told me I better turn off the water to take this call. It was Paul Maxey telling me his dad had passed on.

As soon as possible, Lynn and I were at the Maxey's. It was peaceful as we entered. My old friend still lay where he fell; God's presence was very real. We stayed a short time and as we left, Paul embraced me and told me, "You're my dad now".

Thursday afternoon we walked into the viewing room to pay our respects. Here, coming toward us was Keren. She embraced me and said, "You're my dad now".

Now it's Friday and many tributes have been given. I will not attempt to add to them, but I will read to you this letter to "my old friend".

My Dear Friend,

I remember when our friendship first began. My mind went back to Scottsbluff, Nebraska. You know, that was over 44 years ago. You didn't have much to work with when God placed me in your care. Just a 27-year-old drunk and on my way to hell.

Christmas Day, 1953, marked the change in my life. God gloriously saved me and placed me in your charge. You never seemed to weary of the many nights to come when I got you out of bed. I needed help. My old habits had been beating on my door. The devil fought hard. We prayed harder. You always said, "You're going to make it, Art". God always came through as I learned to pray.

I remember soon after, when polio struck two of my children. I was devastated. You were undaunted. Prayer warriors around the state of Nebraska were called. God healed my children.

I had a call to preach. I studied hard. When the time came for me to deliver my first message, I just knew I was ready. It lasted a long seven minutes. I was sure I had misunderstood my calling, but you said I had done just fine.

After six and a half years, I was careless and became a cast-away. I'm sure I hurt you and Edith and also many others; for this I am sorry. You never gave up on me!

After 23 years this prodigal came back home and was forgiven. This homecoming would never have taken place if again, you and Burney Loftin had not made that trip in 1971 to the hospital where I lay dying. You two again, went down on your knees and reminded the Blessed

Jesus that I was not ready to meet Him. He gave me time. Eleven years later, sweet victory again. Thank God and many others who were faithful in prayer for me.

These last fifteen years have been full and wonderful. You and I have been able to share much with each other, pray together, and worship together.

Well, old friend, its time to go. Tell my mom and dad that I'll be along in due time.

Today is Friday but Sunday is Coming!

Your dear friend,  
Art Morgan

\* \* \* \* \*

Part 6

OBITUARY LAMINATED IN CLEAR PLASTIC AS A MEMORIAL BOOKMARKER

In memory  
IRL PARKER MAXEY

Services for Irl Parker Maxey, 82, of Moline, are 10 a.m. Friday [May 15, 1998] at Trinity Bible Missionary Church, Milan. Burial is in Davenport Memorial Park.

Visitation is 1:30 to 4:30 and 6:30 to 8:30 p.m. today at Trimble Funeral Home, Coal Valley. Memorials may be made to the Bible Missionary Institute, Rock Island.

Rev. Maxey died Tuesday, May 12, 1998, in his home.

He was born Aug. 24, 1915, in Alicil, Ore., the son of Irl and Jessie Caldwell Maxey. He married Edith Morehouse on May 30, 1942, in Nampa, Idaho.

He held the Master of Theology degree from Northwest Nazarene College, Nampa. His pastoral experience included more than twenty-six years; serving under the Church of the Nazarene for eighteen years in Idaho, Montana, and Nebraska, and under the Bible Missionary Church for eight years in Texas and Illinois. For thirty years he served on the faculty of the Bible Missionary Institute in Rock Island.

He served for 24 years as editor of the "Missionary Revivalist." He traveled extensively in the United States and abroad in the interest of the church and Christian education.

Survivors include his wife, Edith; sons and daughters-in-law, Rev. Ross and Dona Maxey of Rock Island, Rev. Gary and Emma Lou Maxey of Nigeria, Africa, Rev. Lee and Sandy Maxey of Seattle, Wash., and Paul and Peggy Maxey of Coal Valley; a daughter and son-in-law, Keren and Elisha Ibebunjo of Stuart, Fla.; 10 grandchildren; two great-grandchildren; brothers, Bruce Maxey of Hemet, Calif., Gale Maxey of Boise, Idaho, and Duane Maxey of Coeur d' Alene, Idaho; and

sisters, Beatrice Leavell of Nampa, Idaho, and Ruth Clough of Boise, Idaho. He was preceded in death by a son, Bruce Allen Maxey.

With Deepest Sympathy  
Davenport Memorial Park

\* \* \* \* \*

THE END