



One of the Founders of the Dodge Family Association Dies at age 74

From Barbara

The day before Earl left for his trip to Pennsylvania, we were working in the yard, and I reminded him that he was to sing Sunday.

He said, "I have been thinking about that and I think I will sing *Jesus Loves Me*. I will tell the story of how it was written first, and then, I think I will add the verse I have just composed."

Then, he sang that verse to me. I do not remember the words, and now they are lost forever. The next day, he got out of the car at the airport, went through the door, and stepped into Heaven.

He prayed every day for his children and grandchildren. More than anything, he wanted to meet them in Heaven some day.

He was a man who had a great impact in people's lives, and well over 200 e-mails that I have received from across the country testify to that.

I am thankful and humbled that the Lord allowed me to share his life for 56 years.

It is with great sadness that we announce the death of Earl F. Dodge, on November 7, 2007.

Earl, with his uncle, Col. Robert Livingston Dodge, and his aunt, Virginia Dodge Murphy, founded the Dodge Family Association in 1981.

Earl's hobby was buying and selling political buttons and memorabilia, and Barbara had dropped him off at Denver International Airport, at 8 AM to take a United flight to Philadelphia for a three day show. He was to return Saturday evening. Some time before 8:30 AM, he dropped to the floor. 911 was called and they tried electric shock 15 times, to no avail. He very likely was gone before he hit the floor.

He began his life in Malden, Massachusetts, on December 24, 1932, the child of Earl Farwell Dodge and Dorothy May Harris. He was the oldest of three children. His sisters, Virginia and Nancy, followed a few years later.

He met Barbara Regan at an outdoor service on the Boston Common on a Sunday afternoon, June 25, 1950, which was also the day the Korean War started.

They were married July 20, 1951. He was 18 and she was 17. In the next 8 years, 6 children were born to them: Earl Farwell Dodge III, Barbara Farwell Dodge, Allen Clarence Dodge, Calvin Gordon Dodge, Faith Dorothy Dodge and Karen Joy Dodge. A number of years later, a son, Michael Ray



Dodge, made the family complete.

Earl was active in Arvada Baptist Church as Chairman of the Deacon Board, teaching a Sunday School class of Junior boys, singing solos and singing in the choir.

Family was very, very important to him and just within the last month, he and Barbara flew to Arizona to see his sisters Virginia and Nancy and their husbands. He also paid for a ticket so that his grandson Aaron Dodge, whom he had not seen in 15 years, could come to Colorado to renew ties with the family, and he saw his granddaughter, Raven Dodge, for the first time in about 3 years. Also, within the last month, his cousin Margaret Williams and her husband Bob, came down from South Dakota and visited over a meal in the home. Norman and Eileen Dodge from Wash-

ington visited in mid-September. It would seem that almost all the important people in his life, were able to see him recently.

Little did each one know, that when they said 'good-bye' it was 'GOOD BYE' on this earth. Those who are Christians will see him again one day.

The Dodge Family Association was so very important to him as were the reunions held on the east coast and west coast each year.

He will be sorely missed by his wife of 56 years who now will have to walk on alone without him by her side.

This photo is the last one taken of Earl and he is proudly holding his brand-new great-grandson Benjamin. This was taken on October 24 of this year.

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**Earl Farwell Dodge, III speaking at the funeral of his father,
Earl Farwell Dodge, Jr. on Nov. 12, 2007**



I haven't made a noise of any sort from behind one of these things in over 30 years. And right now I hear my Dad saying: "Speak up son"... "Son, you should try to speak CLEARLY"... "Son, LOOK at the folks when you speak to them!" ... "Son, children aren't goats, so don't call them kids."

Thinking about Dad, many things pop up. But the main thing that comes to mind is priorities. And when it comes to Dad's priorities, they seemed clear to me for as long as I've known him. His number one priority was his relationship with God. His life can't be accurately discussed without mentioning his personal relationship with Jesus Christ, because everything else followed this. It's what grounded him in everything ... from his family, to the work he chose, to the good works he chose to do. In MY times of difficulty, heartache, or failures ... even in the heartaches I caused him, Dad was there ... when I allowed it, with his love and concern, but he was always there first with the written word in hand, Jesus in his heart, encouraging me to go to God with my troubles.

His faith was genuine, and was the bedrock of his life.

My Mom was the love of my Dad's earthly life. In my teen years I had the uncanny ability to walk into one room after another just as Dad was cornering Mom for a hug and a big sloppy kiss. These few encounters stuck with me my entire life, as did others. I didn't realize it at the time, but I was being taught. Sometimes it's the smallest things we take for granted that offer the most enlightenment. Dad taught us through the Bible and he taught us through Church but he taught no less thru example. His example wasn't perfect. But one of the things he taught us was that no one is perfect, all of us being sinners. Dad, being a sinner, chose to do something about it thru God. It was this example with which he strived to educate us.

If Dad was here ... he'd poke fun at my use of the pop-term 'People Person'. But that's what Dad was, a 'People Person'. He loved people. He loved his wife, his family, his church, and he loved meeting new people. For my Dad, meeting new people could mean a new postal worker at the front desk of the Post Office. Dad's idea of people that were worthy of attention was basically, everyone. He could remember meeting someone 20 or 30 years ago for 10 minutes, and remember something personal about them. And you didn't have to agree with Dad for him to treat you with respect. Many who disagreed with his political causes would comment on his good nature, his humor, and his ability to articulate his beliefs, beliefs which were always rooted in his faith.

I asked Dad, just as many others did, why he would choose to work for what is commonly thought of as a lost cause, Prohibition. His answer was always that he believed in it. He proved this beyond doubt with a life's work, from the age of a teenager. He worked for the National Prohibition Party whether he was paid or not. It was an entirely worthwhile effort within his belief system. He also worked towards the Right of Human Babies to be born, as God intended, rather than slaughtered by the millions. I remember Dad working to get Christians involved in politics, many years before the so called Moral Majority came on the scene. He had the same priorities then, which was God first, Wife, Family, Friends ... but he knew that Christians could participate in earthly government and still keep their principles. In fact he believed it was God's wish that believers get involved.

Dad taught me many things, some that I still struggle with: humility, humor, forgiveness, how to love a wife, respect for other people, special respect for the elderly of us, discipline to think before I speak ... OK ... so I struggle with all those things.

It's commonly said that kids these days grow up so much faster than the kids of past generations. I disagree with that. How common is it these days for teenagers to marry, raise a boatload of children, and stick together thru thick and thin? Mom and Dad came from broken homes. Yet they came together and soon found themselves working day and night to raise us, provide for us, keep a home for us, and set examples. Raising us in the way we should go was paramount. Even in our adulthood, our parents tried to guide us in the way we should go. We, Dad's family, was a cause Dad believed in.

Dad tended to hold his emotions in check. This may have been due, in part, to the fact that he lost his Dad at an early age. But I think it was also a result of him wanting to set an example for us. His personal problems hardly ever saw the light of day in our family. He wouldn't have wanted to burden us with them, because his duties and family responsibilities took priority. But Dad was a hugely emotional person. I noticed it anytime I hugged him. He was like a dam about to burst. How could he not be emotional? Here was a guy who asked for nothing more than God, his wife and family, and people in his life. Whatever lost dreams he may have had for earthly success, he never let me know of them. He was too busy being Dad, being a husband, being a friend to others, and doing his work, which was everything from teaching God's word to old and young, to dealing in political memorabilia, to educating anyone about the harm done from alcohol, to teaching the value of life in the womb.

After all these years, and even through the lens of my own rebelliousness, Dad's example to me is the one that continues to speak to my heart. His life is the benchmark by which I'll always measure myself. Among all the regrets I have of lost opportunities with Dad, my biggest is that I may have not conveyed to him just how highly I thought of him. I can only hope now that he knew. His responsibility to his family, to me, dictated that he was Dad first, a figure to be respected before being loved. And this responsibility that he wholeheartedly took on was the result of his love for God and for us. This is how Dad proved his love, through action and steadfastness of purpose. Dad was a self-made professional. He was a political historian. He was genuine. He was a man in ways that society tends to devalue these days. He had his priorities in order. God, Church, Family, People. I am blessed for having such a Man as Dad in my life.



Eulogy, Nov. 12, 2007

By daughter, Karen Dodge Thiessen

Earl Farwell Dodge II was born December 24th 1932 to Dorothy May and Earl Farwell Dodge of Malden, Massachusetts. He was the oldest of three children with younger sisters Virginia and Nancy.

When Earl was only thirteen, his father passed away. Soon after, Earl quit school to help earn money to care for his mother and sisters. This decision helped turn Earl into a self taught man and his education far surpassed that of many men.

Earl met the one great love of his life, Barbara Regan at an outdoor service on the Boston Common on Sunday afternoon, June 25, 1950. Earl afterwards always loved to note to anyone who would listen that he met his wife the day the Korean War began and that his wife said that “Two wars started that day.” Of course Barbara never said that but it was just Earl’s way of ribbing her - a pattern which continued as he would often refer to her as his “first wife”



Earl and Barbara married July 20, 1951 and the next year they began their family with the birth of their oldest son, Earl. Next came Barbara and then Allen, Calvin, Faith, and Karen all following in rapid succession. Michael joined their family a few years later making it complete.

Family was the most important thing to Earl and he never met a relative, no matter how distant, that he did not take pride in knowing. As if his own immediately family was not enough to keep him busy, Earl stayed in touch with his aunts, uncles, cousins and many distant cousins. To him it was great fun when he discovered during the last presidential election that John Kerry was a very distant cousin. From that point on, he referred to him as cousin John.

Summers were spent traveling to the east and west coasts with a station wagon full of children to visit grandparents, aunts, uncles, cousins, and often times, other friends that were involved in the Prohibition Party. There were trips to Cape Cod, Boston, California, and all points in between.

Earl started his involvement with the Prohibition Party when he was only nineteen. For those who knew Earl, they would all agree that constancy was his trademark. Once he agreed to a thing, or believed in a thing, that would never change. He continued with the Prohibition Party, rising in the ranks until he became the executive secretary, a job designation that Earl used to say was Greek for “he who gets to do all the work.” Over the years, as the ranks of the party thinned, Earl still remained steadfast and determined that it was the “Lord’s work” and that until God sent someone to take over the reins, he wanted to be faithful.

Being involved in local government was as important to Earl as his Prohibition work. When living in Kalamazoo, he founded the Good Government Association, a group of concerned citizens who wanted to help keep tabs on policy making. When the fire department went on strike one year, Earl organized a grass-cutting expedition to the fire house because the strike had kept the lawn from being cut. Onlookers taunted Earl and his cohorts with shouts of “Hey Scab” as he mowed, but he just smiled and continued to mow, undeterred, until he finished the job.

After a move to Colorado, Earl became involved with the Colorado Right to Life Committee. He was the master of ceremonies several times for their annual March for Life at the state capitol. Earl was staunchly pro-life and deeply concerned about the lack of value that so many had for God’s greatest gift. To Earl it did not matter if you were 1 or 100, your life was precious in God’s sight and nobody had a right to take it away.

Politics were in Earl’s blood and that passion gave birth to the hobby which later became his means of support. Collecting political items gave him not only great joy, but became a source of further education as Earl learned more and more about various campaigns and candidates. His knowledge of the American political scene was probably unmatched and his many friends and customers in the hobby came to rely on him for his knowledge of all things historical. He was thrilled when, just a few weeks ago, he received books that were published by a paper company, featuring scores of his vast button collection.

There were many other organizations that Earl was a part of. The fact that Earl was descended from Dodges who first came to this country in 1629 meant that he had ancestors who fought in every single American war. He was a member of the Sons and Daughters of the Pilgrims and also the Sons of the American Revolution. His love of history and family combined into one, when in 1981, he and other family members formed the Dodge Family Association which now numbers members in the thousands worldwide. Earl loved going to England to see the birthplace of his family and arranged group tours of England for Dodge family members. One high point for Earl was the rescue of an ancestral home in England, the Halliday Hill House, which dated from the 1400’s. It was one campaign that Earl actually won.

Earl loved animals and had a special place in his heart for strays. Over the years he brought home many an animal that needed some love. Whether it was the stray that became known as the Baptist Cat or his current pet, Fred the Wonder Dog, Earl could never turn an animal away if it was in his power to give it food and love.

The most significant thing about Earl was his faith in Jesus Christ. He accepted Christ as his Lord when he was a child and through all of life’s ups and downs, Earl never looked back. His faith grew as did his service and he always was active in his church, serving as needed. He was a deacon, teacher, and music leader. He was often the first person to greet a visitor and usually had something humorous to say to make them feel at home.

He taught a Bible class for senior citizens for 34 years, faithfully making the drive to The Argyle every Monday afternoon to

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cheer the elderly residents there who came to rely on him so much. He thought of it as a great privilege, not a chore, and would often arrange his travel schedule to begin only after his Monday afternoon appointment was over.

Earl was in on the ground floor of organizing Beth Eden Baptist School. He served on the school board for fourteen years, spending twelve of those years as chairman. He made many lifelong friends at Beth Eden and kept in touch with them even after he made Arvada Baptist his church home.

But Arvada Baptist was indeed his church home. He and Barbara loved their church family in a way that few people will ever know. Earl really and truly was at home there and his generosity to his brothers and sisters in the Lord was of the extreme variety. For thirteen years he hosted the New England in Colorado dinner at his home. While Barb did much of the work cooking and cleaning, Earl did most of the glowing as he visited with all his dear friends who probably never knew just how much they meant to him. He had great delight in giving out little treats of candy, especially at his favorite time of year, Christmas.

Earl F. Dodge did so much in his life that it would be impossible to tell even a brief outline in this eulogy. He always had a cause, something to work for, something to believe in, something or someone to pray for. It needs to be noted that while Earl's accomplishments could fill books, not one of them would have been possible without his beloved first wife, Barbara by his side. His achievements and ministries are rightfully hers as well, although neither Earl nor Barbara would ever take an ounce of credit for anything.

The legacy left behind by Earl is intact. Nothing and nobody can change what we know about Earl to be true. As one of his customers said in a recent note of condolence, "Earl was a legend."

Earl had a heart the size of Texas, but it finally gave up its task on November 7, 2007. The void left by his absence will never be filled but it makes heaven that much dearer to all who knew him. What a great day of rejoicing that will be when we are all gathered together, with our Savior, and Earl once again.



Earl's funeral was held at Arvada Baptist Church, Arvada, Colorado. There were about 300 people in attendance. In spite of the sadness of our loss, it was a blessed time of remembrance of Earl and his love for the Lord. These two photos were taken at the graveside in Crown Hill Cemetery, Wheatridge, Colorado. In the photo on the left is our pastor, Pastor Barry Layne.



We remember Daddy

By daughter, Karen Dodge Thiessen

To hundreds of people, Earl Dodge was a politician. To some he was a button collector. Others thought of him as a man with a joke book a mile thick, and some of the jokes were questionable at best. But to seven people, my brothers and sisters and I, he was simply Daddy.

We are all grown now, yet Earl Dodge remains our Daddy. Here are some of the many lessons he taught us children.

Lesson number 1

Affection

Babies are to be held and preferably kissed about the face. Children are to be given liberal amounts of candy and entertained with the game of "trot trot to Boston, trot trot to Lynn, trot trot to Malden and Back again." Mothers are to be hugged and given flowers and chocolates and cards on every occasion imaginable.

Lesson number 2

Frugality

Lights should always be turned off when leaving the room, even for a minute (and fines should be imposed if this rule is not followed.) Shoes should be worn over socks at all times to protect

the life of the sock. (NO BAREFEET ALLOWED) Clean your plate at every meal and this includes every scrap of chicken from off of the bone. Money doesn't grow on trees and wasting it is like opening a window and throwing daddy's wallet outside. Free samples are a good thing and should be enjoyed at every possible occasion. When things are on sale, buy them in mass quantities. They may come in handy later on.

Lesson number 3

Music is important (the right kind of music that is)

Hymns, REAL Hymns, not those hymns that have had their words changed, are of the highest importance. Classical music is excellent for driving, especially when you can conduct your own orchestra with one hand while you steer with the other. Gilbert and Sullivan operettas are humorous and it does not matter if you don't know the words. Gospel music is to be enjoyed liberally, even if the man singing has long hair. Rodgers and Hammerstein musicals are very good also, especially for singing aloud whether people want to hear or not. (Daddy's daughters got an A+ in this les-

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son.)

Lesson number 4

Christmas is the best time of year.

Christmas day was meant for opening gifts very, very early in the morning, eating homemade coffee cake and lots of chocolate, and NOT having to clean your bedroom. This not cleaning your bedroom rule ONLY applies to Christmas Day. Christmas is for not raising your voice nor giving or receiving reprimands of any kind. Christmas is doubly special because it falls on the day directly after daddy's birthday. To distinguish between the importance of the days, please refer to the 24th as the BIG day and the 25th as Christmas.

Lesson number 5

Faithfulness

Churches were made with doors and when those doors were open, you were to be inside. Pastors were not to be served up for roasting at Sunday dinner nor were they to be paid skimpily. The laborer is worthy of his hire and the pastor is no exception. Christian workers should be treated fairly and with respect as well for they are doing the Lord's work. Husbands should love their wives and everyone should do their work as unto the Lord.

Lesson number 6

Generosity

A home is the place where you invite people to come stay anytime they find themselves in the area. If someone is without a Christmas tree, it should be provided for them at no charge. If your neighbor has no candy, and you have a freezer full, you should give it away freely. Never send someone home empty handed but make sure that they take along something of your choosing. Buying things in mass quantity makes this easier. (see lesson number 2)

Lesson number 7

Proper use of English

Say what you mean and mean what you say. When writing, always use complete sentences. When speaking, the expressions "uh," "ya know" and "like" should be avoided at all costs. A kid is a baby goat, not a child. "Cool" is a reference to a temperature, and "Hey" is for horses. Enunciate your words and don't talk with your mouth full. Get to the point and don't beat around the bush.

And speaking of English, the King James Bible is best. If it was good enough for the Apostle Paul, it should be good enough for you.

Lesson number 8

Punctuality

If dinner is scheduled for 5:00, it is started at 5 whether everyone is present or not. Always allow yourself enough time for travel and when church is over, go directly to the car if you expect a ride home. Green means go, Red means stop and yellow means hurry before it turns red.

Lesson number 9

Be clean

Cleanliness is next to godliness and that means that a woman's face should be natural and free of paint about the cheeks and all that dark stuff they put on their eyes. Be sure to wash your face before you go to church or you run the risk of having it done for you in the church parking lot with daddy's handkerchief moistened with daddy's spit. And, brush your teeth every night but please, don't use any of that awful smelling stuff called toothpaste. A little water and baking soda mixed with salt will work wonders.

Lesson number 10

Speak the truth, in love.

Have convictions, not just opinions An opinion is something that you happen to think or believe. A conviction is something that you know is true whether it is convenient or not. It cannot be changed, altered, watered down or be made to accommodate. It is deep inside your heart and placed there by God. If you are the only person in a room, and something wrong is happening, you absolutely must speak up and say something. Take whatever comes as a result and know that if you do what is right, the consequences do not matter.

Certain aspects of these lessons might seem humorous to us now, but there is a serious underlying truth to each of them. That truth was that our daddy loved us deeply and did his best to instill in us all of the things he thought were important for our lives.

He always believed the best about people, never uttered a word of gossip, never gave up on anyone, never thought he was anything special, did not think any task was beneath him, knew how to disagree without being disagreeable, and above all, he loved each day he was given and took care to share that love with those around him.



Earl and his dog, Fred. They loved each other and every day Earl went to Barbara at some point to thank her for giving Fred to him. In recent weeks, he would thank her 4-5 times a day. He would say, "I get SO MUCH enjoyment from Fred."

Fred was known in the family as, 'Fred, the Wonder Dog' and will continue to retain that name.

What I view as Dad's Legacy of Integrity

By daughter, Barbara Dodge Pitman

Walking through my favorite Goodwill store yesterday, I saw a set of plates made in Ireland. Three small Wedgwood saucers, for only \$1.00 each. Immediately I knew that these would be a fun 'stocking stuffer' gift for Dad ... kind-of a thank you to him and mom for taking me on one of the infamous Dodge Tours to Great Britain.

Just a moment later, my stomach wrenched as I remembered daddy had been buried four days earlier. His picture is laying on a table in my front room. Every time I pass by this photo, accompanied by many sympathy cards from my friends, I feel that same wrenching.

When I think of my father, I think of his idiosyncrasies, his affinity for what he considered 'good' jokes, and his tendency to repeat those good jokes until their goodness wore thin! I also think of his refusal to turn away from what he considered his life's work, the work of the Prohibition National Committee. He refused to turn away, regardless of financial strain brought about as a result of this life's work. He refused to turn away, even knowing there were those who mocked him and thought him foolish. He refused to turn away.

Dad was quite intelligent, and many, including myself, could not comprehend him fighting, for most of his life, for such an unpopular cause. I came to admire this in him later in my life, when my own life's experiences made clear to me the challenge of the path my father chose. Even as he stood firm, he remained open to life's lessons, the welcomed and unwelcome.

I have pondered, the past few days, on this part of my dad's life, where he remained true to his convictions, choosing what he believed was the right way rather than the popular or easy way. I have come to the conclusion that the legacy left to me by Earl F. Dodge is his integrity.

Sure, I received other things from him, including a somewhat quirky sense of humor and a love of music. It's true he loved the Gaithers and I loved Stevie Wonder, but the gift of music is a rich and rewarding gift. It is less about the style of music and more about the notes and melodies that moved us to laughter and tears. My children have inherited this love of music, as well as the Dodge humor gene, though I am not yet sure if this is such a good thing to pass to future generations!

My father lived his beliefs and convictions with integrity. And integrity is the legacy I wish to leave to Micah, Nathan and Shala. I wish for them to be able to stand firm in their convictions while simultaneously remaining open to life's many lessons, as was their grandfather.

Robert Frost, an American Poet, penned a poem about 'the road less traveled.' In part, it says, "I took the road less traveled by, and that has made all the difference." May we all be willing to take the road less traveled whenever called to do so. May we live lives of integrity, and do so in memory of Earl F. Dodge. ~~~~~



Earl's birthday was the day before Christmas. He let his children know that it was called *The Big Day* because it was his birthday, and when they remonstrated with him about that statement, he would remind them that all the stores closed early, and that was in honor of his birthday, *The Big Day*.

This is a picture from about five years ago at one of our yearly "*Big Day Parties*".

The View From My Window



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Earl was always very affectionate and showed that affection to me and all others in the family as well as all of our extended family.

But ... during the last couple of months, he was more so, and everyday he came to me several times a day to tell me how much he loved me. During the last couple of weeks before he died, he would come to me several times a day and say, "I just want you to never forget how much I love you."

Last Christmas I gave him the Lab we had been fostering for Safe Harbor Lab Rescue, and which he had named 'Fred'. He thanked me each and every day for that gift, telling me, "I get so much enjoyment from Fred", and again, during the last couple of weeks he added, "Thank you so much for giving him to me." Fred was his beloved 'Wonder Dog'. Everything Fred did was 'amazing', from standing in front of the door to the bank 'because he knows it will automatically open', to chasing light and shadows, to bringing a toy so that he could be played with ... everything about Fred was absolutely wonderful.

The last day: - I dropped Earl off at the airport at 8 AM. We were about 30 minutes late because of traffic. That caused him to check in his luggage outside the airport with a porter because the lines inside would be too long for him to get through them in time to make his plane. He was on his way to Langhorne, Philadelphia to attend a Political Button Show.

I got out of the car as I always do and waited at the back while he retrieved his luggage from the car, and then we hugged and kissed and he said, "Remember, dear, after this show I will be home for 3 months before I need to leave for the next show." Then, he turned and went up to the porter's station. I stood there at the back of the car, something I never do, and watched him, wondering if he would have to stand there very long. The person in front of him finished up, and Earl

stepped up to the small desk. I remember thinking, 'this won't take long. He will be inside and on his way to the plane in a couple of minutes', so I turned and got back into the car and drove away.

I was on my way home when Karen called to ask me if I could drive south about 20 miles to help grandson Joshua's wife, Rebecca, with the new baby, her first. She had not had much, if any, sleep all night and Josh was at work, and Karen was sick. So I turned from my route home, and went to Rebecca's home.

After Rebecca went to bed, I sat holding little Benjamin, age 2 weeks, and I was thinking, 'as much as I enjoy holding him, I really don't have time for this. I have too much to do at home.' Suddenly, these words came to me: "Be Still, and know that I am God." I was amazed and said, 'Alright, Lord. You want me to just relax and rest and enjoy holding Benji, and contemplate on your marvelous mercy and grace.'

About 20 minutes later, as Benji was sleeping, I started to look around the room as I had never been there before. Suddenly, I noticed above a door in their living room, a plaque, and the words on it were 'Be Still and Know That I am God.'

I thought, 'How strange. God is really speaking to me this morning.'

Josh came home from work about 12:30 and about 15 minutes later, I left to go home arriving about 1:30. I did not go in the house, but instead, worked out front cleaning up a woodpile, until 4 pm in the afternoon. When I went inside, I thought about listening to phone messages, but did not. (If I had, I would have heard the message about Earl) I got a glass of ice tea, turned on Fox news and sat down, but almost instantly I noticed how dirty the big living room windows were, so I got up, collected what I needed to clean the windows, and started to do that. Suddenly, I saw a car pull up in front and a man with a clipboard got out and started up the walk. Thinking he was a salesman, I met him half way intending to tell him I did not want to buy anything.

I said, 'can I help you?' and he said "Barbara Dodge". I said 'yes', and he

said "Are YOU Barbara Dodge?" I responded in the affirmative. He said, "I am the Adams County Coroner, and I have terrible news for you."

I remember saying, 'Oh God, NO'. He came in the house and there he told me what I did not want to hear. Earl had died that morning almost as soon as he entered the airport, and most likely before Karen even reached me to ask me to go help Rebecca.

At Earl's funeral, I found out more about what happened. Four workers from United Airlines had come to the funeral and our Pastor brought them in to the room where the family was congregating. They told us that when Earl collapsed, they immediately came over, and one held his hand as he died. Another one cradled his head in her hands so it would not be on the hard floor.

A young medical student also came to the funeral. She is never dropped off at that particular door, but the traffic was so heavy, she asked her boyfriend to just leave her there. She came in right behind Earl and immediately started CPR. There was a defibrillator there at United that was used also, all to no avail.

In retrospect, God's mercy and grace gave me that one last day of peace and happiness. He had given me a message twice. "Be still and know that I am God". He was preparing me for what was to come and his mercy and grace is still working today. The whole church family, plus friends and relatives are praying for me constantly and those prayers are upholding me, helping me to get through each day.

Earl loved Southern Gospel Music, and the words to one of the songs keeps running through my mind.

*"One day at a time sweet Jesus
That's all I'm asking from you.
Just give me the strength
To do everyday what I have to do.
Yesterday's gone sweet Jesus
And tomorrow may never be mine.
Lord help me today, show me the way
One day at a time."*

Now, I must go on alone without Earl by my side, but the Lord will walk by my side and I will join Earl someday for a glorious reunion.

Barbara



**GENEALOGY
REQUESTS
COLUMN**
by Norman Dodge
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November brings rainy weather to western Washington State this time of year. We have had some rain and colder than usual weather, not like the monsoons that hit us last year.

New challenges in genealogy were presented to both Eileen and I and some older ones cropped up again too. If as you read the mysteries listed below you find you have information that would be helpful please contact me at nedodge@aol.com. And if you have any mystery ancestor in your family please let me know and Eileen and I will try to help you find your Dodge connection.

Many of you search cemeteries for the tombstones of your ancestors and for others with Dodge written on them, whether or not you are related. If you take photos of tombstones to share with us please be sure that the inscriptions show clearly on the picture. If they are not clear please write down the information from the tombstone inscription and submit that information along with the photo. Also title your pictures with the name of the cemetery and its location. Then put the photos in jpeg format if you are sending them electronically, to barbdodge@dodgeoffice.net. If the photographs are taken with a non-electronic formatted camera put developed pictures in the mail, padding the envelope well and putting Photos, Do Not Bend on the outside of the envelope. Please mail those photos to Barbara Dodge, 10105 W 17 Pl, Lakewood CO 80215.

MASSACHUSETTS MYSTERY

There is a long-standing search for the parents of Joel Dodge of Massachusetts. He was born about 1795 and died shortly before 1850. He married Abigail Ring, born about 1797 in Chesterfield, Massachusetts. Joel and Abigail raised a daughter Cynthia Dodge, born Feb 1820 who married Willard Carleton Ellis, and also raised three sons: Joel Henry Dodge, born October 1821, Albert W. Dodge, born 1831 who married

Rebecca Miner, and Walter L. Dodge, born 1833 who married Hannah Burdett.

NEW YORK MYSTERY

The Dodge Family Association is very lucky to have a wonderful volunteer genealogist, Linda Scott. She has helped us solve many mysteries, but this month she has instead presented me with a new mystery she has yet been able to solve. I am in hopes one of you will recognize this as your family: William Dodge was born in Bridgewater, Oneida County, New York in 1787. He married Nancy Barkman and after a few years they moved to Ontario County, New York. Their children were Eleanor E. Dodge, George W. Dodge, Rachel M. Dodge, and Harriet N. Dodge who married Hamilton Rippey in 1843.

MAINE MYSTERY

Marilyn Dodge Bates and her son Bob attended the Dodge Family Reunion in Ipswich this fall. They were in hopes of connecting their Dodge ancestor to a family we already had in our database. Unfortunately, this was not the case and so I present you with a new mystery. Marilyn's ancestor was Benjamin Jonathan Dodge, born in Maine. It is unknown where in Maine Benjamin was born, but he married and shows up in the 1860 census records in Tremont, Hancock Co., Maine. Benjamin married Harriet Elizabeth Eaton, born in 1839/39. To this union were born Mary E. Dodge born in 1856 who married Wellington Smith; Lewis H. Dodge born in 1860 who married Ella May Pearson; and Hattie or Mattie Dodge, born 1866. It is presumed that Benjamin died after 1870 as Marilyn is in possession of two letters Benjamin wrote home to Harriet in 1865 and to Lewis in 1870.

ILLINOIS MYSTERY

A long-standing mystery in our files is that of Albert Dodge. His birth date and place are unknown. However, on 5 June 1838, in La Salle County, Illinois he married Susan House. Susan was born 6 April 1820 in New York, the daughter of Chester and Lucinda House. Andrew and Susan had two children: Albert Andrew Dodge, born

12 May 1840 and Jane E. Dodge, born 20 January 1844. Andrew and Susan are shown to be living in LaSalle County in the 1840 US Census, but Andrew does not appear in any census after that. Susan and the children moved into the home of her brother, Justus House remaining there until she remarried in 1862. Albert Andrew Dodge married Emma Walton and had two children: Mary in 1874 and Albert Andrew, Jr. in 1878. Jane E. Dodge married David Owens and had two children: Florence in 1868 and Grace in 1873. If you have any information that may help Andrew's descendants connect to their Dodge roots, please let us know.

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Beyond
the
Brick
Wall

Early Progenitor Found!

We are wondering if William Baudouin Jr. realizes we have tied him into the John Dodge line through John's son, Richard. Eileen found this some time ago. R. L. D listed the mystery as unknown "early progenitor" in Part 4 of the 1998 book we published on the Dodge Family, pgs. 647-648. William Baudouin's ancestor, Allen W. Dodge born 1838 in New York, is now tied to Daniel Dodge born 1805 in Massachusetts and Vienna Clark born in Maine.

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