

## **My Memories of Walter Beuttler and his dear wife Elizabeth Beuttler**

When I attended EBI, Green Lane, Pennsylvania, I had just months previously been discharged from the USAF after serving in the Korean theatre. I had married a year before my discharge and upon returning I found the Lord at the Bethel Temple Assembly of God church in Sacramento, California under Nelson Hinman. It was Sunday morning service, February 18, 1951. I had been saved about two years when I entered EBI on my GI Bill of Rights. To this day I praise God for leading me to choose EBI for my bible training. It was there a select group of very godly men and several lady teachers had been brought together. Walter Beuttler was one of those choice servants.

I sat under brother Beuttler's classroom teaching for two years always relishing the things I would hear him share in class. Many years have gone by since those days and a part of him remains in me as in the life of most of the students who had the privilege of sitting under his teaching. He instilled in every student the great essential of having an intimate relationship with God. He taught us how wait on the Lord and give that pursuit a very high priority in our lives as minister's of His Word. We often experienced first-hand exactly what he was teaching us when the Holy Spirit would suddenly fall over the classroom with his wondrous sense of presence. "Student's close your books, he is here." Quietly we would close our books and slip our notes inside out Bibles. Then we would start waiting and breathing in the presence of the Holy Spirit. A message in another language would be heard and a word of interpretation would follow giving the class direction or admonishing us. The rest of the class period was given to praying and several others could be heard weeping as the Holy Spirit was doing His work secretly in the heart of each student. When we drew near the end of the class period brother Beuttler would softly lead out with prayer. When we came to the end of the visitation of the Lord's special presence, brother Beuttler would smile at us and say, "Isn't He nice?"

I returned to campus for several years after my last year, always making contact with him. I had become full time as a missionary evangelist and he always had time to spend with me. I was privileged to become his friend, to visit his home and eat sister Beuttler's delicious dinners. I was probably one of the few he ever took to his attic tryst where he spent hours if not days alone with God. I remember the first time he invited me to follow him to his meeting place. It was after a meal and when we rose from the table he said to me; Come with me, brother Burkett. We walked into another room and he opened a door and started up a narrow stairway. As I followed him I had the feeling I was experiencing something special but not sure what. He took me to the attic room of the house he had finished off for his place to meet with the Lord. I was awed to think he allowed me to be in that room. The steps and floors were carpeted to make the acoustics low. In the center of the big attic room was a reclining chair and a table on either side. Both were laden with books and study notes. This was long before computers when we did all of our studying of the word surrounded by the Bible and reference books. The

walls held shelves of his books, his collection over the years of a very carefully selected personal library. I had a very humble feeling that he was sharing with me a very sacred part of his life. At that visit in the early 70's he was already battling a terminal disease but never mentioned it to me. After brother Beuttler departed this life I visited sister Beuttler a couple of times when she was living alone. I also remember meeting at that time his daughter and son-in-law, pastor White. I remember on one of those visits sister Beuttler took me to a file cabinet and shared with me his collection of notes. He had compiled a very nicely printed set of his classroom notes in a red NorthEast notebook. At that time sister Beuttler gave me permission use and reprint his notes in any way I would care to. Since then I have shared them far and wide and they now appear on this website for all. She gave me several of the red notebooks of his complete set of notes. One of the first men I shared one of his notebooks with was Jim Cymbala, pastor of the Brooklyn Tabernacle.

In closing I would like to say that I have so many precious memories of my many talks with brother Beuttler and the things that went on in his classes and the chapel services. He always sat in the front row of the chapel on the left side which was the girls seating side of the chapel. You always had the feeling that brother Beuttler was monitoring the direction of the service along with brother Wells, president of the Bible School who sat on the boys side of the chapel seating. If someone would start singing the wrong chorus when the Holy Spirit wanted quietness and listening for His leading, brother Beuttler had a way of getting it back on track and into the hands of the Holy Spirit again. My first year, 1951, was the year after EBI had experienced a tremendous revival that marked by visions and miracles. All of my first year I sat spellbound listening often to students who witnessed and took part in that revival. But in 1951 we also had wonderful visitations that shut down classes as we sat in chapel and waited in his presence, praying and confessing sins. Brother Beuttler was always there worshipping with us but he never did anything to lead. He was very careful to allow only the Holy Spirit to lead the meetings through the gifts and waves of God's presence. Brother Bongiarro sat beside me in chapel one morning when suddenly the gush of cool Autumn wind came through the windows carrying the fragrance of an orange orchard in full blossom! It filled the chapel as we breathed in the fragrance of the Holy Spirit. I still praise God for the glorious truths and wonders of the Spirit I learned then as a young man.

A little bit on the humorous side; I like bow ties and even though brother Beuttler never saw me wear one, I often wore bow ties but not on campus at EBI. One day in class he said in a rather critical tone, "Bow ties are propellers," in his German accent. I never wore one again while attending EBI.

There are two things that is seldom mentioned about his person: The first is his German accent that was so much a part of his personality. He told us many stories about the funny things he went through learning English when he first came to the States. In one class he was teaching on the attributes of God and I was always full of questions. In that particular class I had my hand up all the time, thinking so deeply that I didn't realize how much I was interrupting his thoughts. After answering my question (what part do angels have in the omnipresence of God?) I knew he was a little annoyed with me when

he raise his pencil with both hands and rolled the pencil with his fingers glaring over it at me and said, "One fool can ask more questions than ten wise men can answer." It must have been a German proverb – but I got the message and woke up to my inconsideration.

Another thing that was peculiar about brother Beuttler's classes was his 5 question test on a small 5" x 4" piece of paper at the beginning of each class on the material covered in the previous class. The book store carried "Beuttler pads" for his classes. Many years later I lived in China seven years teaching linguistics to English majors in several different universities. I used that method of testing to keep my student's noses to the grindstone! It was very effective and I made it 20% of the grade value.

I suppose I could write a small book about brother Beuttler but I have tried to write some things here that will make those who want to know more about this man of God in a more personal way. I am 84 at this writing and still remember vividly my many experiences under Walter Beuttler.

**Bill Burkett.**

<http://action.com/walter-beuttlers-bible-study-notes/>