

My father also played the French horn, but I was still very young when he put it up in the attic and never touched it again.

When Edmund was 19, he finally persuaded the father of 17-year-old, Martha Kriger, of the Springside area, to let her marry him. Martha had no idea that she was about to marry a boy who was already addicted to alcohol and tobacco. The wedding took place in her parents' home on June 16th of 1922. Edmund's parents gave him a half section of land to farm. On November 26th of the following year, Martha gave birth to Morvel Lloyd, and twenty-five months later, to Lawrence Milton.

Morvel was three years old when his Uncle, Emil Klause, rode onto the farm yard on his horse. Morvel ran to meet him, and as he approached behind that horse, it suddenly kicked at him and knocked him unconscious. Emil gathered him up and took him quickly into the house and laid him on the kitchen table. There, Martha knelt in prayer that God would revive her son. Within a matter of a few minutes, he awoke and told his mother that the horse kicked him in the tummy.

Morvel's next mishap took place when he was four and was trying to use a pair of scissors to cut some twine from a large roll of it so that he could have his little brother hold the ends while Morvel drove him around the yard as a man behind a horse. However, he did not know how to use those scissors and just kept pushing up with them till the twine broke and one point of those scissors went into his right eye. He was rushed into the Yorkton Hospital, where he was given chloroform to put him to sleep. A little antiseptic was applied to the eye and he was taken home with a bandage over it. From then on, he had only 20/30 (two-thirds) vision in it. That accident may have saved Morvel's life years later when he was a young soldier, who was discharged from his unit before going overseas because the medical officer felt that since he had to always keep that right eye closed on bright, sunny days, he should be released as unfit for duty. A few months later, Morvel rejoined, and became a member of the Canadian Provost (police) Corps. He served his country for a total of 61 months as a police instructor.

The great depression hit Saskatchewan farmers about 1930 and thus, the next year, Edmund had his friend, Alf Reusch, auction off the farm implements. The farm was given back to Ed's parents, who leased it out to another son, Harry. Edmund purchased the Maple Leaf Café on Betts Avenue in Yorkton. But, that venture did not last more than a year, as the bellicose male cook he hired kept dropping his cigar ashes into the soup.

Alf Reusch then invited Ed to join him in running a second hand store on Second Avenue. There, one day, a customer, while checking out a rifle to see if it was worth the asking price, pointed it toward the office door and pulled the trigger. He was shocked to discover the weapon loaded. The tiny peep-hole glass in the door was shattered and the bullet had gone through the top of Alf Reusch's hat, which he was wearing at the time as he sat at his desk. The store was then sold and re-opened on Betts Avenue, where I often visited after school and joined my father in listening to Amos and Andy on the radio.

Our family lived in a shanty type house at 378 Second Avenue. However, before I was 10 years old, we lived in two other houses, one of which was 25 Ontario Street. In 1933, my father moved his wife and three children into a granary on his parents' farm and he took off for British Columbia. But, before he did so, he hoodwinked his mother into letting him have the \$900 that had been set aside from the farm sale - \$300 for each of his three sons. Little Elwood Lorne had been born in the Yorkton Hospital in October of 1931. Edmund promised his mother he would turn the money into a much larger amount and send it back to her to re-bank for the boys. He never did, and he never returned to his family.

Martha then placed Morvel with her sister and husband, the Ferdinand Nehrings, who also had a farm near Springside. There, I walked the two miles to the Windsor School for a year or more. I liked my uncle and aunt, but did have some misgivings about their love for me when on Christmas morning, I found nothing more than an onion in the sock I had hung up for Santa Claus to leave me some goodies.

I, then, the next summer, found that a cattle shipper was going to drive to Winnipeg where my mother and two brothers were living on Sherbrook Street.

When I arrived in Winnipeg, I had no idea of the address of my mother and brothers, so I sat out on the steps of the Sherbrook Baths and just hoped they would sometime walk by, and after a few hours, they did. It was quite a tearful reunion, as they had no idea I was in the city. Lawrence and I were then placed out on a farm near Brunkild, Manitoba, with a family named Carlson. There, Lawrence and I walked two miles to the Golden Valley School, daily, for a year. When I was 13 and Lawrence, 11, we were placed in the Knowles School for Boys in North Kildonan, a suburb of Winnipeg. I took Grade seven and eight there and eventually was made Captain of the school. Mr. Charles Hawkins was the Administrator of the School for the Winnipeg Community Chest. My teacher was a Mr. S.D. Dack. I had the job of caring for the school's chickens.

I was not yet 16 when World War II broke out and found me out on another farm helping bring in the harvest. There, a certain Mr. Wilson told me that if I wanted to have the strength to keep up with him and the older men, I'd have to take up smoking. He got me started. I thought, well, my father was very powerful and he smoked a lot, so maybe there is something to it. May God forgive that man. I smoked for ten years and still regret my ignorance.

Finally, I had had enough of hearing of how Hitler needed to be defeated, so I left the threshing work and rode my bicycle 50 miles over a gravel highway back to Winnipeg to join the army. I was about to turn 16 shortly, so I claimed to be 18. After all, I was 6 feet, 2 inches tall, and looked very much like a man.

While my mother and we boys lived in Winnipeg, mother supported herself and Ellwood by scrubbing floors evenings in the Land Titles Building. The military stationed me in Camp Debert near Truro, Nova Scotia. There, I rode motorcycles and drove trucks. Later, in the military police, I did a lot of highway patrol work on my motor bike.

Once in a while, my mother received a letter from my father. Some of them contained pictures of himself in the company of girlfriends he admired. Mother finally divorced her errant husband. When I was stationed in Victoria, B.C., Mother also moved out to Vancouver. Not long after that, Lawrence decided to join the Air Force. He became a sergeant and served as an air gunner overseas just as the war was ending.

After the war ended, I was discharged on January 11, 1946. While walking with Lawrence (by now, always called Larry), in Stanley Park on Saturday, we saw two attractive young women with whom we struck up a conversation. We took them on a boat ride on Lost Lagoon. One of those girls was Esther Dnistransky, a nurse in training at the St. Pauls Hospital. She seemed so sweet and honest that I finally asked her to marry me. The wedding took place in our rented home in Vancouver on May 4th, 1948. Esther had been reared in a Seventh-day Adventist home in Saskatchewan and she was of Polish and Russian extraction. While I could fill this entire book by writing of all our experiences together, I will mention only a few.

Although Esther was no longer practicing her parents' religion, she did have a more refined way about her that I appreciated. One day, her sister, Evelyn and husband Nick Matiko, visited us in our little basement room at 1330 Pendrell Street. Beside our bed was a small stand on which I kept some Readers Digests which I enjoyed reading. One night, after that visit, Esther was at work at the nearby hospital as private duty nurse, and I found myself unable to fall asleep. I switched on my bedlamp and reached for a Digest, but instead, a strange booklet fell into my hands, called, "The Marked Bible." On the cover was a ship and thus, I became curious as to what a ship had to do with the Bible. I began to read the true story of a sailor and how his mother had placed a marked Bible in his kit bag before he went to sea. As Esther walked in the door at 4 a.m., I was just closing the back cover of that interesting booklet. My words to my bride were: "You know all this stuff and never told me!?" "What stuff?" was her response.

I showed her the booklet and she at once deduced that it must have been placed with my Digests by her sincere Seventh-day Adventist sister, who had visited the day before.

The very next Saturday, Esther and I attended the Vancouver Seventh-day Adventist Church so that I might see what kind of people they were. After the sermon, Paster J. Elmer Whelpley baptized a few people in the baptismal pool under the rostrum. It was a very impressive service and my heart was touched. Then, the Pastor asked if there is anyone in the congregation who wished to take Bible studies and also prepare for baptism? To my own dismay and my bride's even greater dismay, I stood up. Esther tried to pull me back down by my arm, but I moved it up so that she would have to either let go or stand up too. Then, during the hymn that followed, I decided, maybe we had better leave, as they might ask us to come kneel by the altar so hands can be laid on us as I had seen done in the Pentecostal churches my mother had loved to attend. But, Mrs. Whelpley would not let me pass through that church door till I had given my name and phone number.

Later, the pastor called and arranged to give us Bible studies. These took place from October through December. I gave the man a bad time when he presented me with his Adventist views which did not jibe with what I had learned in Pentecostal and Baptist churches (my mother's parents were German Baptists). But, Elder Whelpley was a very kindly, patient man, who was always able to prove that his doctrines agreed with Scripture.

One day, he told me I'd not be able to be baptized unless I quit smoking. That was a hard blow, as I was well addicted. He said, "Let's agree to pray about this matter at 8 o'clock tonight - you, here with your wife, and I will pray from our home with my wife at the same time. I agreed. We prayed. The next morning I decided to have just one more smoke. I lit up while still in bed and low and behold, someone had poisoned my cigarette; I was sure of it. It tasted awful! Esther denied even touching my pack. I never wanted that taste in my mouth again, so I threw them into the wood stove and that ended my smoking career. I still wonder how God had changed the chemistry in my mouth so that I'd get that terrible taste from what the night before, had tasted so good.

Another time during our studies, we were told that Seventh-day Adventists don't wear jewelry, not even wedding or engagement rings. That was after we had studied the subject from Scripture. I finally had to confess to the pastor that Esther had tried several times, even with soapy hands, to remove her rings and they refused to come off. Then, I added, "If God wants those rings removed, he will have to do it Himself." To my astonishment, the pastor said that was a good idea, but we'd have to pray and place the matter in God's hands. The next morning, as I lay in bed reading out loud to my wife, who had just given me a nice breakfast and was now washing the dishes, she tried again to remove those rings from her wet hands, but failed. Then, a few minutes later, as she was drying the porridge pot and walking toward the stove where she planned to store it in the warming closet, suddenly she let out a cry of astonishment. I stopped reading and looked at her. She was looking at the floor near my bed. There, I saw the wedding band running circles around the engagement rings. When it came to rest against the engagement ring, she began to bend to pick them up, but I said, "no, don't touch them!". I said, "how did you get them off?" "I didn't", she said and kept looking at her left hand. Then, she explained that she had just tried with wet hands and failed and now that her hands were dry, they just fell off onto the floor. I knew then that the pastor's prayer had been fully and miraculously answered. I took those rings and gave them to the church to sell and invest the money in soul winning.

For a while, after our baptism on December 25, 1948, I sold SDA books and magazines until I decided to once again attend school and get my Grades 9 to 12 completed. Esther and our baby daughter, Karen Isle, moved to Lacombe, Alberta, where I enrolled as a student at Canadian Union College. There, I took all four grades in two years, while Esther worked as a nurse in two different hospitals to help put me through. I told her she had earned her PHT (pushed husband through). She had to hitchhike rides to Ponoka and often stayed the night there, and was so sad not to be with her little girl, whom people began to call "Twinky". She had a personality that made her eyes twinkle as she spoke and giggled.

What I liked most about being an Adventist was the great books they publish. The books I loved most were all written by Ellen G. White, an American woman who had been chosen by God to receive visions to share with God's remnant (last) church on earth. Ellen had only three years of schooling before being injured as a child. Her mother taught her to read and love the Bible until at the age of 17, she was suddenly given her first of over 2,000 visions. During some of those visions, hundreds of people were present to witness them. One skeptical medical doctor asked if he could hold his hands over her nose and mouth, as it had been claimed that like other prophets, while in vision, she did not breathe. He was given permission and after a few minutes, declared, "she does not breathe!". He grabbed his medical bag and left in a state of shock.

Ellen wrote over 25 million words on a large number of topics. I have had the privilege to check out all those books over a 53 year period and cannot find even one word she wrote that contradicted God's Holy Bible. She loved that book and wanted everyone to read it to obtain the full truth on any matter.

I have read books by Mary Baker Eddy of the Christian Science Church, and by Charles Taze Russel, founder of the Jehovah's Witnesses, and the Book of Mormon of the people who call themselves Latter-day Saints. All of them, in various places, contradict Scripture. Thus, it can be seen that I made very sure I knew what I was believing and sharing with all my relatives before I ventured to be God's missionary to those whom I love.

One thing I discovered that is painful is the fact that anyone who becomes a Seventh-day Sabbath keeper without fully surrendering his heart to God, generally in time gives up the practice of obedience. It's not easy to be obedient to all of God's commandments unless one is fully in love with Jesus. He said, "without me, you can do nothing." How very true. How I wish I could get my own dear wife and daughters, as well as my brothers, to renew their faith in God and join me in obedience to Him!

While none of my uncles, aunts and cousins have shown any interest in becoming keepers of all God's laws, I did have the pleasure for a full year of reading four of Ellen White's books to my dear Aunt Minnie, a year before she died in Yorkton, Sask. She seemed to fully understand everything and the questions she asked proved to me that she was most sincere. I had an Adventist pastor in Yorkton call upon her several times and he later told me, after she had died, that Minnie will certainly be taken to heaven when Christ returns, as he was convinced that she fully understood what she had been taught, and she accepted all of it. That brought me great joy.

I taught school for 25 years and was also a principal of several academies in the USA and Canada. During those years, I was able to help quite a number of people understand the truth and give their hearts to Jesus.

In my last few years after teaching, I ran a printing business and still do it for some of my long-time customers. I did my last teaching in Osoyoos, B.C., until I retired in 1985.

Esther moved to Vancouver in 1979 to get medical attention due to a pituitary gland tumor, which she finally had removed. She lost all interest in being a wife and being a Christian, so decided not to return to her husband. We were then divorced in 1980. I lived in Osoyoos until 1998 when I bought 10 acres of land 13 k east of town and moved into my mountain home, where I have been quite content with my dog, my garden and my wood gathering for my winter warmth.

In my spare time, I pick up beer and pop cans and bottles to cash in so that I can have more money to put towards my support of Christian charities. During the last 23 years, I have in this manner, raised over \$34,000.00.

I now share the gospel with new friends I make via my private computer. My email address is morvel@vip.net

During his last few years of life, Edmund worked as a private logger on Galiano Island, which is one of the B.C. Gulf islands. There, he shared a horse and a small cabin with an older man. Together, they hand sawed trees in the forest, removed the branches and then pulled each tree at once to the water's edge to make up a log boom. Ed got paid once a month and then bought himself a plane ride to Vancouver with a local pilot. In Vancouver, he always ended up with a bottle of wine and a hooker. These girls many times stole Ed's wallet and money as soon as he got too drunk to know what he was doing. He had the habit of falling asleep when inebriated. Then, he would give me, Morvel, a phone call to please come and bring him some money so he could get a ride back to work. The pilot refused to come for him unless he had the cash. I loaned him the money, but never ever got any of it paid back to me.

One weekend when my father was in Vancouver, I happened to be walking down Robson Street with my mother, when he spotted us. He called out and came running over to grab his ex-wife and try to hug and kiss her. My mother was shocked and tried to push him and his alcoholic breath away from her. I finally spoke up and said, "Okay, Dad, that's enough, leave Mom alone as she is not interested in your affections." He ignored me and then Mom cried out to me, "help me, Morvel." I then took hold of my father's one arm to pull him away but he struck at me so I had to hit him in the face to stop him. His nose began to bleed onto my new sand-colored suit, which really upset me, as I was wearing it home from the tailor's shop where I had just paid for it.

Finally, I overpowered my father and held him until Mother was able to run away, as Dad kept calling after her, "Martha, Martha, I love you, don't run away." I then let him go and walked down the street to find a dry cleaner to remove the blood stains from my suit. I felt so bad that I had had to struggle with my own father in this way.

After I had finished my teacher training course at the Vancouver Normal School in 1952, I was awarded a first class teacher certificate. During that whole 10 months in school, I drove a Yellow Cab taxi by night and tried to stay awake and study by day. Somehow, I managed to get through the course.

During that same year, on January 17th, our second daughter, Ardyth Leora, was born at the Vancouver General Hospital. She was a large baby and thus, a very difficult birth for Esther. The doctor called me and said that the baby looked as though every bone in her body had been broken. He hoped she would pull through. Well, she almost did not. After she was placed in an oxygen tent for several days, we were about ready to give her up.

However, one Saturday evening, about 10 Seventh-day Adventist young people and Pastor Harold Dawes, visited in our home to comfort us before they went out door to door to do what they called Ingathering (raising money for missionary work). Pastor Dawes offered a very sincere prayer that God would have mercy and heal that little baby. Then, he ended his prayer by raising his hand up and as he brought it down, he said, "and touch now that little one with healing, I pray". Then, I looked at the clock and it was 7:00 pm. They all left and at 8:00 pm, the doctor called and said that he had good news. "Your sick little girl has gotten some color in her face now and is taking her first food." I asked, "Doctor, when did that happen?" to which he replied, "that was an hour ago." I said, "Doctor, an hour ago, a number of friends were at our home and we all knelt to ask God to heal our baby." He replied, "well, we did our best, anyway." I thanked him and within a couple of days, we had our little girl in our home. I shall never forget that at one time, that same doctor had said that he doubted the little child could be kept alive.

Ardy was an easy child to rear and teach, as she was nearly always cheerful and obedient. Her sister, Karen, on the other hand, had a mind of her own and made sure her parents knew it. She became a great mother and homemaker, but still resents the several times she had to be disciplined for willful disobedience. When both parents have to work for a living, it is not easy to patiently cope with a disobedient child in the home. I love both our daughters and their own three children.

A FEW MORE NOTES ON GRANDPA ADOLPH KLAUSE

By Morvel

I seem never to forget that when I was a boy and stayed overnight at Grandpa and Oshie's home, I would early in the morning hear Grandpa through the open register in the floor above the living room. He would be speaking audibly to God in prayer. I heard him mention his children, and even my name. I was very impressed with his piety and sincere belief in God and prayer. He then chuckled quietly to himself, as his tactic worked.

One time when my brother, Lawrence, and I had to spend the night at Grandpa's home, we had to sleep upstairs in the same bed with him, as there was other company visiting and using his bedroom. We two kids kept talking and giggling and Grandpa wanted to sleep, so he suddenly took his belt from his removed trousers and swung it back across the heavy feather ticking we were under. It gave us the message that he was too tired to put up with any more of our disturbance.

I used to go herding cows down the roadway with Grandpa. He could not see them, so I was his little seeing-eye dog. When a cow strayed too far away, I told him and then he'd tell me to go fetch it back to the herd. But, what I liked most of all was when Grandpa would sing hymns as we herded those cows. The one song that he seemed to love most was, On The Jericho Road. I still hear him singing, "On the Jericho road, there is room for just two." It then ended with words like, "Just Jesus and me."

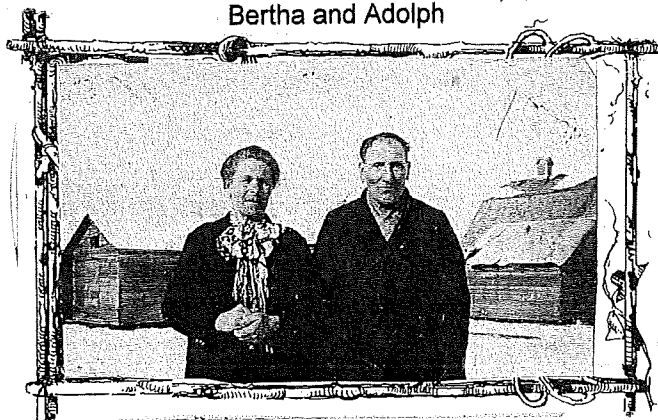
Grandpa was a very kindly, soft spoken man and I never ever heard an unkind word from his lips. I remember him going into the bottom of the china cabinet to fish out the platter with the pork roast and trying to cut off a small piece to chew on when Grandma was out in the garden. I always loved Grandpa too much to ever tell on him.

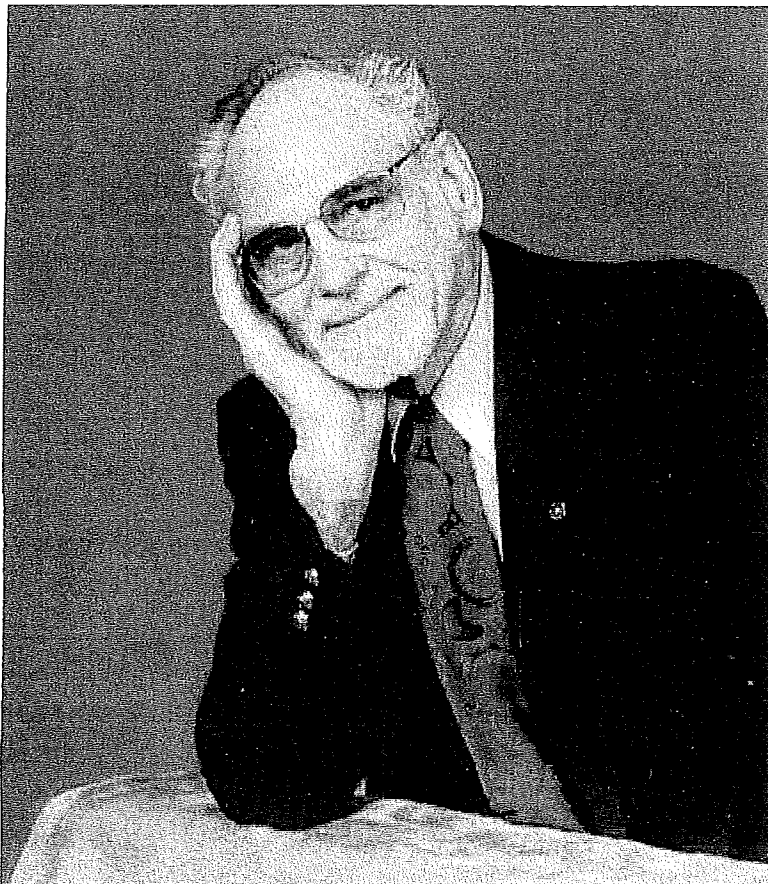
After breakfast every morning, while Uncle Johnny and Aunt Violet were still at home, Grandma would read a few verses from the German Bible and whenever she got stuck on a word, Grandpa would not only repeat the word for her, but finish the entire verse. I used to wonder how he could know what she was going to read. I was only 7 or 8.

After the reading, we all knelt and Grandpa would lead us in prayer as he asked the blessing on all his children and grandchildren. I do believe that dear old man proved to be an inspiration to me in spiritual matters.

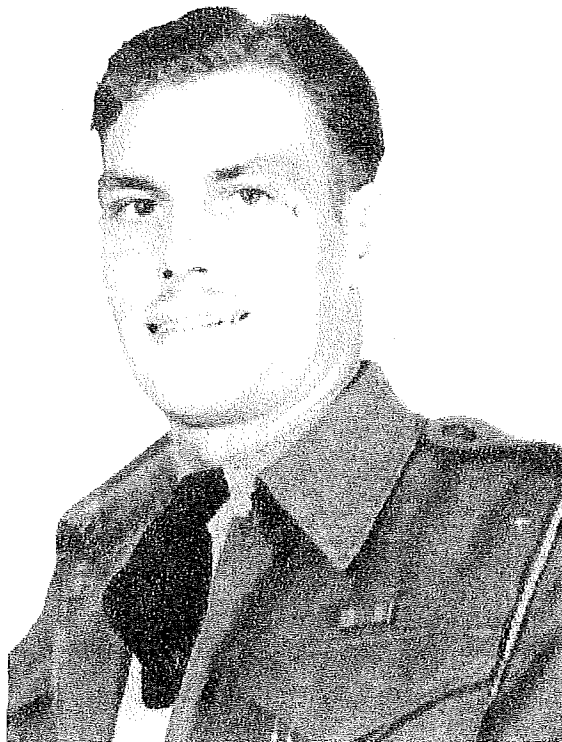
I joined the armed forces at age 16 and all through my more than five years in uniform, I always prayed in bed every night that Jesus would protect me and help me to be good. It took me a long time to be good, but eventually, I found my way into all truth and there I have been happy to serve God for the last 55 years.

Bertha and Adolph

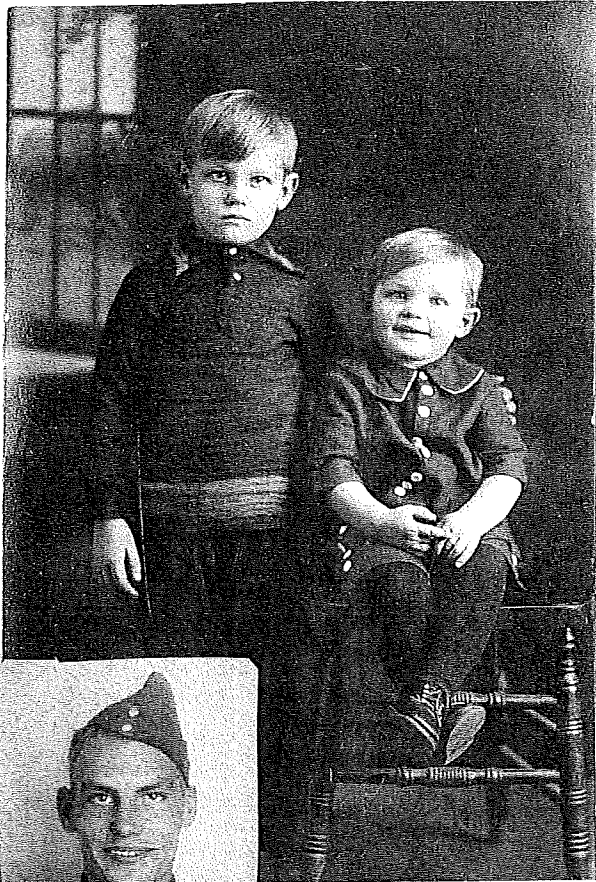




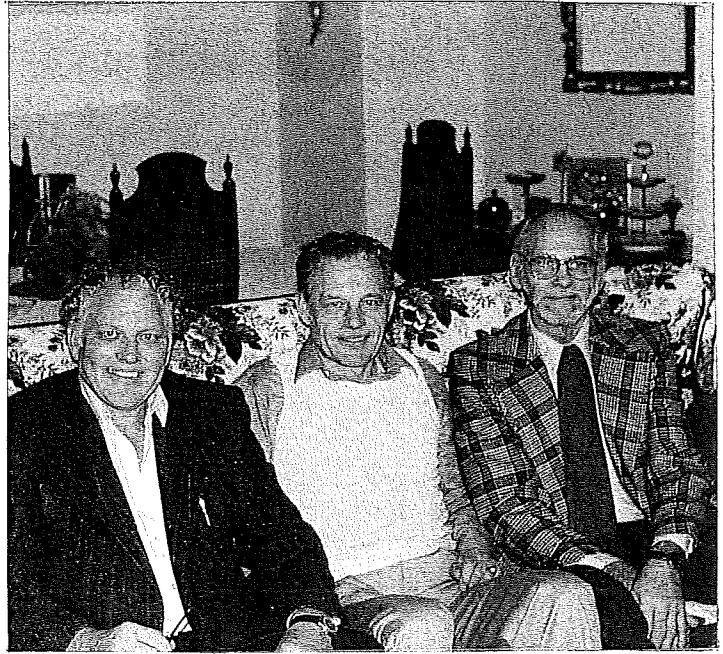
Morvel Klause



Morvel in uniform
Canadian Provost Corps (Military Police)



Morvel and Laurence



*Ellwood, Laurence & Morvel
Christmas, 1987*



*Morvel, Esther & family
taken at Edward Klause home*



Morvel with daughters, Ardyth (left) & Karen

KAREN HARRISON

Eldest daughter of Morvel and Esther Klause. Born July 9, 1949.

Married to Roy Harrison for 30 years. Roy died of colon cancer on February 7, 2000. He only knew he had cancer for six months. Karen nursed him at home until he died in her arms. Their daughter, Carrie, was there, also. Roy was a gravel truck owner/operator. He was a very likeable man.

Karen is a hairdresser, now struggling to make ends meet with her in-home beauty shop.

In April of 1995, Karen gave a much needed kidney to her daughter, Carrie, who was 22 at the time. She is doing very well now.

Carrie was born on June 17, 1972. She is a very successful business woman in Vancouver, the Director of Sales and Marketing in a company named, Forge, which is to do with internet marketing.

Lonny, Karen and Roy's son, is 28 years old, born January 23, 1974, and lives in Toronto. He is in his second year at University of Toronto, receiving his Ph.D. in Russian literature. He also teaches Russian.



Sisters, Ardy Astill and Karen Harrison



Lonny and Anya Harrison

Carrie Harrison



ARDY ASTILL

Youngest daughter of Morvel and Esther Klause. Born January 17, 1952

At the age of 18, had to have both knee caps operated on, due to knees going out of joint often. It was very painful. Recovery took several months, with casts from thigh to ankle. Then, the process of learning to walk again

At 18, married Don (Ruggy) Rogers, a hobby shop owner. They were married from 1970 - 1975. In 1978, Ardy became a bartender/waitress, and is still in the same business.

Lived with Dan Boan from 1984 - 1990. A son, Cody James Boan was born on June 19, 1986. Cody is now 15. He is a very charming, good looking boy, always bigger than kids his age. He is 6' 2", weighing 240 lbs. Cody is very mature. He is good with his hands. He has made hundreds of model trucks and cars. He also enjoys working on real trucks or cars, mechanically, and auto body work.

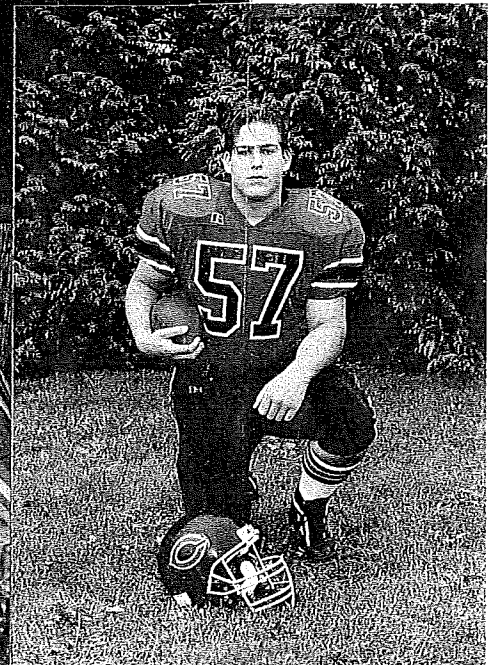
Ardy married Darwin Astill on October 8, 1994. He is a truck Dispatcher at a large company in Richmond, B.C. Ardy, Darwin and Cody purchased a new home in October, 2001 in an area called Walnut Grove, in Langley, B.C.

Ardy's sister, Karen, has owned a home in Walnut Grove for 18 years. She is very happy to have us living so close to her, now that she is alone since Roy died.

Darwin has a good one hour drive to work each day, but it is worth it, because we love the area in which we live.



Ardy and Darwin



Cody Boan

LAURENCE MILTON KLAUSE

- Born December 5, 1925 at Springside, Sask.
- Joined RCAF in 1943 and was sent overseas (England) in early 1945.
- Married Paula Sipes on May 4, 1950. They were divorced in 1966
- Three children were born to Laurence and Paula:
 - Steven Allan - 1951
 - Lori-Anne - 1954
 - Peter Varden - 1956
- Worked at Weiser Lock Co. Ltd. for twenty-two years (Burnaby)
- Retired and moved to White Rock, B.C. in 1986.
- While retired, worked part-time with nephew, Darryl Klause, who is in construction, building houses.
- Also worked part-time with Peace Arch Toyota in White Rock.

Children:

1. Steven Allan, born, July 10, 1951
 - Married Diane Ball in 1979. They are divorced.
 - They had two children - Jason - born February 19, 1982
Jason is working in the Parts Dept. Of Mack Trucks, Anaciss Island

Kimberley - born September 28, 1985
Kimberley is in her last year of high school

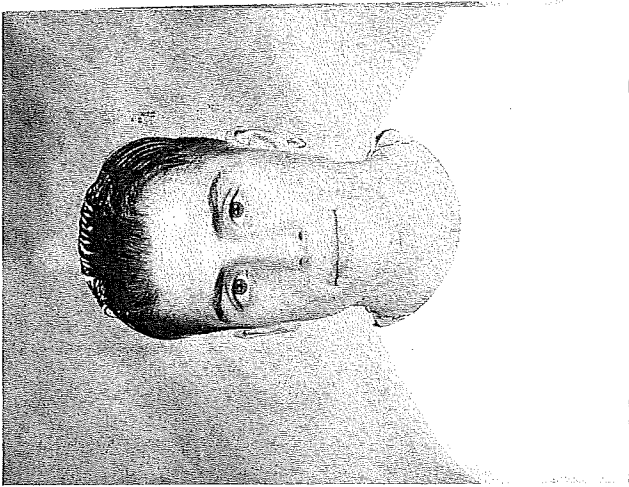
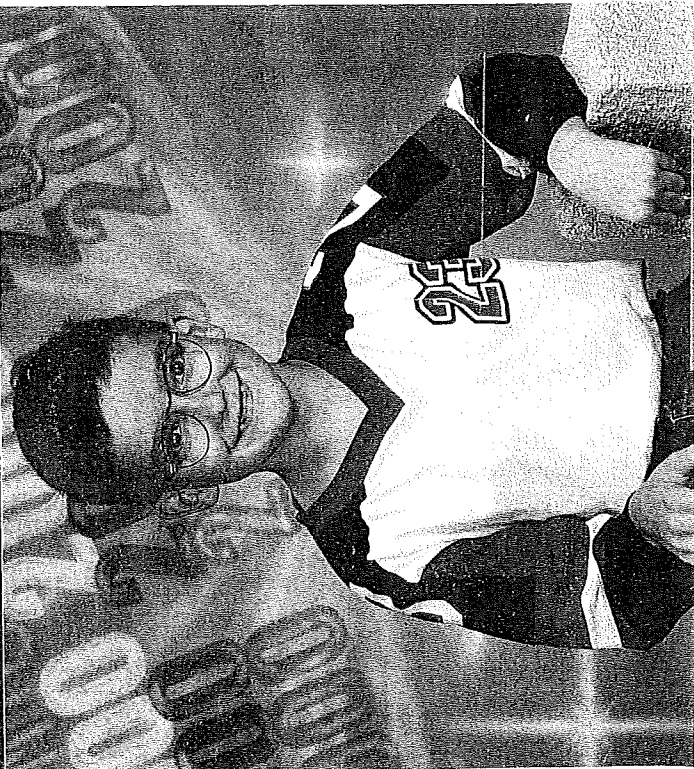
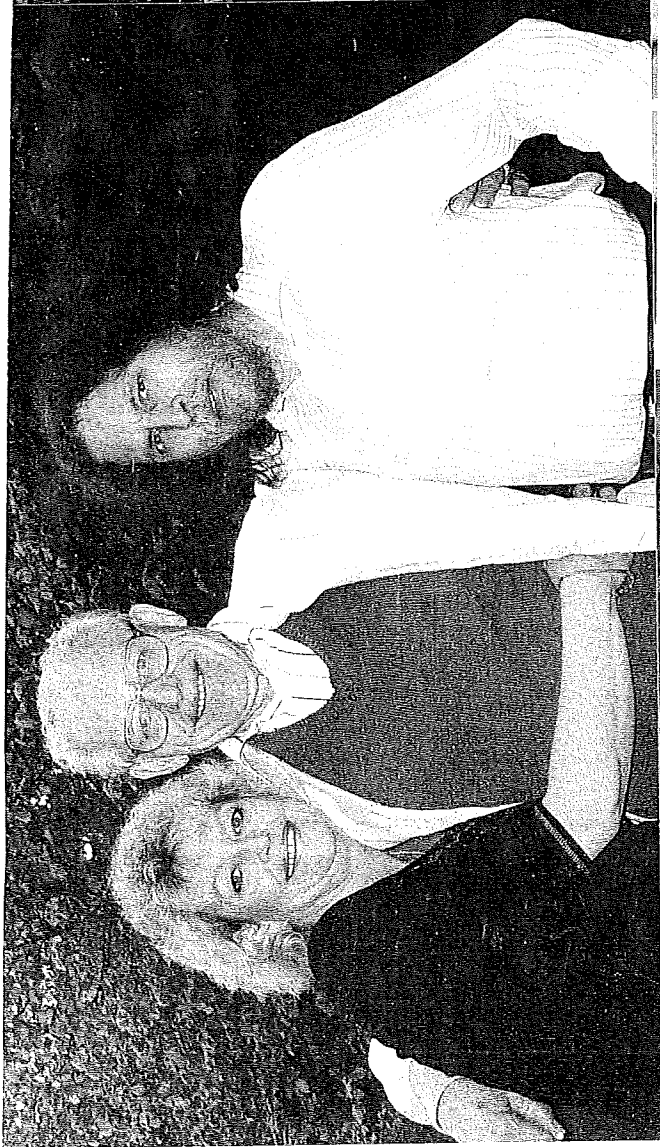
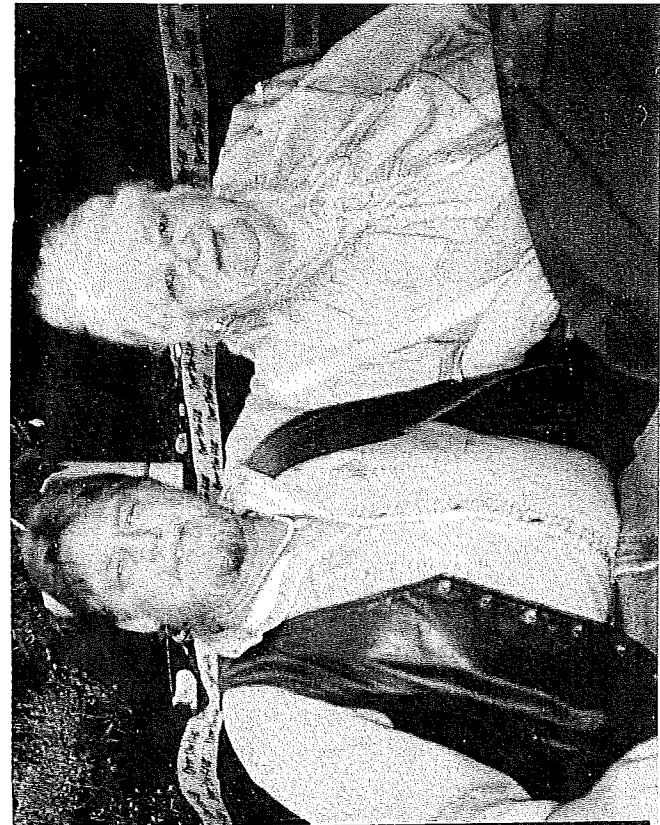
Steven has been in construction (drywaller) all his life, and resides in Surrey, B.C.

2. Lori-Anne, born May 5, 1954
 - She has one son, Clayton, born September 21, 1989
3. Peter Varden, born December 16, 1956
 - Never married, and lives in Surrey, B.C.

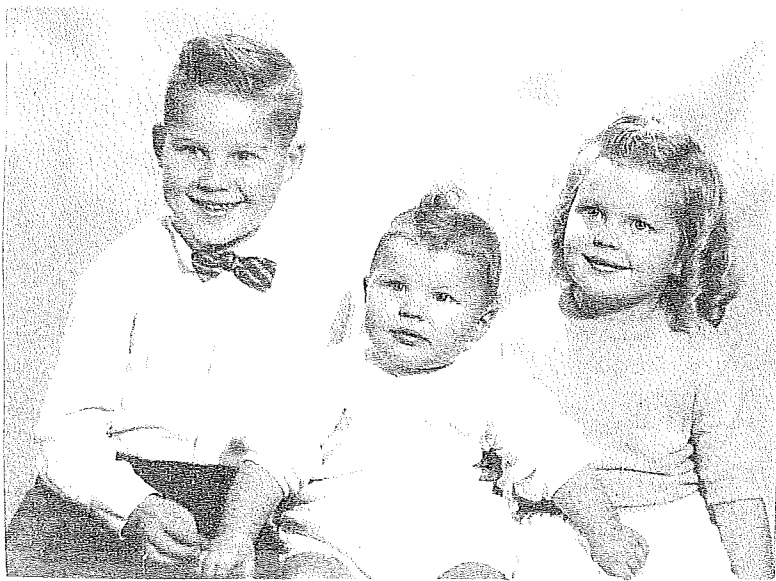
- Married second wife, Rachel Meril (Oct. 31/60) on May 5, 1989 in Surrey, B.C. Rachel is from the Phillipines. She is a talented cake decorator, for which she has won many awards at local B.C. shows, Washington State and Calgary Stampede. In 1995, she began employment at Ocean Park Business Center, managing the store since 2000.

Rachel Meril - Klause
passed away suddenly
on June 21, 2003,
at Vancouver, B.C.

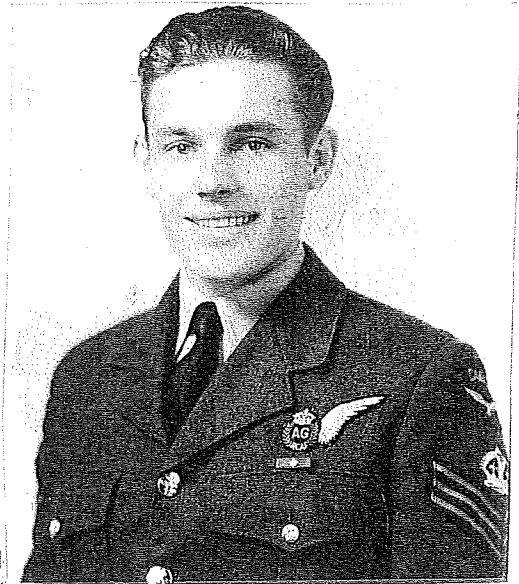




Top Left: Daughter, Lori-Anne, Laurence & son, Peter
Top Right: Steven & mother, Paula
Bottom Left: Clayton (Lori-Anne) Middle: Jason (Steven), Right: Kimberley (Steven)



Laurence's children: Steven (6), Peter (2), Lori-Anne (4)



Laurence, 19 yrs - Air Gunner RCAF Flight Sergeant



L to R: Steven, Laurence, Lori-Anne, Elwood, Renee & Darryl



Steven, Lori-Anne, Clayton, Rachel & Laurence

LORI-ANN KLAUSE

My name is Lori-Anne Klause. I am the daughter of Laurence Klause and Paula Sipes. I have two brothers, Steven Allan Klause, 50 years old, and Peter Varden, 45 years old. I am 47. I also have one sister and brother, Nicole, 32, and Chris, 28. They have a different father than we have.

I have had a pretty good life, so far. I had a very happy childhood until I was ten and my parents divorced. I lived with my father and brothers and had a good life. I love my parents very much. I left home at 17 to live with my girlfriend and go to work. I have been working ever since.

I have been working for Dairyland for 27 years, which is now called Dairyworld Foods and is owned by Saputo. I work on Anaciss Island at the Fluid division, working 3 - 12 hour shifts. I run the machines and drive the forklift in the warehouse, taking all the full pallets of product away. I then tag and wrap them all. I hope to leave there one day soon. It is very physically draining.

In my 20s, I had a great time - went to Mexico and Hawaii with girlfriends, about six times. I got together with Dexter, my last man, and finally had my first child, Clayton David Ryley, at 35 years old. Clayton is 12 years old. He will be 13 on September 21, 2002. He is a very good boy. I love him dearly. His best friend is Duke, our dog.

I am now with my fiancée, Robert Letemplier. We plan to be married September 14, 2002. He is a very good, loving man to me and Clayton. We will be going to his home town, Blanc Sablon, Quebec, at Christmas, for three weeks. It is his mom's 70th birthday. That should be great!

I live in Coquitlam, B.C. in a three bedroom townhouse, which I purchased four years ago. I have a Himalayan blue cream cat, who is 13 years old, named, Cloudy.

I am very close with my family and will be so looking forward to seeing the book.



Robert, Lori-Anne and Clayton

ELWOOD LORNE KLAUSE

Born October 15, 1931 at Yorkton, Saskatchewan, Canada
Mother: Martha Kriger Father: Edmund Klause

Mother left father with three boys when I was about 2 years old. We lived in Winnipeg 'til I was 10, when mother moved to Vancouver, B.C. to be near her sister, Lydia. There I attended Dawson Elementary and King George High.

Started logging in northern B.C. in summers at the age of 14. Joined Seaforth Highlanders Reserves and trained on Bren Gun Carriers for 3 years.

Married Rachel Pond in September, 1949. Worked in saw mill and logging camp at Lamming Mills near McBride, northern B.C. for two years, performing many difficult and dangerous jobs, felling some giant cedars as large as 8 feet in diameter. Winters were -40 to -60 degrees. The family moved back to Vancouver in 1952.

Son, Darryl Louis Klause, was born June 16, 1950 in Vancouver.

Completed a 6 month combination Gas and Arc Welding course and obtained a Boilermakers Certificate in 1953. Built boilers, gas and oil storage tanks and worked on high steel towers for the Dew Line in the mountainside of Hope, B.C.

A healthy girl, Renee Lynn was born in Vancouver, B.C. on April 19, 1954.

After several serious or near fatal accidents in logging and steel construction, Elwood decided to go back to school and study electronics. He received a U.S.A student visa and studied at National Electronics School in Los Angeles for 16 months. The family stayed in Vancouver for the time being. Passed school courses with A's and B's and sent for the family to join him in L.A., all eventually receiving permanent U.S.A. visas.

Elwood (who has been going by his second name, Lorne, since the 6th grade) was hired by the Pacific Semiconductors Inc. as a Research and Development Technician. We were the developers of the world's first micro diodes and transistors in Culver City, California. The company moved to a larger plant and Lorne was given the position of Test Production Line Supervisor in charge of 40 people.

Became a U.S.A. citizen on May 11, 1962. Bought a new house in L.A. area with 3 bedrooms and 2 baths, with \$17,500 down. Sadly, Lorne and Rachel were divorced and went their separate ways in 1961.

Lorne visited Europe for 6 months with a couple of friends. Drove a new VW all over Europe. Encountered many pleasant and some dangerous and unpleasant experiences. Visited countries of Denmark, Sweden, Norway, Luxemburg, Austria, Holland, Germany, Switzerland, France, Spain, Portugal, Italy, Gibraltar, Morocco, etc. We were in Lisbon at the time President Kennedy was shot, November, 1963. We flew back to New York and on to Toronto to pick up our car to drive across the U.S., back to L.A.

He was offered a position as a NASA instructor in Long Beach, California, but first had to complete a several weeks course in Reliable Electrical Connections and Soldering at the Marshall Space Flight Center, Huntsville, Alabama. Taught 2 week courses to Government Field Inspectors. Became an expert in Electrical Connections; taught for 3 years and moved on to Philco Ford Inc., as a Quality Assurance Engineer on the Polaris and F14 Projects. He received a Secret Security Clearance from the U.S. Gov't on October 17, 1967, so that he could work on these programs.

Married Cheryl Newman in 1970, who had a 6 year old boy , Gregory, from a previous marriage. We were both sick and tired of smog and congestion in the big city of L.A., and decided to move up to Lake Tahoe, California in 1972. I had 3 houses in Tahoe; built 2 on an acre with many spruce and pine trees and a stream running through it. Had an older 24 ft. cabin cruiser on the lake. Worked for Harvey's Hotel Casino for 10 years as a Slot Machine Mechanic and Electronics Specialist.

Cheryl and I were divorced in 1980. I bought a new house near Culver City and drove the 26 miles one way up and down the mountain highway #50 to work at Harvey's each day for 3 years. Very dangerous in winter storms.

Decided to move back to Vancouver area to be nearer son and family and brothers, nieces, etc. Arrived in Ocean Park, Surrey, B.C. in April, 1986, when son, Darryl, lived in a new house he had just finished building. Stayed with Darryl and Doreen for about a year until I got organized and settled. Worked with Darryl (who is a building contractor) for about 10 years. Did much of the fine finishing work on the houses.

I retired at 65 and now live in Crescent Beach, Surrey, B.C., beside a large wooded park and one mile from the ocean beaches; a very quiet, peaceful life, with a few good friends around.

I made several unwise stock investments over the years and lost approximately \$75,000.00. I have been very lucky with my healthy, strong German body and genes, however, and have good health to this day at age 70, even though I must say I have had my share of good times drinking and partying - *wine, women and song*, as they say. There were 100 friends at my 40th birthday party in Torrance, California. Also, my fellow workers and friends at Hughes Aircraft threw a big surprise going away dinner party for me and presented me with a large Bowie hunting knife inscribed, "*Good Luck Lorne - your friends at Hughes.*"

Major hobbies over the years have been fishing, sailing, hiking, placer gold mining, scuba diving and dabbling in painting. I played the trumpet since I was 12. It's been a great life and have few regrets. I've had many good and bad experiences over the years. It would take a large book to tell the whole story.

My daughter, Renee is married to a builder, Ken Fullerton, and lives in Washington State on Hart Lake. They have no children. She will be 49 on April 19, 2003



Cherie & Gordon Livingston, Lawrence, Bea Shindle, Elwood



Renee

DARRYL KLAUSE

Born Darryl Louis Klause, June 16, 1950 at St. Paul's Hospital, Vancouver, Canada. My parents are Elwood Lorne Klause and Rachelle Phyllis Claire (Pond) Klause. My middle name was taken from my great grandfather, Louis Bongiovanni, who came to America from Italy in the early 1900s.

I spent the first five years in Canada and then immigrated to the USA with my parents. They became US citizens and I was naturalized with a dual citizenship. They were attending the Seventh-day Adventist Church and therefore, I attended their private schools. Eventually, the church theology caused much disagreement between my parents and they divorced in 1960. This caused much hardship, and I was forced to take on many adult duties at a very early age.

My mother was awarded custody of me and my sister, who is 4 years younger. We had just purchased a new home in Torrance, California, prior to the separation, which is where we lived until my mother remarried, about 7 years later, to Dr. Dale Strawn, and moved to Lancaster, California. I was shipped off to Thunderbird Academy, a boarding school in Scottsdale, Arizona, for my last year, and graduated in 1968. T.A. was a converted air force base with it's own airstrip and ground school. I entered the pilots' program and soloed on a Cessna 172 and flew cross country in twin Cherokee 180s. The school also had a quality maple furniture factory, where I worked part-time and was introduced to furniture manufacturing and wood finishing.

After high school, I moved to Lancaster and worked that summer as a construction laborer in 115 degree weather. That was my introduction to the industry. The fall found me in Walla Walla, Washington at university in the Architectural program, where I soon discovered my limitations in math, although I excelled in design. I left after one semester and moved to San Bernardino, Calif., and persuaded my high school girlfriend to join me, as I intended to marry her. It was 1969, and the Vietnam war was raging. My father convinced me to move back to Canada, as he feared I would be drafted, not realizing that "only" sons would not be sent to battle.

This decision completely changed the course of my life. I felt thoroughly removed from my roots and friends. All was unfamiliar. Grasping for acceptance got me into a fair bit of trouble and eventually, I was busted for trafficking. This was a "wake up call" and decided to leave the area. I moved to Winnipeg, Man., with "Saltspring", the folk band I was playing with.

I had been involved in music from an early age, starting with formal violin lessons at age 11, playing in the school orchestra and singing in the church choir. In my mid teens, I picked up the guitar and learned to finger and flat pick. I started writing and playing pop and folk tunes. In my late teens, I discovered Blue grass and therefore, this was the basic repertoire of Saltspring. The winter of '71 was very cold, and I went to visit my father, who was remarried and living in L.A. I didn't want to return to Winnipeg, so my best friend, Rick Storm, joined me in L.A. We ran across a very rare find in Manhattan beach, a banjo player. The three of us formed "The Track Brothers", a bluegrass band. We busked the Piers and played weekends in San Pedro at "Ports-O-Call." After becoming disenchanted with the scene in Hollywood, we moved back to Canada and rented a cabin in the bush, where we practiced 8 - 10 hours a day to hone our craft.

In the winter of '72, I moved into my Grandmother Cheverie's little home in Vancouver, as she was ailing and needed someone to stay with her and I also needed a place to stay. The name, Cheverie, came from her second marriage to Harry Cheverie, after Edmund Klause died. Through a ride I received, I landed a job as caretaker and set construction manager of an old mansion that was being used to shoot back to back movies for the Mexican market.

My grandmother was a kind hearted evangelical woman and everyone knew God was in her home. I was very far from any Christian lifestyle and found it impossible to be there for very long. I was a very unhappy person and decided to give my life back over to God during a New Year's Eve service at her church. It was a very exhilarating and freeing experience and changed my life and direction. Soon after, I was asked to join "The Sound of Light", a local gospel band that had gained some notoriety. I, with my fiddle, mandolin and style of singing and writing, added a new dimension and we became quite popular, traveling the B.C. circuit of coffee house and special outreach events. We produced two vinyl albums as independent artists, which was very unusual for the day, as most artists were signed before they recorded.

Larry Nickel, the leader of "SOL" introduced me to his cousin, Doreen Martens, through a blind date. We had a whirlwind courtship and were married in December, 1975. We spent a short honeymoon at the cabin of real estate mogul, Henry Block, at 108 mile house in the interior of B.C. In April of '76, we joined Larry and his wife, Edna, for a 3 month trip to India and Indonesia, where Larry's parents were still missionaries. One of the most memorable experiences of my life was traveling lengthwise, north to south, across Indonesia with Larry and his father, visiting and playing music for villages, churches and schools. At the southern tip is the Isle of Bali, which was still a primitive paradise in the '70s. Doreen and Edna flew down to meet us there.

Doreen and I decided to stay for a few weeks and make this leg of the trip a vacation, as much of it had been a hardship, especially the month in India where the culture and poverty were a shock, physically and emotionally.

Soon after our return to Canada and the birth of our first child, Jenny Rebecca, on March 13, 1977, we moved to Ft. McLeod, Alberta. Jenny was only a few months old when we moved to what looked to us, complete desolation. Doreen's uncle had started a broiler breeder chicken operation, which we were to manage. We soon discovered it to be too much for us, as we also doubled the size to add 3 more barns and bring the operation up to 20,000 birds. One year later, we sold our shares back and moved to Lethbridge, Alta., where we bought our first house. While there, I built another broiler breeder operation on contract and became shop foreman for the only counter top operation in southern Alberta.

During this period, our first son, Jeremy, was born on December 11, 1978. In 1980, we decided to move back to B.C., which is where we have resided in numerous locations throughout the lower mainland. Our second son, Jordan Lee, was born soon after, on October 20, 1980.

I have been working mainly as a self-employed contractor and entrepreneur, building custom and spec homes, although there have been several occasions when I have taken positions in management of construction companies and/or site supervision. This has also led me into the commercial side of the business, utilizing steel and concrete.

Even though my income has generally been acquired through construction, which has taken up much of my time, I always kept my hand in music, as leader or member of a folk roots band, generally playing for benefits. I became increasingly discontent with construction and vowed to get back into music someday, especially after a major financial setback in 1990. These circumstances became very stressful. I was looking for some new source of emotional relief and joy.

It was then during a trip to the coast of Oregon that I discovered a whole new world of music that was being created by artists I had never heard of. This astounded me, as I discovered it's exhilarating healing abilities, and I began my search for more. I wondered why this creative music had been kept a secret and why wasn't it getting more attention from commercial radio. Through an audition I was doing in 1996, I shared some of the music with the owner who was a former disc jockey. We formed the vision and creation of a show based on these artists. He shared my excitement and through a former acquaintance in the film industry, we were introduced to a new multi-media internet company that was searching for new programming ideas.



Emil

November 26, 1903 - August 5, 1973

Canada

Elizabeth Segade

***Aubrey
Eunice***

EMIL KLAUSE

Emil was the sixth child born to Adolph and Bertha Klause, the second to be born in Canada. A formal education was minimal, and allowed only long enough to acquire basic reading, writing and arithmetic skills. Farm labor was deemed mandatory, hence a strong work ethic was instilled at a young age.

Emil married Elizabeth Segade on November 11, 1928, at Amsterdam, Sask., reportedly a warm, sunny day. They began married life on the farm, six and one-half miles northeast of Springside (E1/2 of 27/27/5), complete with a new house and barn, and probably some livestock. Aubrey was born a year later, on October 8, 1929, and Eunice arrived six years later, on July 11, 1935.

A residence was purchased in Yorkton in 1950, which enabled Eunice to attend high school there. Winters became much more enjoyable there, as both, Emil and Elizabeth, enthusiastically took up curling. They were divorced in the late '60s.

Emil's ill health and complications of diabetes led to a leg amputation and finally, kidney failure and death at the age of 69 years.

Aubrey attended school at Whitesand, Springside, and then Teacher's College at Moose Jaw, Sask. In 1949, he married Adeline Wegner and they raised three daughters: Lori, born in November, 1953, Bonnie, born in April, 1956, and Barbara, born in October, 1963. A son, their first-born, died at birth. Aubrey and Adeline were divorced. He married Diane McKechney in 1981. A year after retirement, he passed away at the age of 55 years, suffering a heart attack. Aubrey enjoyed many hobbies and sports, but baseball was a lifelong passion.

Eunice attended Whitesand School and high school at Y.C.I., Yorkton, Sask. Her first employment was with the Bank of Montreal and then the government office of Social Welfare in Yorkton. In 1954, she married Ed Romanowich in Yorkton, where their first daughter, Wendy, was born in 1955. After apprenticing at the Yorkton Enterprise, Ed obtained a position at The Star Phoenix newspaper in Saskatoon, which has become home since October, 1955. Jamie, a second daughter, completed the family in 1960. Ed retired in 1992. Eunice worked as Executive Secretary for Westfair Foods for 24 years, retiring in 1994.

After completing high school, Wendy worked in the Personnel Department at City Hall. She married Rene DeCae in 1975, and they have a son, Shaun, and a daughter, Charmaine. They were divorced. Wendy married Garry Long in 1995. She works as an Interior Designer. Garry is Vice-President of Construction for NorthRidge Developments in Saskatoon.

Shaun displays artistic talents and has painted several large indoor and outdoor murals in Saskatoon. His hobbies include snowboarding and building custom low-rider cars and bikes, for which he has won awards and also, a national award. He is employed with his father, and own a car wash business.

Charmaine, a tall, bright young lady, plays the piano. She is currently upgrading and will be entering the University of Saskatchewan and hopes to pursue a career in nursing.

Jamie was also employed by Westfair Foods after completing high school. She married Damien Gatin in 1980. Jamie works at Superstore, and Damien is Transportation Supervisor at Western Grocers. They have two daughters, Dayna and Delanie.

We were given a slot and for two years, Randy and I produced 'ERTHTONES', an upbeat, positive solutions oriented show. We also were writing articles for a local solutions newspaper. We later moved to a slot on local radio. It was a difficult time, so I kept searching and discovered another multi-media venture, looking for new programming.

I managed the construction of the new studios for www.mycityradio.com in July/Aug/2000, after which Randy and I took over the 12 - 6 pm, Monday - Friday time slot in the City Jazz studio. This proved to be too much for Randy and two weeks later, he decided to move on. Although, initially, I was very apprehensive about running it solo, I soon discovered it was a blessing. It became somewhat of an enviable position having complete control over all programming (which had been expanded to include Jazz and Fusion) production, hosting and engineering. This concentrated effort led to expansion of my influence and the introduction to many world class artists, not to mention the hands on experience which would have normally taken many more years at a standard station.

My City Radio lost it's funding in August of 2001, and I have been forced back into construction, temporarily, while I pursue financing with a small group who share my vision to initiate a world marketing agency for independent artists. I'm also providing content for the music page at www.newsforthesoul.com

My wife, Doreen, is successful as a Mary Kay Director and all three children are at home, attending various schools and colleges. We presently live in Cloverdale, B.C., Canada, and would be happy to hear from any interested parties. Phone: (604) 575-8480 e-mail: darrylk11@hotmail.com



Darryl, Doreen, Jeremy Jenny & Jordan Klause - vacationing in Maui, spring, 2003

