

# FAMILY PORTRAITS

It's been said that every child in a given family has different parents. Spread as they were over almost twenty years, some of Arthur's other surviving children and one grandchild recall moments that stand out and define for them who Uncle Arthur really was.

## Lawrence

"I don't particularly remember the theological discussions; those were more between Graham, Malcolm, and Dad," says Lawrence. Rather, he recalls a father who loved Christmas—more and more as he got older and had more time to make it special—and who never worried about giving kids too much candy. "I think he was sustaining the British Empire, as a number of the economies are built on sugar.

"Dad was always interested in us," continues Lawrence, recalling the dream he and Mervyn shared of being medical missionaries to "dark countries" and the theology/premed studies they pursued in college with distinction. When the dean of Loma Linda School of Medicine wrote rejection letters to the twins, Arthur came to the defense of his sons in the best way he knew: he wrote back to the dean. "[Dad] didn't hold a grudge, though," says Lawrence. "He published the dean's articles in the *Signs*."

The most poignant of Lawrence's memories is perhaps the day he left home to start his new job as founding editor of *Junior Guide*. "I had my car all packed. Mother

and Dad were there to see me off," he recalls. "I turned around just in time to see Dad wipe a tear from his eye." When he got into his new office on Sunday morning ("I wanted to get off to a good start"), a letter from his father was already waiting—a sort of "welcome to my world" for the son who was to share his father's editorial vocation.

## Deirdre

Although Deirdre may have been adopted as a darling two-year-old, to the world she was clearly Uncle Arthur's youngest child—so much so that people often remarked how much she looked like him.



Members of the Maxwell family in Brighton, England, the year they emigrated to the United States. From left to right: Rachel, Graham, Mervyn, Maureen, Lawrence, Malcolm, and Arthur.

"Malcolm and I were almost another generation," she observes; the twins went to college a few months after she arrived at the Maxwell home, and she had Graham as a teacher in biblical philosophy at PUC. Theology was a natural part of family discussions when they got together—animated discussions to be sure, but "it was all done in a very kind spirit."

Camp meeting circuit stories like "Jimmy and the Jam Jar" made an indelible impression, but at home Deirdre remembers her father less as a storyteller than as a letter writer and recipient. "Sometimes he'd come running down, excited about a story a child had told in a letter. That kept him writing—all the stories from the children."

Waving good-bye to her father through a chain link fence at the San Francisco airport is a dominant memory of her childhood, and the little gifts he would always bring back. She learned to ask for forgiveness for "trespasses" rather than "debts" in the Lord's Prayer; she benefited from the understanding her parents had of different worldviews, and understood early that being cautious about associations even with neighbor children was very important.

She remembers greeting dinner guests from the General Conference with rope burns around her neck at age four, after playing "horse" in one of Malcolm's dramatic make-believe episodes. But the overriding memory she has of both Arthur and Rachel (from whom she received an extraordinary education in gardening) is of their joy in celebration.

"Both my folks, but especially Dad, loved to celebrate," Deirdre says. "They made the house a place people wanted to come home to. Whenever we all got together, it was big and boisterous—a lot of love and appreciation."

Especially at Christmas. Having nieces who are only four years younger, Deirdre was not the baby at family gatherings for long. "Dad would call Santa at the North Pole. Later, there'd be a knock on the door and Father Christmas (Dad) would come in with a pillowcase." The children each got a small gift, and the adults got a one-pound box of chocolates from a special store in Palo Alto. Then there would be cellophane-wrapped candy at the bottom of the sack, which Father Christmas would toss out to all. "To see all those ordained ministers on their knees grabbing candy was quite a sight," remembers Deirdre. "Somehow, Graham always seemed to get the most."

Researching and writing an anecdote-filled genealogy of the Maxwell family piqued her interest in finding out about her birth parents, whom she did find in her birthplace of Nashville. But whether it was the Maxwell family penchant for story, the little tokens of love brought home by Arthur after a trip, or the happy memories that drew her in, she concludes with resolve, "The Maxwell family—that's my family. There's no doubt."

## Audrey

"I was lucky. I'm older than most of my cousins, so I remember my grandfather," says Audrey Zinke, Graham's second child. "It was awe-inspiring to hear him preach. Outside the pulpit, he was the most gentle person. But he would pound the pulpit like no one else could." And he gave her two great gifts: "He passed down to me the excitement of the second coming. There was never a moment when you didn't know you were absolutely and totally loved."

"Each year this very busy man, from the time we were small, would take the three of us sisters (Lorna, Audrey, and Alice) shopping to buy us our new Easter Sabbath dresses, complete with hats, shoes, and purses. He literally made us girls feel like 'queens for the day,' and then on the way home he would take us to get an ice cream cone. He seemed to love this day and look forward to it as much as we did!

He didn't rush through the day but instead made us feel like we were the most important persons on earth. This is just an example of the extraordinary person he was, and is one of the things that endeared him to us. In fact, the last time he took me shopping for a dress was for my 'going-away outfit' for my wedding day, three months before he passed away.

"He loved each of his children, their spouses, and his grandchildren with all his heart and he showed it. He was involved in each of their lives and knew what they needed. It brought him great joy to help out in little things to make their lives easier."

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